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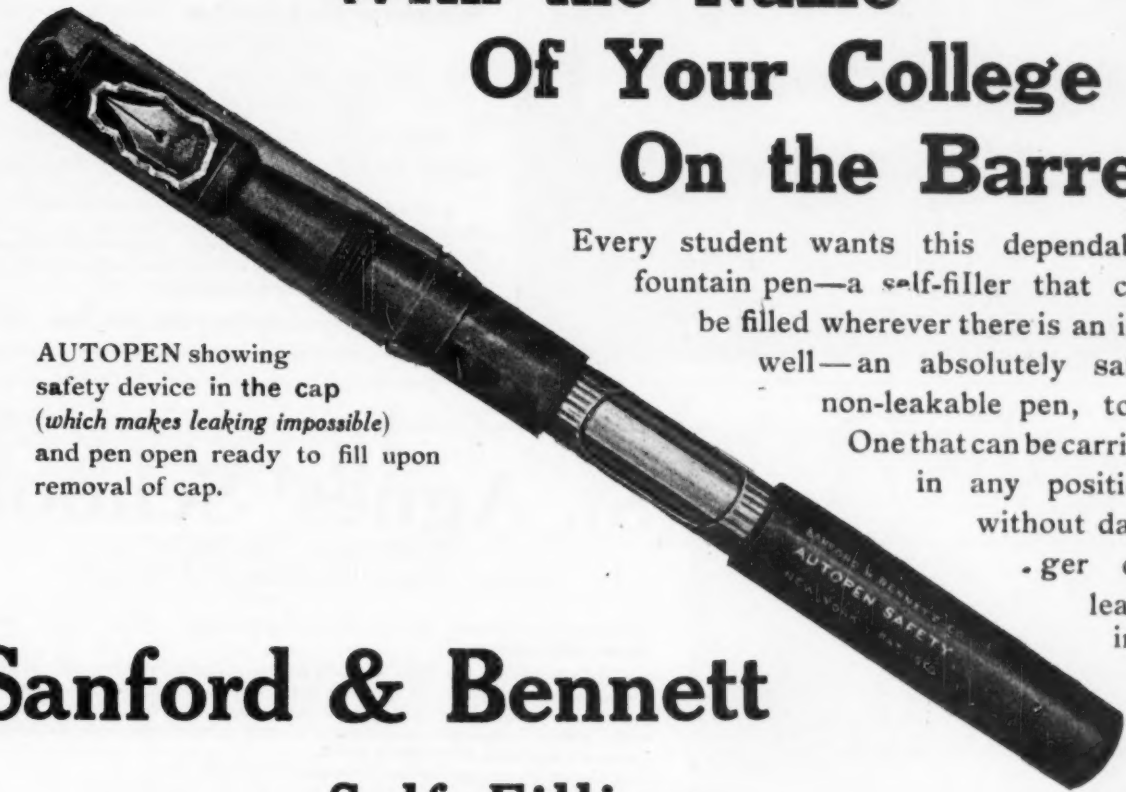
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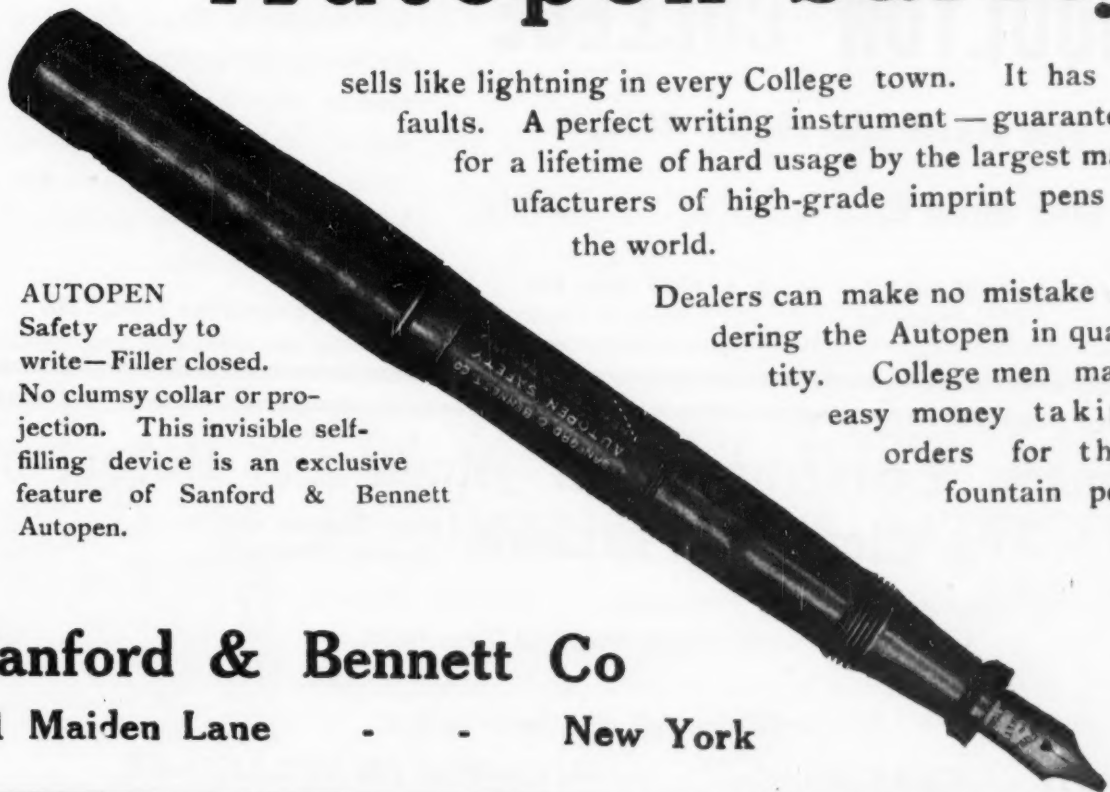
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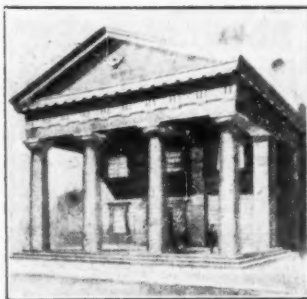
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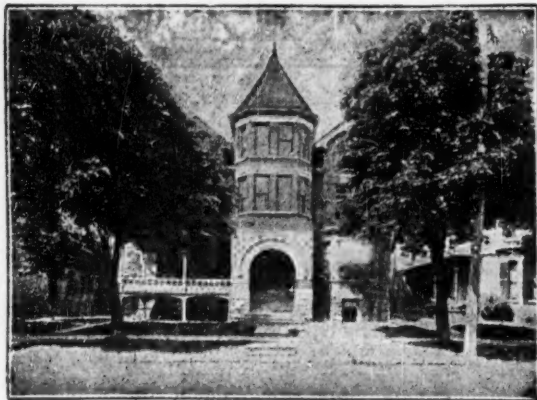
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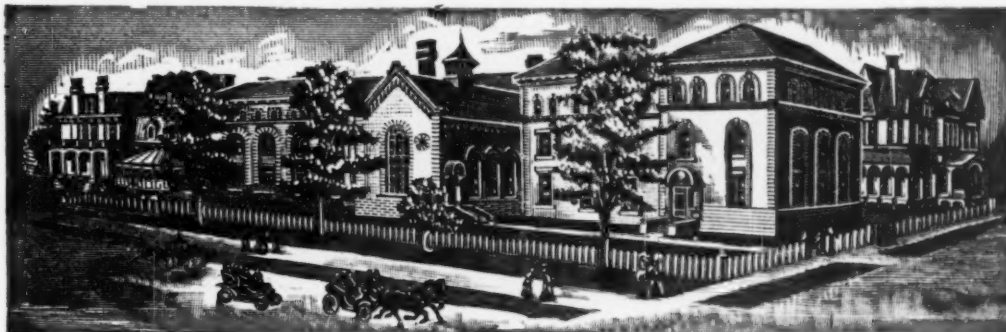
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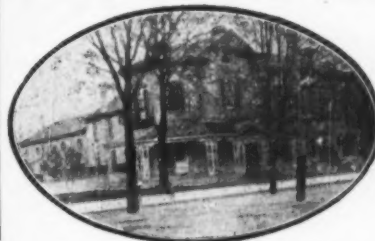
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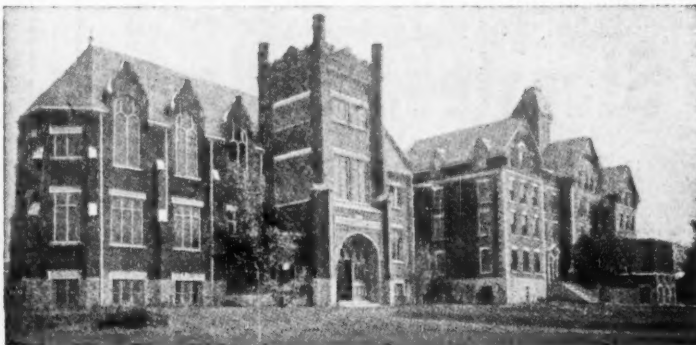
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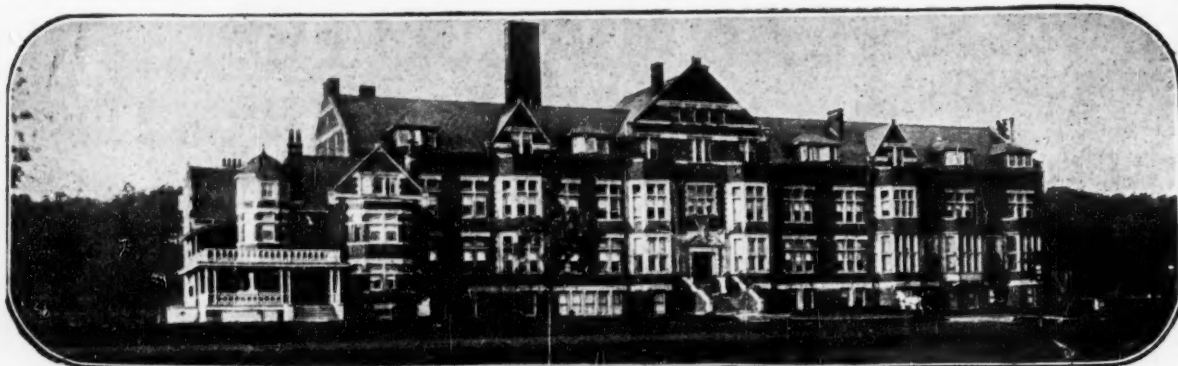
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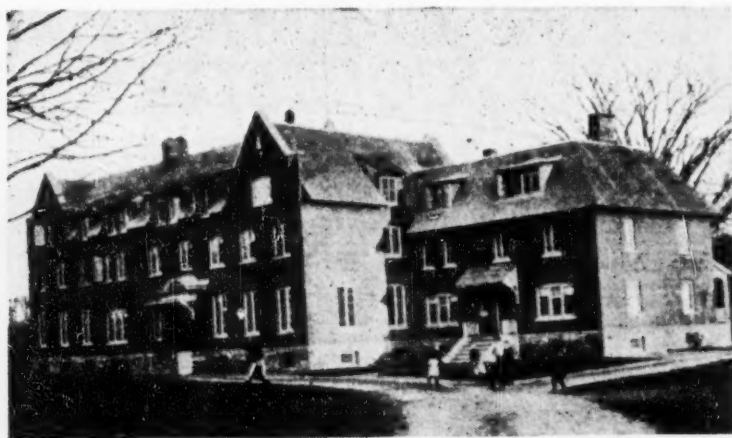
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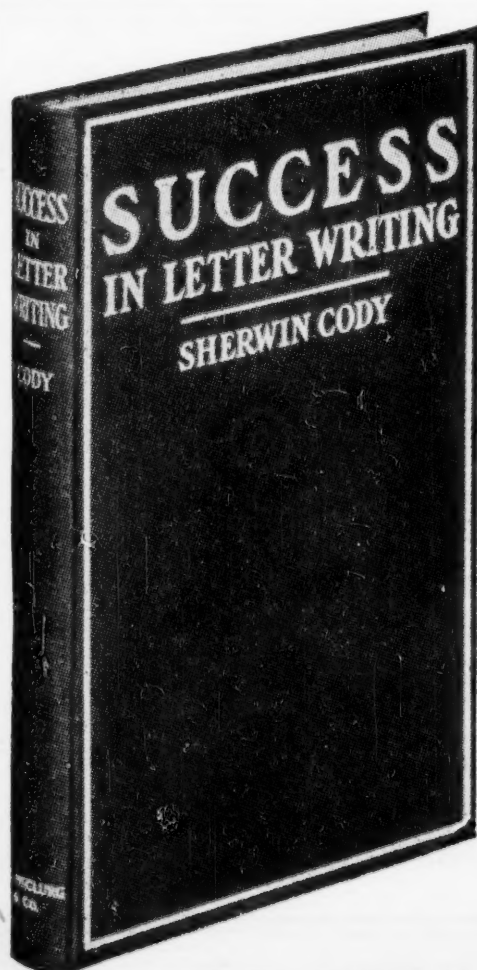
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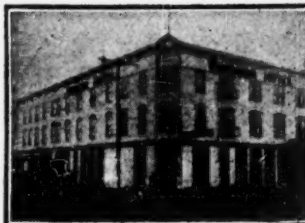
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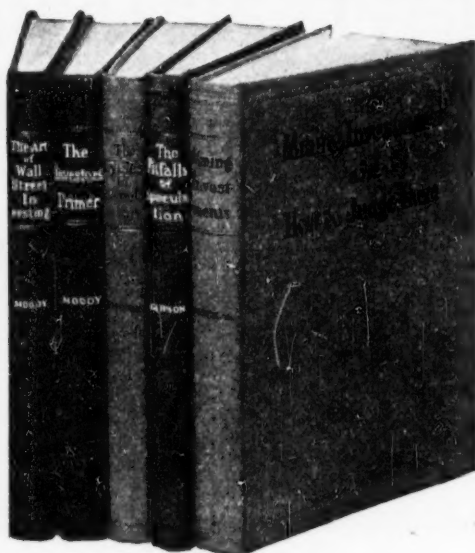
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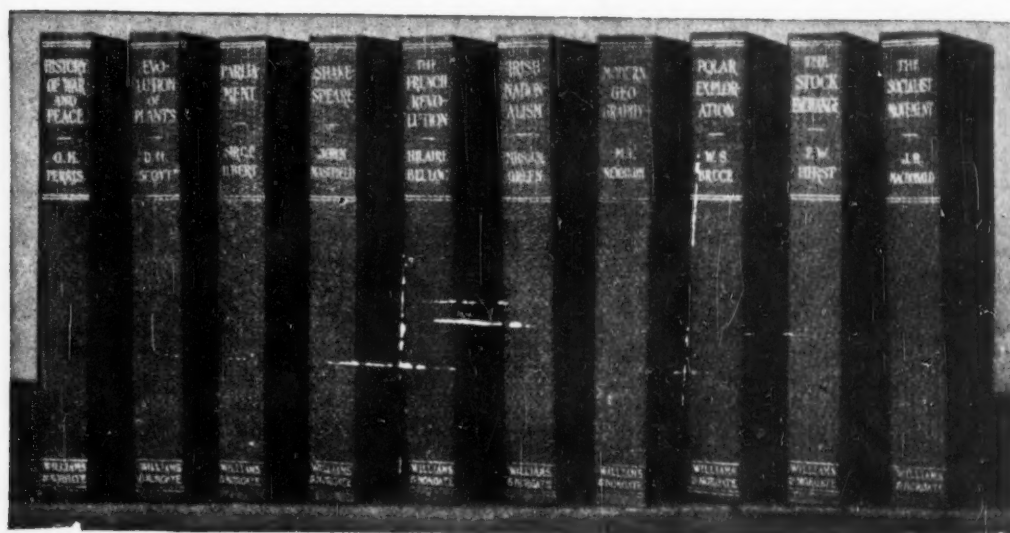
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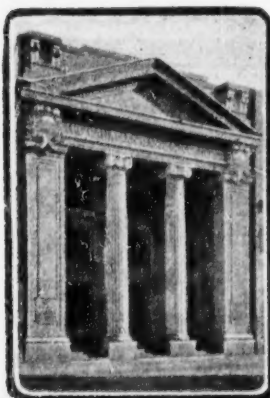
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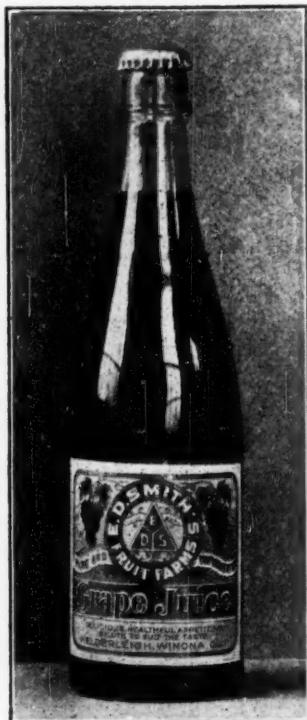
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Editorial Bulletin

WHAT does it feel like to fly? How many of our readers have ever tried it?

Personally we have dreamed, sometimes, of falling down-stairs, or falling over the edge of the earth into a pedlar's cart, but we never experienced the real feeling of flying.

However, one James P. Haverson, whose short, snappy and really wholesome poetry has appeared regularly in this magazine for some time, ascended in an aeroplane at Toronto recently and has written about it for October MacLean's. He should have made it poetry, but there wasn't time. The short account given by Mr. Haverson is a little masterpiece of impressionism. We have never before seen a description of flying. This one is excellent.

One month from the date of issue of this magazine, Sir Wilfrid Laurier shall have been sentenced—to defeat or to new glories. This is a feature in the present political campaign which is being overlooked—the fate of a personality. Reciprocity is all very well; Canada, young, strong, ambitious and *wealthy*, will *survive* it anyway, whether reciprocity be carried or rejected; whether it is a wrong move for the nation or a right one. But if Laurier is defeated the whole British Empire will feel the shock. For Laurier is, and must be, to either Liberals or Conservatives, a factor in the making or unmaking of the Empire. If he falls, as the Conservative party hopes and expects, the ends of the English-speaking earth will pause to look and wonder.

H. F. Gadsby says there are four Lauriers, and he names them in an article which will appear in the next issue of this magazine. Most Canadians know only *one* Laurier each, but, as Mr. Gadsby says, there *are* four. This article is clever, informing and entertaining. Whether Laurier is sustained or repudiated, it will compel attention and reflection.

There is a certain matter in our Canadian domestic affairs which should be attended to, and that is: Is Rideau Hall really worthy of the Dominion? Is it befitting the dignity of a country which claims the twentieth century as its own, to house its Governor-General—the brother of Edward the Seventh—in such a building? We have secured a carefully-written article on this subject from Mr. W. A. Craick. It will appear in the October number, together with several remarkably fine photographs of the interior of Rideau Hall, taken especially for this magazine.

THE EDITORS.



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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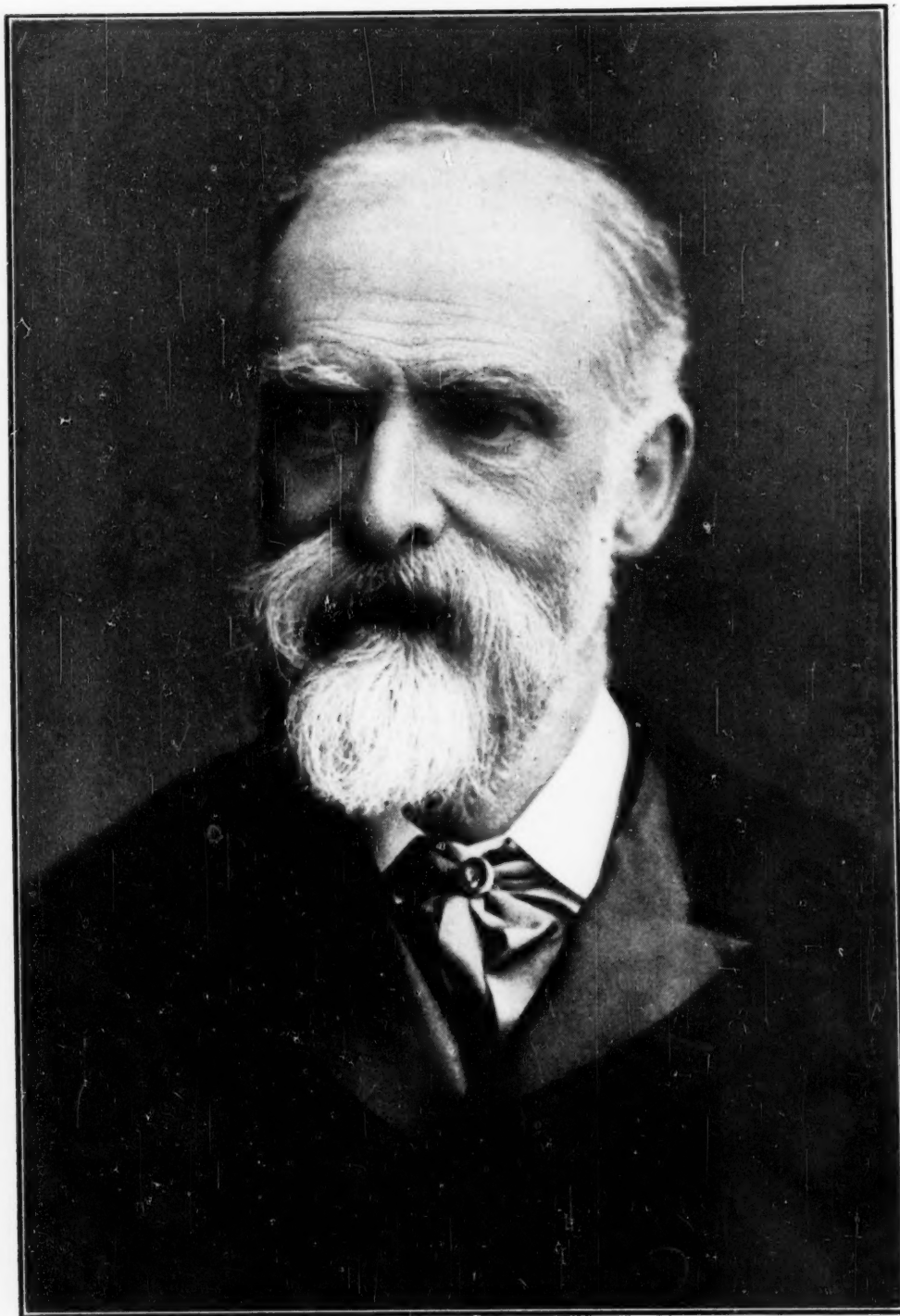
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RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE

BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

See "The King's Man at Washington,"
by M. O. Hammond, page 187.

MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXII

Toronto September 1911

No 5

The New Host at Rideau Hall

By

Frederick Greyson

THE men who hold high places in the social and governmental system of the British Empire are so often credited with the virtues of paragons and the abilities of Napoleons that the general public seldom learns their real worth; and, instead, comes to regard almost all of them as over-rated gentlemen traveling through the world on the credit of their ancestors and their social position. This is especially true of Canada, where the average man has the Missourian's yearning for visual demonstration, and where, it must be confessed, tradition and precedent are not conceded perhaps all the respect they merit. In the case of a new Governor-General coming to Canada, Canadians welcome him because he is His Majesty's choice, and they have faith in the wisdom of the Throne; but there is a general inclination to regard the Monarchical Proxy in Canada as a mere figure-head, with little or no real influence on the affairs of the Dominion; and when, as in the immediate instances of Earl Grey, who is just about to leave Rideau Hall, and the Duke of Connaught, who is just about to succeed His Excellency there, there are real qualities to be considered and appreciated, the Canadian's instinct is to look with mild skepticism on the written or

spoken eulogy. He knows that many an honest democratic writer is liable to lose some of his critical faculties in the presence of a gold-tipped aristocrat. He leaves it for Time and the newspaper report to inform him at some later date as to just how much of the praise which was given the distinguished gentlemen, was merited and how much was not.

In the case of Earl Grey the things which were said and written about him before his arrival have been "revised upwards." He leaves Canada with more virtues than were attributed to him by even the most sanguine of writers upon his arrival. Canadians have found enough error in him to convince them that after all he was really human, which is a much greater virtue than perfection.

Now, however, comes His Royal Highness, the King's uncle, the late King's brother—the Duke of Connaught. One must revise one's standards of measurement. One must choose carefully one's adjectives; not because he is of royal blood, nor because he will make what is to be practically a court at Ottawa, but because he is the brother of a remarkable man who had remarkable qualities, and if Connaught possesses the same qualities, and exercises the same strange influence in his sphere as the

late King Edward did in his, then Canada will do well to observe His Royal Highness carefully.

At five o'clock in the morning, when the sun was pushing his head up through a slot in the eastern horizon, when the dawn swept with a quick, light movement over the Mediterranean, until it smote the black sides of Gibraltar itself, a young officer, scarcely twenty-six years of age, used to be seen emerging from his quarters, bright-eyed, erect of bearing, quick in his movements and with his brightly-polished sword sending back flashes of acknowledgement to the rising sun, as he strode out of the enclosure which contained the officers' quarters. Every dawn saw the same sight. Every early-toiling bird saw the same flawless uniform, the same alert young officer starting out on his morning's work.

This work was the inspection of the batteries of the great fortress. It might have been accepted as a perfunctory affair and gone through with as a matter of form. But the young officer had a family *failing* for taking an interest in everything. He went through gallery after gallery with the same interest as when he visited the first battery. The uniforms of the men, the care of the guns, the condition of the surroundings, each claimed his attention. He had not been stationed long in Gibraltar. Upon his first arrival he set out to learn Spanish. This mastered, he studied the fortress itself. But until he knew it thoroughly, he said little or nothing in his early morning rounds. When he had learned and observed, he made use of his knowledge, not in the irritating manner of a brevet, but with the good nature and tact which was another family characteristic. Thus the Duke of Connaught at twenty-six years of age became one of the idols of Gibraltar. He did not go there as a royal prince of England, to be made a hero of. Indeed, the special instructions from her late Majesty Queen Victoria, which preceded Connaught to his post, stated very specifically that he was to become an efficient officer and to have no more privileges, nor any less work than his fellows of the same military rank in the army.

A distinguished Portuguese gentleman who was crossing from Liverpool to Montreal, stated recently that he had never

seen a young man so popular as was Connaught in those days.

"Why," he said, "everywhere he went he was cheered. If he passed through a street the cheering would commence at the point where he was first seen and would be taken up and carried on, all the way down the street as far as he went. The young men in the clubs would lift the windows and lean out to cheer him."

"And what would the Prince do?" asked a listener.

"The Prince! Ah! There again was his charm. He was at first greatly embarrassed, one could see. And even when he became as it were accustomed to his popularity, he still would blush when the crowd recognized him with shouting—he was only twenty-six, and he had an English complexion. After a time he seemed to think it was just a pleasant little compliment the people were paying the country he belonged to, and so he would wave his hand and hurry along. But it was no empty compliment. It was appreciation for an admirable young man."

"But what explained it?" asked another passenger. "How did they come to know his good qualities?"

"How! Oh, quite easily, *Mosieu*. He mixed well with the people. He was everywhere, and everywhere he went he was a perfect gentleman. He was not—what you call dissipated, but wherever he went he had a word for the shy or the timid, and a greeting for the others. At the theatre he would come out into the foyer and talk with the others with such grace, such vivacity, and yet such quiet dignity that everybody loved him, and the way he treated the little wives and daughters, and even the old mothers, of Gibraltar, was like an old cavalier, like a real Prince."

The Duke of Connaught is white-headed now, but he has retained the same qualities which make the French call him "*The Amiable*." He is a small man, somewhat larger than "*Bobs*," and, as a matter of fact, of about the same height as the late King, but unlike King Edward, he is of a lean build, more elastic in his movements, and nervous. He has a white moustache and white hair—though it is a little thin now. His face is not fat, nor yet is it thin: it is inclined to be round. The two things which, in his conversation distinguish him, are his eyes and his man-



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS — "THE AMIABLE!"

ner of conducting a conversation. The eyes are blue, vivacious, kind, inquiring, curious, smiling. They show a lively interest in everything that passes. They look upon everything with a quick sympathy which turns into a really humorous smile, full of twinkles, or into an expression of kindness which has made many a forgotten plebian feel the kinship of humanity.

In his conversation he has the accomplishments of more than a mere diplomat. Names, faces, details of every kind, are of course, always safe in his memory: he rarely forgets anything. But in addition to this he has the faculty of drawing out the shy person, of making the timid feel at ease. He does not wait for them to break the ice of a first conversation. It is he who commences. He asks questions. He wants to *know*. He is interested. He is appreciative. He remembers.

One should remember, in forming one's impression of His Royal Highness, that he is the son of remarkable parents, and more than that, that he is the *remarkable* son of remarkable parents, just as Edward was. Considering the Prince Consort and the late Queen Victoria, many persons have wondered how so much "humanity" ever appeared in the children, how they ever escaped with the sense of humor which marked King Edward and which marks the Duke, his brother. For the parents were, we are told, of a most serious turn of mind, and given to taking every detail of life with deadly earnestness. But it is in this very matter that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were evidently not always given the credit they deserved. Recent researches made in the archives of the Royal Family, have brought to light, with the permission of His Majesty, King George, the care with which the formation of King Edward's character was surrounded, the same care which undoubtedly was given to the other children, including, of course, the Duke of Connaught. The most careful tutors were selected by the Queen and the Consort. The greatest of pains was taken to see that the companions of the children were proper companions, of a sort that would make the Royal children, especially the Prince of Wales, better equipped to meet world society later on.

In some of their plans for the training of the children, the Queen and her husband are said to have failed. For instance, they planned exhaustive studies for the late King Edward, and his tutors were always compelled to report that he learned scarcely anything from books, while, on the other hand, in his intercourse with his fellow students and masters, he learned by his acute powers of observation, things in human nature which another man might never have mastered.

The same was apparently true, though perhaps not to the same extent, of the younger prince. He had the faculty which is called Tact. He knew, as if by instinct, what things to say and what things not to say, to certain men, or in certain circumstances. Like Edward, when a deputation of Spanish people secured an unexpected audience with him and when, to their bewilderment, the King showed a detailed and accurate knowledge of local facts and conditions in their country,—Connaught is never caught napping. Having once seen, he learns; having learned, he remembers.

There was at least one difference, however, between the brothers. Connaught is less active in prosecuting plans for his own amusement. Without in the least abating one's admiration for the late King Edward as a monarch, one can recall a story which they tell of him amongst the English and Americans in Paris, which will serve to show a difference between the brothers.

A party of French students who eked out art and a few sous together in a little club heard cheering in the streets one evening. They raised their windows to look out and beheld President Loubert driving King Edward the Seventh through the streets, preparatory, evidently, to showing him the sights of the city.

"Ah!" cried one of the students, "is it not pleasant to see M. Loubert the countryman showing M'sieu' the King of England, who is a *Parisian*—Paris!"

Edward was a true Parisian, in the most complimentary sense of the word. The Duke of Connaught is rather a *visitor* in Paris, like M. Loubert himself. Connaught is said to be very much devoted to his home. Those English people who have the honor of knowing the house-

hold pay it the compliment of saying: "They always were a *nice* family. The mother and the daughters are *really* lovely." The very simplicity of such a statement guarantees its worth.

The late King recognized his brother's statesmanlike abilities. The two men cooperated, the one as King and the other as the King's personal deputy. On the surface Connaught may appear to have done little more than ceremonial work for his Royal brother, but in the confidential relations between them there is little doubt that the Duke often made use of his powers of diplomacy in matters of state. It will not be belittling the dignity and honor of the Governor-General elect for Canada to say that he was, so to speak, a warming pan for the Imperial Throne. There is a difference between saying that he served the Throne direct and saying that he served the English Government direct. For in the latter expression it might fairly be inferred that he was the agent of England's local ambitions, which was not true. He served to stimulate cordial feelings on behalf of men, or nations, or states, toward the Throne of the British Empire. If Edward the Seventh was the Peace-maker, the Duke of Connaught was perhaps the strongest implement in the hands of the Peace-maker. He was "the warming pan." Sent here, or there, to a foreign country or to a charity bazaar, he won friends for the Throne of his brother.

Despite the many rumors which are continually going the rounds to the effect that *this* party and *that* influence were the means of securing the Duke's appointment to Canada, it is stated upon excellent authority that it was the late King's own personal wish that his brother should succeed Earl Grey. The idea originated with King Edward, and by his instructions is being carried out. The Duke of Connaught comes to Canada as an interpreter; he comes to interpret England to Canada and Canada to England. The Separatists and the ultra autonomists may be seized with a silly panic and think that this means interference and unasked advice, but in this they overlook the very qualities which have made Connaught so great a favorite and such a success. It will not be by interference, nor by any overt action that he will render service to the Imperial Crown and to Canada. But by the exer-

cise of his personal qualities he will show Canadians the real attitude of the real English toward the Empire; he will show that it is not for the selfish glory of England, nor her own aggrandizement that she wishes to maintain the British Empire intact; but that the British Crown is as much Canada's as London's, as much Australia's as Windsor's; as closely in sympathy with Colonial ministers of the Crown as with the ministers in the Mother of Parliaments. On the other hand, he will, it is said, inform the English Government of the spirit of the Canadian people and see that it cannot, through ignorance at all events, do anything that would cause a misunderstanding between the *Imperial Crown* and *this Dominion*.

A young English squire who had won a medal or two in the South African war, returned to England and commenced again the round of social activities which he had left when the war broke out. Since the close of the war he had been away from England, shooting in Central Africa, in India and in the northern part of Vancouver Island.

At a ball one night he met His Royal Highness, whom he thought had long since forgotten him.

"Ah, B——," the Duke said, "so you've come back. Tell me, were you in the Punjab?"

The officer replied that he had been there and had some very good shooting. Whereupon Connaught asked all manner of questions about the country, for he too was and is interested in big game shooting, and has made records in India.

Suddenly he broke the conversation.

"Where is your medal?" he asked.

"My medal, your Royal Highness!"—the young officer was inclined to be shy—"I left it off, sir."

"You should never do that," replied the Duke. "I expect you to wear it."

The young squire, while he was no weakling, had that instinct for effacing himself and his deeds, which makes so many Englishmen such delightful men. He made his promise to the Duke, but forgot about it until quite unexpectedly he found himself once more being entertained in the same house with Royalty.

The medal was in his pocket. He excused himself from his companions and, disappearing behind a friendly door, he



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

pinned it hurriedly on his dress tunic. Emerging, he faced Connaught, who was surrounded by a group. Connaught beckoned to him with his eyes, and when the group had thinned, the great officer lifted the medal and laughed into the younger man's eyes.

"Dear B——," he said, "when a man has won an honor he ought to know how to wear it." And with deft fingers he undid the fastening and placed the medal in a proper position on the left breast.

It will behoove the officers at Ottawa to see that their uniforms are correct. It is one of the little things that his Royal Highness is more thoroughly posted on than any other man in the army. He knows what is correct and what is incorrect in uniform. He knows what should be worn when, and what should be worn

with what. He is not a "crank" in this regard, for in everything he has a sense of humor, but he retains the fastidious instincts which his Royal mother and father instilled into him and his brother.

He rides every day. He is a good shot. He motors moderately and has a mild interest in golf. The Americans will flock to Ottawa more than ever, now that they are not so cordially welcomed in London, and Connaught will treat them all with the old courtesy of Edward the Seventh. The Duchess is neither extravagant nor prudish in matters of dress. The court will be gay but not giddy. But these are very minor matters when one considers that the British Throne has sent its *best* to Canada.

The man who was right hand to Edward the Peace-maker will not live in Canada for nothing.

Colonel Copp's Finesse

By

Frank E. Verney

COLONEL COPP was a little man with a benevolent head of white hair, a red cherubic countenance, and one of the astutest minds in the city. The dinners which he was in the habit of giving at the Hotel Cecil, where he had a superb suite, were absolute epochs in lavish hospitality and gastronomic excellence. In fact, they made of the little American Colonel's name a synonym for magnificence; and in every place where a newspaper was read "Copp" became a household word. It was not so well known that one of Colonel Copp's mottoes was, "A good appearance covers a multitude of deficiencies," and the few who were aware of it did not appear to recognize the significant applicability of the maxim to the splendor of the Colonel's entertainments. This seeming obtuseness was probably due largely to the American's personality, which radiated confidence and respect. He was the sort of man that appeared born to be a trustee and custodian of other people's purses. Therefore, it can easily be understood that with such assets the Colonel had many opportunities of making money which the ordinary man had not.

One morning, while all the clubs were busy talking of a wonderful "aeroplane dinner" which Colonel Copp had given the previous evening in the courtyard of the Cecil, the Colonel himself was seated in an easy-chair in one of his rooms, smoking a cigar and examining his pass-book. The aroma of the leaf was excellent, and, so far as one could judge from the placid expression of the Colonel's face, the contents of the book might have been equally satisfactory.

As a mater of fact, the Colonel's current account was in a condition best des-

cribed as delicate. All the money he could get together of his own and his friends' he was putting in a great Canadian railway scheme for tapping a big section of the wheat belt, the development of which had hitherto been held up for want of adequate means of transport. This railway was destined to make fabulous profits, and, incidentally, a multimillionaire of its chairman and chief shareholder. The money which Colonel Copp did not put into this railway he put into his famous repasts, which gave him a renown above bankers' references, and a circle of moneyed acquaintances able, and even anxious, to share in the financial operations of a man in obvious possession of the touch of Midas.

So on the morning following the renowned banquet the Colonel found himself facing a difficulty. It was only the third of the month, two more dinners were arranged for, and the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds only was in hand. The Colonel decided that it was up to him to make some money quickly in a way which would not interfere with other interests.

After a few moments' silent thought the Colonel rose, put his pass-book into a despatch box, which he carefully locked and carried to his safe. As he shut the safe he uttered audibly the conclusion of his train of thought. "Yes," he said, in the tone of a man who thinks he has an answer to a puzzle: "I think I will take a country place."

Half an hour later the Colonel, immaculately groomed as usual, got down from a taxi at the office of Messrs. Right, Hank & Futley, the eminent estate agents.

The clerk to whom he handed his card escorted him immediately to the private office of the senior partner.

Mr. Right greeted the Colonel as a man who gave dinners at twenty guineas a head should be greeted.

"We received your message, sir," he went on, "from the Hotel Cecil, and I think we have exactly the house to suit you."

"I believe you have," replied the Colonel. "As a matter of fact, it is your advertisement of the Duke of Belsire's place that caused me to call."

"It is the finest mansion in England," began the agent, with professional glibness and more than professional warmth. "Early Norman, perfect preservation, magnificent—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Colonel. "May I trouble you to show me the plans?"

"Certainly, sir; no trouble."

Mr. Right rang the bell.

"Bring me the Belsire Abbey drawings, please," said he to the clerk who answered the summons.

The Colonel turned to the agent. "By the way," he remarked, "I gather that this is the first time the Abbey has been let."

"Yes. The Duke is much attached to the place, and spends most of his time there. The country is a first-class sporting one, you know. Now he has medical orders to spend the next three years in a semi-tropical zone, with the alternative of the family vault."

"Really!" said the Colonel. "I had no idea he was so ill. He is a wealthy man, isn't he?"

The agent smiled. "Well, sir, I don't know whether you would consider him wealthy, but his rent-roll is reputed at fifty thousand a year."

The clerk knocked and entered.

"Here are the plans, sir."

"I wonder at the Duke's letting the place," said Colonel Copp, as he bent over the drawings.

"He is doing so, really," replied Right, "because he feels, reasonably enough, that with a tenant in residence the place inside and out would suffer less than if closed up and left to servants."

"Now, Mr. Right," said the Colonel, "I take it that I could have immediate possession?"

"Certainly. There is nothing to prevent that."

"Very well. Then will you kindly arrange for some responsible person to take me over the place to-morrow? I do not like wasting time, and if the place suits me, I'd like to fix things right away."

"Yes," said Right, with business-like proptitude; "the Duke's private agent, who is, as it happens, a sort of cousin of his Grace, will be there."

"My secretary will inform you in the morning of the train I shall travel by," concluded the Colonel, as he took up his hat.

When Mr. Right returned from seeing the Colonel into his cab he called to one of his staff:

"Wilson, ring up the hotel where Mr. Bellairs is staying and ask him to come and see me at once."

"Very good, sir."

In about twenty minutes the Duke of Belsire's agent arrived and was taken into the private office.

"Ah! How do you do, Mr. Bellairs? I was fortunate in catching you before you left your hotel."

"The Abbey, I suppose?" queried Bellairs, as he took the indicated seat.

"Yes. I believe I've found a tenant."

"What! Already? I'd no idea house-hunting Cræsus were so common."

"They're not—although the prospective occupant of the Abbey belongs to that genus. His name is Colonel Copp."

"Really *the* Colonel Copp?" said Bellairs interestedly.

Right nodded assent.

"That's something like! He'll make an excellent tenant—unless he should want to give an aquatic banquet in the picture gallery," said Bellairs rather irresponsibly.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Right, "Colonel Copp is one of the very few parvenus who really could be trusted with the Abbey. Now as to the point. The Colonel wishes to be shown over the place to-morrow. I will telegraph to your office in Belsire the time of the Colonel's arrival. You will perhaps have one of the Abbey broughams to meet him. I will have the agreement and copy drawn up and post it to you to-night. You will then be able to clinch the bargain. Americans like hustling methods, and we must not let the Colonel slip through our fingers."

"He'll have all the agents in the country after him when it is known that he is looking for a place," remarked Bellairs.

"Exactly. In the agreement I shall leave the price open. You can fill it in when agreed on."

"Eight thousand per annum," stated Bellairs, "is the Duke's figure."

"I think," said Mr. Right, "that if the Colonel fancies the Abbey, he will not question ten thousand. You understand."

"I see," said Bellairs, with a sententious smile.

The next morning at 11.35 Colonel Copp stepped out of a first-class carriage onto the small platform of Belsire station.

He was the only passenger, and Bellairs, who was waiting at the ticket gate, walked forward and introduced himself.

"Messrs. Right, Hank & Futley wired that you were coming on this train, sir. I have one of the Abbey carriages to take us up."

"It is very kind of you," said the Colonel.

"It will take," said Bellairs, as they seated themselves in the brougham, "several hours to look over the place thoroughly; and the stables and shooting——"

"I am afraid we must get it done quicker than that," said the Colonel. "I am a very busy man, Mr. Bellairs. Two hours is all I can spare. I guess you can describe things on the way up."

The drive, which lay chiefly through the estate, occupied half an hour. Bellairs was fluent on fish, fur, and feather, and the Colonel an intelligent listener. Listening was a virtue he cultivated. It paid.

When they had passed through the lodge gates the Colonel remarked on the shaven sward beneath the spreading park trees.

"Yes," answered Bellairs; "the Duke thinks as much of his place as he would of a wife—more perhaps. It is on record that the nearest his Grace ever came to the dock of a criminal court was when he discovered one of the house-party guests playing on the tennis lawns in spiked cricket boots."

"Here we are," said Bellairs at length, as the carriage rounded a magnificent Italian fountain and drew up in front of the chief entrance hall of the Abbey.

"There is only one thing," said the Colonel, as he and his *cierone* stood in the great hall after their round of inspection: "to suit me, the place would require another room, which the Abbey has not got."

"But," began Bellairs, "you will pardon me. Surely there is enough——"

"As you were going to observe, Mr. Bellairs, there is plenty of room in the Abbey for any one, but my requirements are peculiar. I want a very large apartment as a special banqueting-chamber."

Bellairs smiled reminiscently.

"Now, the hall in which we are standing would not well lend itself to any other guise. For instance, the dinner I gave the other day——"

"I understand, sir," said Bellairs, smilingly. "An aeroplane scene in a Norman hall would be like a fairy pantomime on a torpedo boat. But could not one of the state drawing-rooms be used?"

"I am afraid not; for the same reason. Now, the billiard-room, which you tell me has just been added, is the most likely, but that will be required for its original purpose."

"Well, sir," said Bellairs, anxious to lose no chance, "have you any other suggestion?"

"What I propose," said the Colonel, "is to build the room."

Bellairs's face showed that he was rather startled at the idea.

"I should," the Colonel went on, "make the addition entirely at my own expense—it would not cost the Duke a dollar. The plans, of course, would be made by a leading architect."

Bellairs realized that the suggestion was reasonable enough. It was no extraordinary thing for a tenant to make an addition to a place. Many landlords would jump at an opportunity of getting a wing added gratuitously.

The Colonel offered his cigar-case. "If you are a connoisseur of Havanas, you will like these. I bought the whole crop."

Bellairs took one, and thought of Right's warning, "We must not let him slip through our fingers." Looking at his watch, he said: "If there is nothing else you wish to see, Colonel Copp, and you are agreeable, we will drive back into Belsire, and I will get on the telephone to Mr. Right, and put your suggestion to him. I

believe he has discretionary powers. He could quickly communicate with the Duke if necessary. He is staying at Claridge's, preparing for his journey."

"Very well," said the Colonel. "We had better waste no time. The point must be settled at once, for I have several agents coming to see me in the morning."

They departed immediately.

When Bellairs' office was reached, he told his clerk to get a call through to London. As soon as the Colonel was comfortably seated, the agent produced the agreement.

"Yes," said the Colonel, after a perusal; "that seems quite in order. The matter of the addition is the essential point. It may be that I shall take some other way out of the difficulty, but I must have permission to erect the room if I think it desirable."

It was not long before the clerk opened the door, with the information that London was "through."

"Will you be good enough to excuse me a moment, Colonel Copp? Mr. Right, I expect, is on."

Bellairs went to the room where was the telephone.

"Is that Mr. Right? . . . Good! Colonel Copp is in the office at the present moment. I've shown him over the Abbey, and he is very pleased with it, but he thinks he may require to build on another room. . . . Yes? . . . Yes, that is what I said to him. He wants it chiefly for freak dinners, and that sort of thing. . . . No, it must be settled now. If not, we shall lose him."

At the other end of the wire, Right was thinking rapidly. The Colonel was actually waiting to sign the agreement. He wanted to add to the Abbey. The addition would be an asset to the landlord. In most cases, he would not have hesitated. He decided quickly.

"Tell him," he said along the wire, "yes. Fill in the top price, and get the agreement signed. I will see if I can interview the Duke and inform him what I have done. If he should object—which is unlikely—we can explain to the Colonel. He seems a very good sort, and we can work him all right."

"Very good," answered Bellairs. "I'll bring the agreement up to town this evening."

Bellairs went back to the Colonel. "Mr. Right agrees to your wishes, sir, in the matter of the addition."

The Colonel nodded, and said briskly, "Very well. All that remains is the agreement."

Bellairs brought the documents to the table and rapidly filled in the figures.

The Colonel made no comment on the amount. He did not appear to consider it worth notice.

Bellairs inwardly congratulated himself upon his deal.

"You had better add," said the Colonel, as he took up a pen, "The tenant to be at full liberty to add a room to his own purpose and convenience, if he so desires."

Bellairs inserted the clause on each of the agreements. The signatures were then attached and duly witnessed by the clerk, and the Colonel became the tenant of Bel-sire Abbey.

The business concluded, the Colonel pocketed his agreement and rose. "I shall just be in time for my train," he said, leading the way out of the office.

When Colonel Copp reached Paddington he took a cab and drove straight to the chambers of Macter, the famous architect.

He found that eminent man in and disengaged. "How can I be of service to you, Colonel Copp?" he said, as he fingered the American's card.

"I want," stated Copp, "within two or three days, a plan and design for a banqueting-hall which I wish to build onto a country-place of mine."

"Two or three days," repeated the architect.

"I shall, of course, pay for any inconvenience."

"It will be advisable," said the architect, "for me or one of my staff to see the original building: you probably have the plans of it."

"I have the plans, certainly, but you can dispense with the view," said the Colonel. "I want something Eastern—of the Taj Mahal style."

"Taj Mahal!" ejaculated Macter.

The Colonel continued, "I will send you round a plan of the wall from which it is to abut."

The architect picked up a pencil. "Will you tell me the ideas you wish carried out, and the size, etc.?"

The Colonel gave the necessary details, and then took his departure.

Macter walked across his room to a side-board and drew out a decanter and a siphon. "Well, I'm——!" was his toast. "Minarets in an English park! However," he reflected, "he's got the gold to gild 'em."

On the fourth day following the Colonel's call on the architect, Mr. Bellairs was in the office of Messrs. Right, Hank & Futley, discussing with Mr. Right the new tenant of the Abbey.

"I think," Bellairs was saying, "That the sharpness of the American financier is much over-rated. They are really very easily managed."

"If," smugly said Right, looking up from his correspondence, "we had a few clients like the Colonel every day, there would be something in estate agency."

"And not much trouble either," laughed Bellairs.

"Come in," called Right, as a knock came at the door.

"Colonel Copp's secretary to see you, sir," said the clerk.

"Show him in."

"Speak of the devil and his minion appears," said Bellairs.

The secretary was ushered in.

"Take a seat," said Right, pleasantly.

"I have come from Colonel Copp," commenced the secretary, "with the plans of the intended addition to Belsire Abbey."

Right took the envelope.

"My chief," the secretary continued, "is sending down the workmen to-morrow, as he wishes the place prepared without delay."

Mr. Right was smoothing out the tracings on the table. His companions saw his face suddenly stiffen into an incredulous stare.

"Wha—at?" he burst out, knocking over a pile of books in his excitement. "What on earth—— Do you mean to

say—— Is this a practical joke?" he demanded quickly, with a glare at the unfortunate secretary.

"I am afraid I do not understand you," said that gentleman, with some astonishment.

Bellairs looked from one to the other, an expression of uneasy curiosity on his countenance.

"Understand!" shouted Right. He pulled himself up sharply. "This drawing," he continued in a tone of forced quietness—"has it come direct from Colonel Copp? Has he seen it?"

"My chief sealed it himself," answered the secretary.

Right rose from his table.

"I will call and see Colonel Copp," he said. "I need not detain you."

The secretary bowed and withdrew.

"Look at that," said Right.

Bellairs took the sheet in his hand. He saw a beautifully-colored perspective drawing of an "Arabian Nights" sort of edifice, with a lofty gilt dome and six delicate spires.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Do?" answered Right, who was thrusting on his coat. "I am going to tell the old idiot that he can't put a place like that against a Norman Abbey."

A quarter of an hour later he was being shown into Colonel Copp's business-room at the Cecil.

"How do you do, Mr. Right?" said the Colonel cheerfully. "You are just in time to join me in a little *aperitif*."

Right was not in the frame of mind for courtesies. "I have called sir," he began impetuously, "about the plan——"

"Cocktails," continued the Colonel, "are excellent before dinner, but at lunch-time a mixed French and Italian Vermouth is the proposition I recommend."

The entrance of a waiter probably saved Right from consigning *aperitifs* to a place where they are presumably not customary. So he smiled in a futile way and said he would take whatever his host took.

When the glasses were on the table the Colonel opened:

"Now, Mr. Right, regarding the plan. I think Macter has made an excellent design."

"Are you referring to this?" answered Right, thrusting the perspective sketch in front of Copp.

"That is it."

"Why, my dear sir," burst out Right, "it is ridiculous—unthinkable—absolutely out of the question! It would make the Abbey into a freak, and the Duke the laughing-stock of the country."

"You astonish me," remarked the Colonel.

"Astonish! Excuse me, sir, but can't you see the utter incongruity of it? Why, it is scarcely possible to imagine a man of Macter's architectural standing submitting it."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I am sorry you do not like it. I may say at once that the design was made specially to suit my requirements, and operations will commence to-morrow."

Right was staggered. In the face of this decisive statement he did not know what to say.

"My dear sir," he at last jerked out, "it is impossible. I cannot permit it. The Duke would not allow it."

The Colonel crossed to his despatch-box, from which he took the Abbey agreement.

"As I have said before, Mr. Right, I am a busy man, and it will perhaps save time if I remind you of this clause." He read it out: "The tenant to be at full liberty to add a room to his own purpose and convenience, if he so desires."

"But," Right gasped, "it was never expected that your addition would be a monstrosity. The natural inference was that you would make your addition in the original style. You said you would give it to a leading architect. The assumption was that he would have the usual free hand."

"For the inferences," said the Colonel, "I am not responsible. For the rest," he continued, "it is the only type of building which suits my purpose and convenience. Without it, the Abbey is not suitable for me, and without the clause which gives me a right to do as I please in the matter, I should not have taken the place, as you know. Come, come, Mr. Right, you are a business man. You can see that the matter is solely at my discretion. I

have made up my mind, and I can afford to support it."

"It is impossible," said Right, doggedly.

"Well, Mr. Right," said the Colonel, looking at his watch, "my lunch is waiting for me."

Right had been surveying the situation with swift thought. He was not without common sense, and he could see that Colonel Copp held the control.

"Will you," he said, "suspend matters for forty-eight hours?"

"I really do not see how I can. My instructions have been given, specifications sent out, etc., and the workmen will arrive at Belsire to-morrow morning. Further, I do not see the object of it."

Right got up from his chair as the Colonel walked towards the door. "Will you be in the hotel this afternoon?" he said.

"I shall be disengaged about six o'clock," replied the Colonel.

The Colonel went down to the grill room, and the agent left the hotel. Right drove back to his office as quickly as a taxi could take him.

As soon as he got inside the doors he inquired the whereabouts of his partners. They were out at lunch.

"I am going to look for them," he said to the clerk. "If either Mr. Hank or Mr. Futley should return while I am away, ask him to stay in, as I wish to see them on important business."

At the first telegraph office he stopped the cab, went in, and sent a lengthy telegram to the Duke of Belsire, Paris.

That afternoon the partners of Messrs. Right, Hank & Futley, estate agents, were inaccessible to the public.

By five o'clock it had been decided that the agreement with the Colonel must be cancelled at any cost.

A furiously-worded telegram from his grace of Belsire was on the table.

"I do not suppose for one moment," said Futley, an old man with much experience and a well-balanced mind, "that the Duke will do other than disclaim all responsibility. The onus is legally with us. The clause in the agreement should at least have stipulated for our approval of

plans. We've worried it out from every aspect, and the only thing to do is to make an offer for cancellation. Whoever loses, it must be done, and at any cost."

At six o'clock Mr. Right drove to keep his appointment with the Colonel.

At seven o'clock he drove away, plus the cancelled agreement and an invitation to a banquet, of which he did not avail himself, and—minus a check for ten thousand pounds.

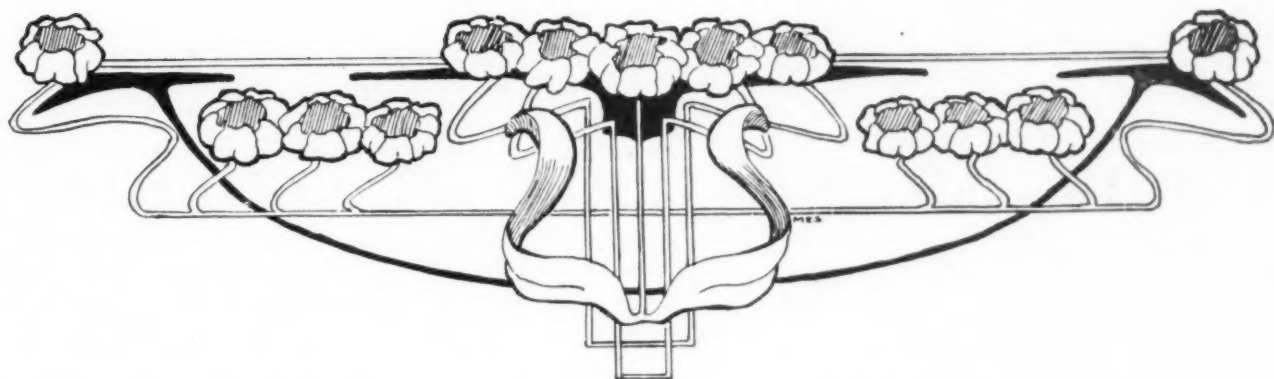
When he had gone, the Colonel rang for his secretary. "Harris," he said, "I have decided, after all, that a country house is unnecessary for me." As he spoke,

he sealed a long envelope into which had gone a pink slip and a small book. "Give that into the bank in the morning immediately it opens; and take down this letter to Mr. Macter:

"My Dear Mr. Macter:

"I have pleasure in enclosing a check for one hundred guineas in payment for sketch and plans submitted yesterday. I have decided not to proceed with the erection at present.

"Yours truly,
JOB H. COPP.



We pigmies of emotion saw no strife—
His was a calm untouched by sign of pain.
We dreamed not that the making of his life
Had seen dark hours wherein the combat strain
Had almost torn his mighty soul in twain.

—Fred Jacob



Feeding the Sheaves Into the Old-time Thresher

The Annual Tide In Canada

By

B. B. Cooke

Illustrations by C. W. Jefferys

TWO thousand miles away the grain starts to ripen, and He starts to come.

At first it is only a restlessness, then an uneasiness, then discontent. And finally, when he goes to the village with the big mare to get the mail and swap a bit of conversation with the other fellows loafing outside the post office, he sees the big yellow posters which the railway company has posted all over the village, inviting him to come, telling him how cheap the fare is and how much money he will earn in the Western harvest fields.

He goes home and looks over the home farm—the pleasant green of the Ontario farm. It has a few trees on it, a bit of untouched bush at the back and a good bank barn. But it displeases him. The

discontent is in his blood. He recalls the highly painted pictures of prairie and wheat which he has seen somewhere. Up under the mattress is the money he has saved. Before he takes his heavy boots off that night he fishes out the old wallet and counts the money. Each bill is sweat-stained, reminiscent of ploughing, milking, cutting and raking, and the harvest.

Then, one bright morning, Bill Brown from the next farm drops across and leans over the boundary fence. Ordinarily, Bill has little enough to say, and there is really no need for him to start a conversation on a late summer morning like this, but Bill has something on his mind, and so has the other.

"'J see how low them rates are?" says Bill.

"They *are* pretty low." assents the other.

They change the subject, as if by mutual consent, lest the real gist of the matter should be proposed too rudely.

"Pretty dry, ain't it." Bill remarks.

"Yes. Bad for ploughing."

"Gee yes! I was forgettin' the ploughing. Fact is, j' know Henry I've a mind not to be here for the ploughing. I've got a notion —"

"What —"

"To go out on one of these here harvesters' excursion things."

"Have y'? I don't know but I might go m'self. I was thinking—I needed a change."

"So do I. When were you thinkin' of going?"

"Week from to-morrow."

"I'll do it with y'. Is't a go?"

"Sure thing."

And so another pair of Ontario farm laborers make their pilgrimage to the western plains.

* * *

From all over Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, indeed even from Prince Edward Island, the ripening wheat summons the farm laborer, the farmer's son, the city loafer, the college student and the farmer himself. As they gather in the great centres of eastern Canada, in Montreal or Toronto, as they sit around on their grotesque bundles of luggage waiting for the departure of their trains; and finally as they clamber into the long bare cars, they are a strange conglomeration. They are the crude mass out of which great sons, great leaders, poets and statesmen are yet to be delivered to Canada. They are the material for more Canadians and better Canadians.

This annual tide of harvesters is one of the factors in the making of Canada. It flows once and ebbs once, every year. The flow is always greater than the ebb; and every year the Tide brings more citizens to the Western prairies and leaves less in the East. The farmer in the western prairie would admit to you that he could not get along unless he was supplied with harvesters in this way every fall. The Canadian Pacific Railway would—if it were telling you its business—tell you

that it is a considerable factor in the earnings of the road every summer. The banks would tell you that unless these men went West, or at all events unless some means were found to harvest the crops in time for marketing, and especially in time to get the grain to the head of the lakes before navigation closes, it would be a serious thing for the business of the country. In short, the Harvesters' Excursion which is advertised every few days for a certain period during the summer touches the whole economic fabric of the Dominion, and touches every household directly or indirectly.

And it has even a greater effect.

* * *

Here is a wholesome figure—the harvester. He is a man of sweat and clayed boots. His hands are strong and his chest is broad. But in the harvesters' excursions they are not all real farm laborers. All sorts of men go to make up the passenger list of the groaning trains.

There, in the corner of the car sit four young fellows in city clothes. One is a college student, a man who has been studying for Medicine; another is studying engineering at Queen's; the third is the son of a Middlesex farmer who has persistently and consistently told his father that he never would consent to work on a mere farm since he had had a taste of higher education, but circumstances arose during the summer which made him change his mind,—“the other fellows” thought it would be a great thing to do, to go farming for the summer and come back to University with a roll of bills and a memorable experience, so he had joined the party, the only real farmer of the four; the fourth man was a clerk in a city warehouse who happened to be boarding in the same house with the others when the western fever had taken them; he was a thin fellow, aemic and inclined to be peevish.

Not far from them in the car sat an old figure in corduroys. He had a long beard in which there were still signs of bay rum and oil. Amidst all the uproar in the still unsettled car, he was sitting quietly reading a shabby little book.

“Hello, Dad!” shouted a roysterer. “What you going West f'r? Goin' t' get a job of knittin'? Or are y' hirin' out as a nurse girl?”



A View in the Harvesters' Special.

The old man looked up, with a pair of beady black eyes, darting malicious glances at his tormentor.

"Knittin'!" he exclaimed, laying down

his book for moment, "Nursin'! If anybody needs nursing it's you, Mister Boy! Where's your nurse. Did she feed y' before she let y' out?"

The laugh was turned. The old man resumed his book, glancing up now and again just to make sure that the lesson had taken effect.

"Knittin'!" he muttered, as I dropped into a seat beside him. "Impudence of 'em! Why—" relinquishing his book once more and turning to tell his story to a sympathetic listener, "Why I be'n farmin' for fifty years. I know more about farmin' in one day than them there young whelps ever will know. Knittin'!"

There was a pause, and then:

"Hev you be'n out here before?"

"Once or twice."

"D—d' ye think—think maybe they'd hire an oldish fellow like me?"

"I don't see what difference that makes so long as you can do what they want."

"Well—" and his story began, "Y' see I've be'n to home for m' whole life, back in Wellington county. The most I ever traveled was to the Winter Fair at Guelph one time. There's always be'n work t' do at home. We got a' hundred acres cleared. Nothin' to pay off at all. But it never just seemed to pay enough to afford a hired man. So we be'n workin' it—me and me brother Tom—ever since the old man died.

"Well, the other day—the other day, my brother Tom—Tom he died. He was older than me and he'd got rheumatism pretty bad. He used to wear so much flannel wrapped round his legs that he could scarcely get the boots on. Anyway, he—he died six weeks ago. So a month after he was buried I just begun to see that it was no use tryin'. It was no good of me tryin' to run the farm alone, and there was no good tryin' to hire any help f'r y' see it's sandy soil. Anyways, I got discontent and sort of lonesome and I just rented the farm and bought some clothes and a 'scursion ticket. Don't know exactly what'll happen. But *anyways* I won't die without havin' seen a bit of country bigger 'n Wellington County."

* * *

The train lurched and rolled past Parry Sound and Sudbury, along the North Shore of the big lake, beyond the Twin Cities and out toward Winnipeg. Our section was going through to Regina. At some stations farmers were lined up on

the platforms calling to those within the cars to come out and bargain for work. Some went and some contented themselves with staying inside and mocking those without. Some of those that answered the solicitations of the farmers did so only as a joke. After negotiating, after haggling over the wages and asking all sorts of ridiculous questions as to the board and the accommodation they would jump on the steps of the train as it commenced to move out, and wave their hands at the chagrined farmers.

"I guess I c'n fill the job for ye," said one youth, addressing one of these anxious farmers. "I can read and write and recite poetry. I c'n sew on buttons and with a little experience I guess I could make butter."

"But—but—" protested the farmer, driven to distraction by the thought that he was wasting time while his wheat was demanding attention. "But are you willing to work in the fields—in the fields at —"

"Oh!" mocked the youth, "Oh you merely want a day laborer. I thought you wanted a lady's maid. Here Bill. Here's a guy wants somebody to help his wife with the washing." Then he ran before the farmer's boot touched him.

Most of the men wished to go as far West as they could get before accepting work. It costs them no more and on the other hand they were seeing more of the country. The four college students wanted to get up to Prince Albert. The old man, who by this time had entered into the spirit of the adventurers and had even managed to contribute an old fashioned song to the programme for one evening, calculated to get off at Regina. He disappeared from the car, the four students, a lame boy who wanted to study for the ministry and hoped to earn money toward that end by working in the harvest, a score of regular farm laborers—all melted away, until finally one night, the car was empty and I had reached the end of my journey.

* * *

There was a woman on one of these excursions once, a tall woman with a cadaverous face and bird-like black eyes. She boarded one of the 'Harvesters' Specials at the Union Station in Toronto.



The Farmers at Way-side Stations tried to Strike Bargains with the Men.

Conductors came through and asked her if she was sure she knew which train she wanted to go on. She replied, with asperity, that the said conductors could wager their lives that she did. They hinted that the car would be full of men and that she might not find it very pleasant. But she would say no more, only piled her luggage around her like a barricade, folded her hands—on which she wore lace affairs with no ends in the fingers—and closed her eyes preparatory to sleep.

There was considerable astonishment among the other passengers when they heard that this woman intended accompanying them on their journey. Some complained to the conductor, but the conductor was a good-natured man and refused to say anything, partly because he had seen expression in the woman's face which led him to believe that interference would be indiscreet and that, on the other hand, the fair person was quite capable of taking care of herself.

All the other cars on that train were noisy from the first. At night the crowd held pillow fights and raced up and down the long aisle exchanging harmless blows and shouting. The more favored—or less favored car—did nothing of the kind. There was a subdued air about it. The men whispered over their cards or the dominoes. Many a round oath died in the making. There ruled an air of abashment and discontent.

Finally the discontent came to a head and a deputation was selected, after a prolonged meeting on the platform, to approach the fair intruder.

They drew near her corner of the car. The spokesman had to be prodded repeatedly in order to keep him up to the mark.

The woman bristled as they drew near and formed a shuffling semi-circle around her.

"Well!" she demanded, pulling on her mitts.

"If you please, Lady—"

"Don't *lady* me. What do you want?"

"We'd like if—we'd like, if you was agreeable, to have the honor of payin' your fare by a regular train, seein' as this one is sort of over-crowded with men—"

"You'd what, Sir?"

But before they could answer, setting forth their case again, she had hailed the conductor, who happened to be passing.

"Mister!" she said, "These here men are suggestin' that a lone female oughtn't to be travelin' on a train with a parcel of hounds of men. I just want to ask you this much. Did I——"

"Yes," assented the conductor precipitately.

"Wait till I finish. Did I pay my fare? Did I not get on board this train before these lazy hounds came on it? Didn't I mind my own business and keep to myself?"

"You did, lady."

"And ain't I within my rights?"

"You are, lady."

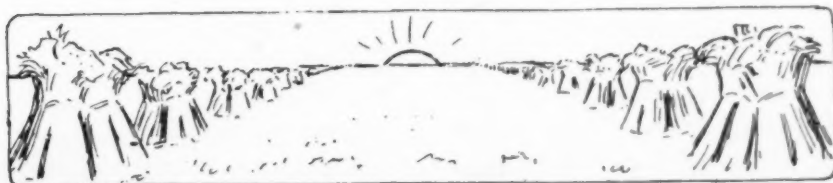
"Then—beat it!" she cried, waving a newspaper in the faces of the other men, "Get out of my way. I'll report you for insultin' a lone woman if you don't."

The crowd thinned. It was their last opportunity to protest. They traveled through to the Western plains, a sad and a wise crowd. When they wanted *fun* they went to the other cars. When they returned, late in the night, they trod softly past the section wherein the traveling virgin reclined.

* * *

A group were sitting in the end of a car playing cards. It consisted of a French-Canadian, an Arcadian, two Ontario farm laborers and a college student. Over their shoulders peered a mixed crowd. The crowd had become acquainted, Ba'tis'e had expounded on the virtues of Old Quebec to the Ontario men. The college man had learned something of farmers and their good heartedness. And all of them had overcome old prejudices. The Ontario men had set out upon the trip with the idea that *they* were British and that the French-Canadians were an inferior race, a race of traders. The French-Canadians had come with the idea that the Ontario men were all boors and ruffians. But with the mixing of the two, and the general companionship of the little French-Canadian padre, who was accompanying these sons of his parish, the barriers were removed and a better understanding commenced between the two different kinds of Canadians.

The tide flows right out to the feet of the very Mountains. It brings men of one part of the Dominion in contact with men of other parts. It breaks down provincialism. It spreads knowledge. It is a wonderful institution.



Is There a Peril in Foreign Education ?

By

C. B. Bertrand

MOST of those who have attained success of any kind, have been able to speak the language of the country wherein their energies were put forth. Most men, planning for the future of their children, believe in teaching the said children the language of the country in which they are to live. Of course, the language of a country does not refer to the mere succession of standardized sounds and signs which serve in the interchange of ideas, but to the thousand habits of thought, standards of judgment, and methods of business which characterize different countries and which distinguish one from another. To be a business success in China a man must know more than the Chinese language, in the ordinary sense of that word; more than the Chinese laws and business usages: he must understand the Oriental attitude of mind, and if he tries to apply purely English methods he fails: for he must adapt himself to the "language" of China.

There is as much difference between Americanism (using that word in its application to the continent of North America) and Continentalism as there is between the mental processes of a London merchant and a trader in the bazaar in an Eastern city. There is as much difference between the "language" of the New World and the language of the Old World as there is between a Roman Catholic Priest and a Unitarian lecturer. The difference lies in the fundamental viewpoints of life held by the two men: and the difference between America and the Old World is of an origin just as deep. "Continentalism," and "Englishism" are based upon views of life and standards of judg-

ment which are foreign to "Americanism" and "Canadianism."

This article refers especially to the education of Canadian and American children abroad. In Paris, Ulmach, Vienna, Florence, Berlin and London, the visitor is constantly meeting young people from the towns or cities of Canada and the United States. They are usually the children of wealthy Canadians and Americans. In many cases they are obtaining finishing instructions in music, painting, or the other arts, which they could not obtain in Canada. To the latter, this article does not refer. Immersed in the atmosphere of art, genius and starvation which Europe and only Europe can supply, these students are to a great extent isolated from the dangers (as one might almost call them) to which this article refers. But the other students, those that are being given the Paris finish or the English University finish, are, we submit, in considerable danger, the danger of being taught the "language" of the Old World to the prejudice, if not the exclusion, of a proper knowledge of the New World from which they came and to which they must, in most cases, return.

I met, in London, two Canadian "children" who had been in Paris four years and who had seen nothing of their own country in that time. They were curious little women, exquisitely tinted with that ineffable coloring which is called "Paris!" They spoke and moved after the manner of Parisians, which was indeed very pretty and very desirable. But there was a deeper characteristic which this same "Paris!" had endowed them with. Their whole outlook on life was blase. It would

have required a miracle to have stirred their real enthusiasm for anything. They had come to that unhappy state where they believed that the sum of beauty had already been totalled and that Life was but a silken thread, of a certain length, to be unravelled as fast as possible and spent with conformity to fashion.

You may say that these two children were *really* only children, and that, had they possessed a livelier sense of humor, and more common sense, they might have been different. You may insist that the majority of children, and your own particularly, would never have turned out so, or you may assert that maturity would have tempered their ideas with the beautiful commonplace. I think not, however. I venture the opinion that Canadian girls, sent to Paris to be finished, are all apt to turn out much in the same manner. And it is *wrong*. Canada needs strong men, and men who possess, above all things, Imagination and Enthusiasm. A little of Paris is very well. We can well afford to import a few graces into the New World but we cannot afford to wean Canadians of the Canadian language and maintain in their place, transplanted Continentals, who pine for the rare things of Paris and the charming indolence of the wealthy European.

So much applies to women: There remain—Oxford, or rather, the University Life of England.

I need state but once that I admit all that is claimed for Oxford and even more; that it is a rare privilege to have been educated there: and that it is usually a pleasure merely to meet an Oxford or a Cambridge man, even though he may have no other quality to recommend him than the little "air" which a true son of either University carries. And yet there is an objection to Oxford and Cambridge from the stand-point of Canadians: that is to say, these Universities are not always good in their effect upon the Canadian who goes there for the completion of his studies.

I must first make an exception, and that is in the case of Canadians who intend to devote their lives to academic work, men who intend to return to Canada as professors in our Canadian Universities. In these cases, Oxford and Cambridge are enabled to exert their greatest and best influence in Canada. In other cases they

are apt to fail, very apt. Canada cannot fail to benefit by the importation of the best things, best influences from abroad, just as she is benefited by the imported graces from the girls' schools and drawing rooms of the Old World. But in the case of the Canadian son, educated at an English University, there is a danger that not only is the embryo Canadian spoiled for participation in the active, every-day affairs of Canada, but a re-action is caused in the mind of the stay-at-home Canadian against such very things as Oxford culture.

We may need the spirit of Oxford and Cambridge in our Universities: but in daily life we do not need it, in fact, *we cannot afford to have it* unless it has been transmitted and filtered into our national life through our Universities. For Oxford and Cambridge have a way of looking on life which is not Canadian. They teach Canadian sons the language of Old World Scholarship and Old World refinement to the detriment of Canadianism. There is a saying in London that even an English Oxford man requires several months of "breaking in" to make a success even in that city. It is admitted that these young men require to have "their corners knocked off." In short, they must be taught to adjust their Oxford learning to the needs and exigencies of every-day life. In England, the process is not as difficult as in Canada because England is leavened with "Oxfordism." But in Canada, the distance between practical Canadian life with all its crudities and rule-o'-thumb necessities, and "Oxford!" is enormous. The Oxford graduate, returning to Canada, finds himself in a country which is—and why should we deny it—very crude, very new. He has not lingered long enough in England to have even that much "reducing" process. He arrives in his native city conscious that he has had advantages which few of his compatriots have had, and it is just a question whether he becomes a useful Canadian citizen, exerting a good influence upon the community, or—an unhappy exile, a man who has been fed on the oats at Oxford and cannot find satisfaction in the plain meadow grass at home.

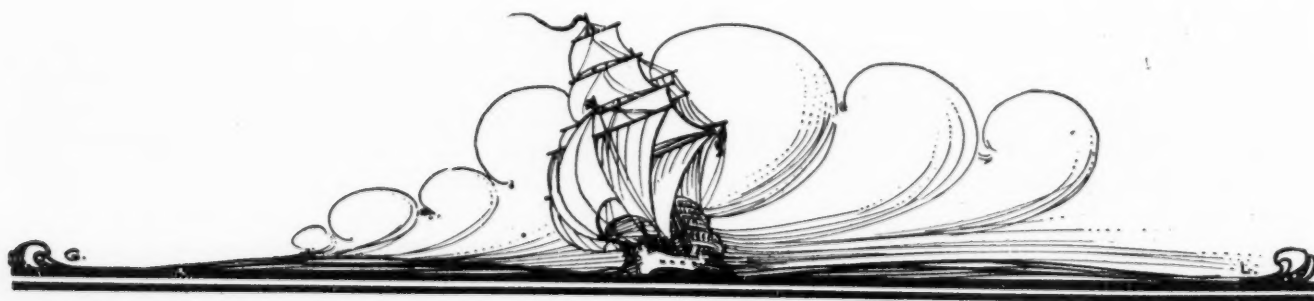
Had Eastern Canada been peopled with Oxford or Cambridge graduates, in the beginning of her history; had her sons been

men of erudition and urbanity—there would have been no C.P.R. through the Mountains, no G.T.P. to Prince Rupert, no turbines under Niagara Falls. I do not mean that men of this type are not as clever as other men, nor that they have not a place, and an honorable place in the order of any nation. But men of this type are the ultimate product of old civilizations. New countries develop men of imagination and enthusiasm. Men who do not possess these qualities cannot live for long in young communities. On the other hand, growing old, the same community, produces—Oxfords. Oxford has the poise, the philosophic-bearing, the qualities of an old community. She is a stranger to youth, enthusiasm and imagination.

The University life of England holds many things which, if they could but be translated into the language of Canadianism, would enoble our nation. But these things require interpretation and the medium through which this may be done, is the Canadian University. Operating through McGill, Queen's, Laval, the Universities of Toronto, Winnipeg or Saskatchewan—the Old Country may put a new, and an excellent flavor into our existence. But Oxford, as a treatment for an active Canadian is, I submit, almost fatal. An Englishman from Oxford is far more useful in Canada than a Canadian from Oxford. For the former finds the appeal of novelty in the new country and, if he is at all of a good sort, he is

willing to adjust his Oxfordism to Canada. But the Canadian, unless he be a rare man, returns to a land which claims him for its own son, it's crudities he recognizes as the same things which, before he attended Oxford, he accepted as matters of course. He has no means to gratify the taste which has been cultivated in him. Abstinence emphasizes the desirability, and the discontent. Instead of adapting Oxford to Canada, he feels indignant that he cannot remodel Canada to the standard of the Old World. He fails and is bitter, or withdraws from real participation in the affairs of the community. The community, conscious of its own deficiencies, sees him fail and considers that it "serves him right."

Canada may need "Oxford" but her sons are more important to her. As University professors, Oxfordized Canadians may do excellent work, but in the outdoor work of Canada Oxford has as yet no place. The same applies to the importation of Continentalism. There is nothing so necessary to Canada as Canadians. There are far too many French-Canadian Nationalists, too many over-ardent Imperialists, too many Scotch, Irish, English and Americans. The man who does Canada the favor of educating his son at Oxford or his daughter in Paris, might just do well to remember that in so doing, he may be divorcing them from the country that needs them. Educate them at home, with a finish—but *only* a finish—abroad. There is too great a risk in this foreign education.



Sir Maxwell Aitken

By

James Grant

THIS is the story of a man—half boy and half man—who set out to build himself a great castle, and when he had pulled great stones together ready for the raising of the walls and the towers of the building, and when he had even raised some of the walls to a height which showed how great a castle it was to be—he suddenly left off at his castle-building and went away with men who told him that there was a greater work to be done; who told him of a land of dragons, and who said that it would be much better work to go in for killing the dragons than for finishing the walls of the castle. For the castle, they said, would be but a selfish work, whereas to rid the country of a pest would be a work done for the whole people and would make the world remember him always as a man who had done it a great service.

This refers to young Sir Maxwell Aitken who set out to become master of the financial situation in Canada, which is equivalent to the building of the castle aforementioned; but who has been turned aside to champion the cause of the Unionist Party and the Imperialists of England who seek to destroy the dragon of Liberalism and Imperial indifference. A large number of people in Canada have overlooked the most interesting fact about Sir Maxwell Aitken. They have been arguing as to whether he made his millions out of watered stock or whether he merely took opportunities which they were too slow to see. They have, I submit, missed the point. It does not matter whether Sir Maxwell Aitken made his money by stock manipulation or by saving up the interest on a postoffice deposit; in the procession of great men who walk down the main

street of the earth every day, he is a curious figure—a strange figure, and the only question is, will that figure grow greater or will it dwindle? Is he in the ascent or at the zenith? If he is in the zenith there is nothing more for Canadians to care about. In England a public man may have a mellow sunset; in Canada and the United States a great man's sun sets at the zenith. It dare not decline.

Of course, there is also the question of Sir Max Aitken's courage. He knew he was a good castle-builder. He knows, and fair-minded Canadians know, too, that if he had remained in Canada he would have been probably one of the greatest financial forces in the Dominion. But he has quit Finance for Politics and Imperialism. Has he the courage to keep on, or will he go back and complete his career as a financier? Or—will he stand by his fate as a politician, whether it be to die as a back-bencher, or to lead a nation—more than a nation—an empire.

Before forty the New World grudges a man serious publicity. It reads accounts of boy prodigies who play pianos or violins or sing sacred solos in church choirs; or, in athletics, it is glad enough to hear of champion bowlers, pitchers, runners or lacrosse players who developed at an early age; but in the realm of Politics and Finance men of thirty-five are children—to be seen and not heard. Therefore, although Max Aitken at twenty-three had merged two banks, although before he was thirty he had bought and redeemed a dying trust company, although he had exploited railways and power companies in tropical latitudes—little was heard of him in Canada. His own generation was jeal-

ous, the older generation was suspicious. He himself chose to work quietly. His influence was underneath the surface-showing of older merchants and financiers, and it is to be feared, undid the foundations of many of them who were too proud and too slow to match their wit against a youngster's. Even since he formed the greatest mergers in Canada, the cement trust and the car trust, he had been little known among the general public until the Canadian Associated Press in London cabled to Canada last December that "Mr. W. M. Aitken" was creating almost a sensation in his election campaign in one of the Manchesters.

Canadians in eastern Canada, where Aitken was born, said: "Max Aitken! Max Aitken, running for member of Parliament in England! Who is he? What Max Aitken is it?" And then they remembered.

"Oh, that little fellow who used to be old man Stair's secretary! Well! well! We thought he was dead when Stairs died. Isn't that odd! Member of Parliament in England!"

Other Canadians, except for a few business men who had not taken Max seriously enough in time and who rubbed their noses reflectively, knew even less about him, and asked for further information. Upon which they were told that Max Aitken was a young man who had done well in Canada and who was now *buying* his way into popularity in the Old Country—of course, they said "buying." It is only recently, when Sir Sandford Fleming in the Canadian Senate attacked him for alleged stock-jobbing in connection with the forming of the Canadian cement merger, and later, when it was announced that King George, at his coronation, had been pleased to make him "Sir" Max Aitken, that Canadians really began seriously to consider him. For, as I said before, we begrudge distinction to mere youths of thirty who may happen to be worth a few million pounds sterling.

One should, of course, begin with a story of Sir Maxwell's early struggles, but this element in the usual history of a successful man was left out in Sir Maxwell's case. His father was a Presbyterian minister in a small town in New Brunswick. "Max" was educated at Dalhousie College, and after leaving there read law in (then

Governor) Tweedie's office. He read more of it in R. B. Bennett's office in Calgary. But these facts throw little light on his career. He earned his living for a time by short-hand and insurance. Even to-day, when he wishes to dispose of a letter quickly, he writes a memo in Pitman's system on the the bottom of it for his secretary.

Between his twentieth and his twenty-fifth year he was a considerable figure in Maritime Province finance. He became secretary, but afterward partner, of John S. Stair, a leading business man of Halifax. The lean-faced secretary soon wielded as much business influence in Halifax as the average successful man wields at fifty. At twenty-three he brought about the consolidation of the Union Bank of Halifax and the Commercial Bank of Windsor. At twenty-five he was building railways and lighting plants in Cuba. Then he bought three-quarters of the stock of the Montreal Trust Company, and, changing his residence to Montreal, took charge of that institution, so that it recovered its health and thrived, despite the panic of 1907. In 1909 he was listed as one of Montreal's millionaires. That year he bought the Rhodes-Curry Car Company, and, associated with Mr. N. Curry, formed the Canadian Car & Foundry Company. A year or two ago, with Rodolphe Forget and E. R. Wood, he formed the Canadian Cement Company. Meanwhile, his enterprises continue to do well, while he has become an English M.P. and a Knight.

His history is singularly disappointing in failures. He had so few that he might have been merely mediocre. At all events, those that he did have he managed to handle in such a way that few people ever knew of them and nobody has the chance to make anecdotes of them for the delectation of funny-column readers. When Stairs died the Halifax people said, or whispered: "Little Max Aitken is dead, too." But he wasn't. He went on, until now he stands where it behooves him to say: "How now shall I turn?" And in his own answer to his own question lie fathoms of human interest.

I interviewed him at his home in Worplesdon, Surrey, the other day. I will not say that he was difficult to interview, nor easy. You could tell that he had not been interviewed very often before, and that he



SIR WILLIAM MAXWELL AITKEN, Kt., M.P.

did not view with any pleasure, nor with any displeasure, the prospect of his being "written up."

I will not say that he was a distinguished-looking man, for he was not. I will not admit that you would have picked him out from other men as being a genius, for it would, I submit, be untrue. He was of medium height and sallow complexion. He allowed his shoulders to droop. He had eyes of a light shade, which he opened wide, and with which he looked at you clearly and sharply. But they betrayed no signs of anything extraordinary until after you had seen the man and talked to him several times. Then you understood them. But on first impression he appeared to be a man of light build, with little color and thin hair, nervous hands, and a voice that sounded as though he was recovering from a cold. He looked like a thousand other respectable men of intelligence, but he looked also—over-worked.

This thin hair was tousled on the top of his head as though he had been lying down and reading. It was the color of wet sand.

"Come in," he said, extending a long, flexible hand.

He glanced just once into the visitor's face. It was a quick glance that appraised nothing but essentials. The eyes were of that kind which cannot touch another pair of eyes for long without saying something. They had not the accomplishment of an impersonal gaze. They seemed to be trained in efficiency. They were the sort of eyes that are employed by orderly brains to glean information for the Blind Man who lies behind the walls of the skull, examining the world by proxy of ear and eye, nose and touch, and analyzing everything as a blind man would feel out the fibres of a rope, sort them and classify them. Sir Max Aitken's eyes had not, however, the faculty of pulling down the mental blinds and hiding the fact that his brain was thinking, unless he dropped the lids.

There were some questions to be asked:

"Do you believe that trusts are bad things?"

"No. I believe in 'consolidations.' They are more efficient. They give better service to the consumer. In a large country such as Canada, they reduce the distribu-

tion costs. They are good for the consumer."

"You admit that they centralize power and that they offer opportunities for unscrupulous men?"

"Of course. So does a police force."

Presently a nurse brought a baby in and he kissed it good-night. It could talk, and it had a message to deliver to its father concerning an important adventure with a hair brush. The maker of Trusts and the small person arrived at a final and confidential decision, whereupon some curls returned to their place upon the nurse's shoulder and Sir Max resumed his discussion of the responsibilities of wealth.

The ivy falls in a million green ripples from the eaves of his house to the paths which encircle it. There is a lawn and a little lake, trees and flowers, paths that are always inviting you to explore the shade behind a certain tree but which, being in England, and knowing their proper place as paths, know perfectly well that they need not expect you to use them except when you have nothing better to do; their duty being to invite you and accept your snub, if you don't choose to come. This is part of the charm of England.

In this house one had found him. All around him were the things which would have taken an ordinary man a life-time to collect.

We were in the library. Out there, through the deep windows, the lawn ran away and hid under the skirts of the oaks and behind the clouds of rhododendrons which stood high on rising ground against the sky-line like blooming nursemaids accepting the attentions of scores of policemen in the shape of bees. A swaggering wind insulted the roses which climbed modestly over the condescending bows of an oak, and bullied the rushes in the little lake who took his beating with averted faces, and whispered together like cowed things. In the house itself was every necessity and every luxury, was order, was good taste, was the savor of a gentler presence somewhere, and the presence of children. There, in a deep chair, was the master of these things, this boy, Sir Max Aitkin.

"Humph!" he said, moving uneasily. "We need rain. We need it badly."

Rain was all that one could see him needing. Everything else was there that the ordinary Englishman could want. An ordinary Englishman of wealth would have been content and would even have left it for the rector to wish for rain. Having the things Max Aitken had, and has, he would have been planning a grizzly shoot in the north of Vancouver Island, or some other thing of little moment, but much fun. Instead, lay Max Aitken, burning up with ambition, not like most men who contain a modicum of petrol and use it slowly; but like—like a car with the valve wide open, the spark shoved up, spurning the road and leaping toward the receding horizon.

That is a foolish metaphor, because Max Aitken's horizon does not recede. He knows enough to chalk the spot he is aiming at. He aimed first at financial mastery in Canada. He was on the way when he came to England.

Before Max Aitken left Canada he was selling more than thirteen million dollars' worth of bonds every year. In other words, he was an importer of money, just as Sir William Mackenzie is. Mackenzie imported and still imports an amount considerably greater than Max Aitken imported. But Sir William is an old experienced borrower, and Sir Maxwell is scarcely out of his twenties. In the early part of last year, having already formed the cement merger and the Canada Car Company, and having been the prime mover in a score of industrial concerns all over the Dominion, from the manufacture of enamelled iron ware in the east to the development of electrical power at Calgary, he bought the Montreal Rolling Mills Company for four million dollars. In July he sold it to the Steel Company of Canada.

That month he went to England. His health had given out.

It was here that he met the men who caused him to change the direction of his ambitions. It is said that the two chief influences toward this end were Rudyard Kipling and Bonar Law. Kipling and Aitken had met years before, just after Kipling had been given an honorary degree by McGill University. The author of *Mulvaney* and *Kim* and *Puck of Paak's Hill*, was then riding on a fifteen-cent excursion steamer on the River Mirimachi, in the east. Aitken was a fellow passen-

ger, and it was there that the friendship had started. Mr. Bonar Law had played with Max Aitken when the two lived in the vicinity of Newcastle in their juvenile days. Law's father was a clergyman, as was also Aitken's. Their interests in those days had been more or less in common.

Two years ago, had you asked Max Aitken what his ambition was, he would probably have laughed at you, or recommended you to leave curiosity for women. Or, if you had been able to read his mind, you might have seen that he was planning the conquest of the financial world of Canada. To-day, he has a new ambition, one which explains his relation to the Unionist Party in England. Sir Maxwell Aitken, the manipulator of stocks and bonds, has forsworn the old art to learn the new art of politics.

He was bitten in England, as many another Canadian has been bitten, by the germ of Imperialism. Men talked to him of the needs of the Empire, of the work that is to be done to make the Mother Country and the Colonies realize the meaning of the word Empire. With millions already in his possession, he turned his back upon his plans for financial conquests and enlisted under Mr. Balfour.

A woman novelist would say that this was the "tragedy" of Sir Maxwell Aitken, that with all the things he has done and all the things he has accomplished for himself, he is not satisfied. Of course, he is not satisfied! Would any man, worthy of the name, be content to have finished the game at quarter-time? His has been a curious adventure with life. He set out twelve years ago to conquer something that any man might have thought was worth conquering. The world of finance was the world he had learned to know. The citadel, wherein the Chiefs of the Legions were ensconced, lay before him like a walled city, bristling with pride, ponderous, looking down on him with grey indifference. The years—scarcely eight of them—leapt from the Future into the Past, over his head, and left him—standing within the walled city, a young caliph.

That there were still greater caliphs he knew; Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann were still his seniors; but he had attained that height where the Economic Machine became his servant, in-

stead of his master; where a dollar became, instead of the comptroller of his commissary department, his messenger, his minion. Then he left that arena and went out with Kipling and Bonar Law to conquer the new one of which they painted pictures.

It is an old story now how Sir Maxwell went into the election last December and how, although the seat was rated as a difficult one for a Unionist to win, he won it by a substantial majority. At that time the great London dailies devoted great space to his campaign. He was discussed pro and con by all the papers. Bonar Law, in an election address, described Aitken as "the most capable young man I knew." The *Toronto Globe*, having made sure just who he was, contributed a fatherly editorial in which it admonished him to be as successful in his new line of life as in his old, the penalty, it hinted, being greater obscurity than if he had been only an ordinary man and failed. But Max Aitken was in no position to pay any attention to the people who had ignored him before he went to England, and who were compelled to recognize him after the people of England had "discovered" his abilities. He retired to his new home in England, a sick man. There followed a time when he was scarcely expected to recover, so much strength had he expended in his first political battle. But he had won it.

The question is: How much ability has Sir Maxwell Aitken? And what kind of ability is it? If one could answer these with certainty, then one might be able to guess how far Sir Maxwell will travel in the new sphere which he has chosen. The attacks which have been made upon him in connection with his career in Canada, and the things which have been insinuated against his knighthood, have little bearing upon the case. It is well known in financial circles that a certain Senator who opened the attack on the Canadian Cement Company had a personal reason for his move against Sir Maxwell. It is known that Sir Maxwell succeeded in purchasing control in a company which the older financier tried to keep him out of; it is known that there has been a grudge of long standing. As for the knighthood, it is well to recall the story of a certain very prominent Canadian, and one who had rendered his country invaluable ser-

vice, who, when certain friendly authorities offered him a knighthood, said: "Knighthood! Don't you think I want to have one friend left in Canada? Why, man, if they knighted me there'd be jealousy all over the country, just as there is when anybody is knighted. They would say that he bought it, that he stole it, that he connived and schemed to get it. No, thank you! I'll have no knighthood."

What was true in those earlier Canadian days is quite true now. The public press in Canada has learned to be graceful to new knights and baronets in Canada, but when Sir Maxwell Aitken was honored he was far enough away, and little enough known in Canada, to endure criticism. Some few papers wanted to know why certain other Canadians had not been honored in Sir Maxwell's place, forgetting that the honor was not given to Sir Maxwell as to a Canadian, but as to a valued citizen of the British Empire, living in England. His ability as a man of business has not been proven to be any less by the attacks upon him. His knighthood was undoubtedly a recognition not only of his own worth as a citizen of England, but of the high family with which Sir Maxwell is connected.

Now, these are some of his qualities, as one might read them in looking over the facts of his career and in meeting him. He has ambition, determination, tenacity of purpose, keenness of insight, alertness, quickness of decision, and quickness in action. He works very hard. He rises early and goes through his mail. He sees business callers and gives business directions, during the day. In the evening he enjoys the same relaxations as other men, but when they have gone to bed, when the lights downstairs have been put out, Sir Maxwell lies in bed and reads into the early hours of the next day. He reads quickly and digests the information. He is one of the best-informed men of the day.

"What is your theory of the Empire?" we asked. "What do you stand for?"

"I stand," he said, "for a greater Empire, as closely knitted together as the German States."

Then came reciprocity, which is another matter.

Sir Max Aitken has a great deal of the primitive man about him. Perhaps this

is why Kipling is said to admire him so. Perhaps it will help him in politics; perhaps not. In his instinct for retaliation he is like a boy. If he is hurt *a little*, he will say nothing; if he is hurt to the quick his impulse is to strike straight back, without a cry, without warning—but to Strike! He is a man with the highest moral sensitiveness, but I would guess him to be ruthless in the heat of the game. He would not willingly hurt anyone, but when he is running he sees nothing but the goal. He bends all his energies toward it. He has an appetite for work and an instinct for success. These qualities have probably assisted him in his career as a financier.

Finance, however, is a primitive game, calling out the primitive instincts. Politics is less a matter of "I will." Politics is more subtle. Although a statesman may be self-seeking and an opportunist, he must disguise it. He cannot succeed mere-

ly by overcoming his enemies, he must make his enemies overcome themselves so that their defeat looks, in the eyes of the people, more like the hand of Providence than the hand of a political general. Sir Maxwell Aitken may possess these subtler qualities. At all events, he has the wit to find out for himself the rules of the new Game and adapt himself to them, rather than force the new Game with old methods.

He stands with three courses before him: If he leaves politics in time he has yet the key to the financial; if he remains in politics he may succeed, he may become a great name throughout the whole Empire; or he may become only one of the House of Commons of England—an honorable enough post, but in Max Aitken's place it would be tragedy, and time for someone to write another psychological novel.

IN SUNSHINE

Sunshine is the land where blossoms blow,
Nodding their graceful bonnets to and fro;
Where buttercups and sweet white daisies grow,
Slender and green.

Sunshine is the land where butterflies,
Through the scented gardens, dip and rise,
And o'er the streamlet flutter, as it lies
In the silver sheen.

Sunshine is the land where smiles are sown,
Where thoughts of kindness and sweet words are
grown;

When, by the gardener down the buds are mown,
They fly away.

To comfort those who are within the shade,
The gloomy shadows that misfortune made.
Where hide the violets, timid and afraid,
Of its face grey.

Sunshine is the land of light and song,
Where birds from other countries gaily throng,
And play among the branches all day long
The world of nests.

Sunshine is the land where breezes meet
The wanderer, who finds that place so sweet,
And with a soothing whisper gladly greet
Him, as he rests.

—Margaret Osborne.

For Pity's Sake

By

Mary Stuart Boyd

HIS name was Clamour—Cyril Clamour—and he was a Man.

If Mr. Clamour was specially proud of anything, it was of being a man. In his secret soul he spelled the word with a capital letter. Yet it may be confessed that, judged by masculine standpoints, he fell short. His morals were irreproachable, his ideas admirably stereotyped, his manners beautiful. Had Nature so decreed it, Mr. Clamour would have made an excellently conventional British matron. As matters were he proved but the shadow of a man.

Mr. Clamour, who was blessed with a competency, was an orphan. His only surviving relation was an aunt in Edinburgh, from whom, with but small reason, he flattered himself he had expectations. Towards her his behavior was painstakingly and, to the recipient of his nepotic attentions, provokingly dutiful. Every Tuesday he dispatched a pictorial post card calculated to keep alight her interest in the sender. And once a year he made a pilgrimage to her shrine, when what she called his "pernickitty" ways nearly drove the good lady distracted. A certain amount of awe—as of one who held the powers of good and of evil—tempered Mr. Clamour's regard for his relative. Once in a moment of extreme daring he referred to her as "my fat aunt," and for weeks after suffered spasms of nervous apprehension lest the carelessly-spoken—but quite accurate—description should by some mischance reach her ears.

Pending her demise, his annual income of two hundred pounds supplied enough for a placid and even modestly-luxurious existence. Half of the sum secured him board and lodging in the most select

boarding-house in Budcombe. Mr. Clamour did not smoke, he had no head for liquor, and the social life of the little south-coast town made no severe demands on the pockets of a bachelor; so the remaining hundred amply sufficed for dress, travel and amusements.

At 8.45 on this brilliant summer morning, Mr. Clamour was confronted by the first serious mental effort of his day—that of choosing a suitable neck-tie. His ways were all orderly. The left-hand top drawer of his duchesse toilet-table held pocket-handkerchiefs, and that on the right, collars—the middle division being devoted to ties.

The drawer opened, they lay before him in delicate shades of the newest colors—purples, greens, blues, browns. Having mentally reviewed the events of the coming day, Mr. Clamour selected a tie of knitted silk in a shade of *tabac* brown that would accord perfectly with the suit of summer tweeds he wore. Then, having slipped on his coat, and given a final twist to the waxed ends of his slender moustache, he descended to breakfast.

Mrs. Durrant, the landlady, who was already seated behind the tea and coffee urns, purred pleasantly at his approach. Mr. Clamour was the prize boarder—I beg both their pardons—*paying guest* of her establishment. A three years' residence had made Mr. Clamour a person to be considered at "Mon Repos," as the double-fronted villa at the east end of the esplanade at Budcombe was named. His room was the large one with the sea-view, and his likes and dislikes influenced the menus more frequently than the other guests realized. The minor creature comforts which his body craved—the hot-water bag,

the early-morning cup of tea—were never forgotten.

In strict justice to Mr. Clamour, it must be acknowledged that he never failed to confer upon his hostess those little courtesies for which men of more active lives rarely have leisure. At Christmas he invariably supplemented the joint-offering of Mrs. Durrant's guests with an elaborate Christmas card, designed and carried out in water-color and gold paint by himself. And on her most recent birthday his floral tribute had been accompanied by a laudatory poem of his own composition.

Mr. Clamour's correspondence was rarely of an important character. This morning a solitary pamphlet lay by his plate awaiting his attention. Picking it up, he opened it with interest.

"This is a catalogue of the sale that's to be held at the Manor House. I wrote to the auctioneer for it," he remarked to the company in general.

"Sure, an' you're not thinking of furnishing, are ye?" Mrs. Moreen, a genial Irish lady, rallied him. "It's the nice, kind husband yourself'll make."

"Fie! fie! You naughty lady. I really am surprised at you!" said Mr. Clamour, wriggling delightfully as he shook a reproving finger. "When you know what a confirmed old bachelor I am. No, speaking seriously, I saw that the conservatory plants were to be sold, and I thought a lady friend might like to know the particulars. She's frightfully interested in gardening."

"Then it's not marryin' you're thinkin' of? Well, you bachelors ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Great strong fellows like you, leaving us poor, weak women to protect ourselves!"

Highly gratified, Mr. Clamour protested coyly. The insidious flattery of Mrs. Moreen's badinage gave him a wholly delightful feeling of self-importance. Forgetting—if he had ever discerned, which is doubtful—that he was undersized and not particularly robust, he glowed to know himself a lord of creation.

It was with a sense of added inches that, breakfast over, he put on a straw hat whose multi-hued ribbon gave a decided suggestion of millinery, and taking his gloves and carefully-rolled umbrella, went out in pursuit of his regular morning exercise.

The expedition began with a visit to the Club, where he glanced at the newspapers, and gossiped with other congenial idlers; and ended with a constitutional along the miniature esplanade before returning to "Mon Repos" to luncheon.

A period of what Mr. Clamour referred to in conversation as "quiet reflection" invariably followed the mid-day meal. Returning to his room, he exchanged his walking shoes for bedroom slippers of pink quilted silk, and seating himself in a softly-cushioned easy-chair, drifted gently into slumber before he had read more than half-a-dozen lines of the book he held; to awaken an hour later with a sensation of profound amazement at the unexpected somnolence that had overtaken him.

Having consulted his engagement-book and learned—what he knew without looking—that no afternoon "At-homes" or croquet party claimed his attendance, he decided to call upon Miss Fillans, the lady on whose behalf he had procured the sale catalogue.

As Mr. Clamour, stepping delicately in patent leather shoes and purple socks adorned with a self-colored clock, mounted the slope leading to her house, a cheery voice from behind hailed him. Turning, he found Miss Fillans overtaking him. She was a tall, energetic-looking woman. A plain cloth hat shaded the grey eyes that were the one fine feature of her sensible face. Her tweed skirt was cut conveniently short, and she carried a stout stick.

"Were you on your way to call on me?" she asked. "That's right! I'm glad we didn't miss each other. I've just been down to the postoffice. Did you come up High Street? You must have passed while I was inside. Here we are. Come in."

They had entered by the rustic gate, and were walking up under the pergola over which the Dorothy Perkins roses were rioting in profusion, before Mr. Clamour recovered the breath of which the steep ascent had robbed him. And they had reached the jasmine-covered porch before he was ready to utter the succession of platitudes that were his idea of polite conversation.

"How nice!" (Mr. Clamour had a favorite adjective and a favorite adverb, and

worked them hard). "How frightfully nice of you to be at home, and on such a sweet day!"

"Nice? Not a bit of it," retorted Miss Fillans briskly. "You're pretty certain to find me at home at this time of year. In the cold, wet months, when gardening is an impossibility, I pay all my duty calls; then, when the bright weather comes, I've earned my leisure and am free to enjoy my garden."

"I brought you this catalogue of the Manor House sale. Indeed, I may say, I wrote to the auctioneer for it. I thought it might interest you. They had some frightfully nice things in the conservatories, and I saw that the executors were selling off the pot plants."

Miss Fillans nodded appreciatively.

"That was really very thoughtful of you. I'm glad to have it. You'll stay to tea?"

"Oh, it's really too good of you. I know I really shouldn't—"

"No, I won't take a denial. You, surely, can't refuse to take pity on my loneliness?"

"But it's really frightfully kind of you," Mr. Clamour continued protesting, even when a cup of tea, weakened and sweetened to his taste, was on a small table at his elbow, and he was in the act of selecting his first piece of buttered tea-cake.

The meal in the wide, flower-scented sitting-room was a pleasant one. Both Miss Fillans and her guest enjoyed it, though he took his tea weak to puerility, and accepted plum-cake, protesting that he knew he would regret it; while his hostess drank three cups of strong tea, and revealed the healthy appetite of one who leads an out-of-door life.

Miss Fillans was a woman of wide sympathies, and of a generous nature. Lesser minds always called forth her compassion. She led her visitor to prattle of himself, expressed—and felt—an interest when he related the stereotyped routine of his days, and listened attentively to his criticism of the novel he had just read: a work which he considered "frightfully affecting," and which he confessed had made him feel "quite weepy."

When tea was over, she showed him round the acre of ground whose boundary enclosed the leading interest of her spinster life, and introduced him to the shel-

tered patch at the sunny end of the kitchen garden, where, with the aid of a row of frames, a score or two of bell-glasses and sundry lengths of rye matting, she was experimenting in the French system of fruit and vegetable culture for her own use.

Mr. Clamour's knowledge of horticulture was *nil*, and his vocabulary was limited; but after having listened attentively to her description of the "intensive" method of cultivation, he declared that the cantaloup melons looked frightfully nice, and that the idea of having fresh-cut salad all winter struck him as being frightfully clever. And as even unintelligent appreciation of our hobbies is gratifying, Miss Fillans was not ill-pleased with her visitor.

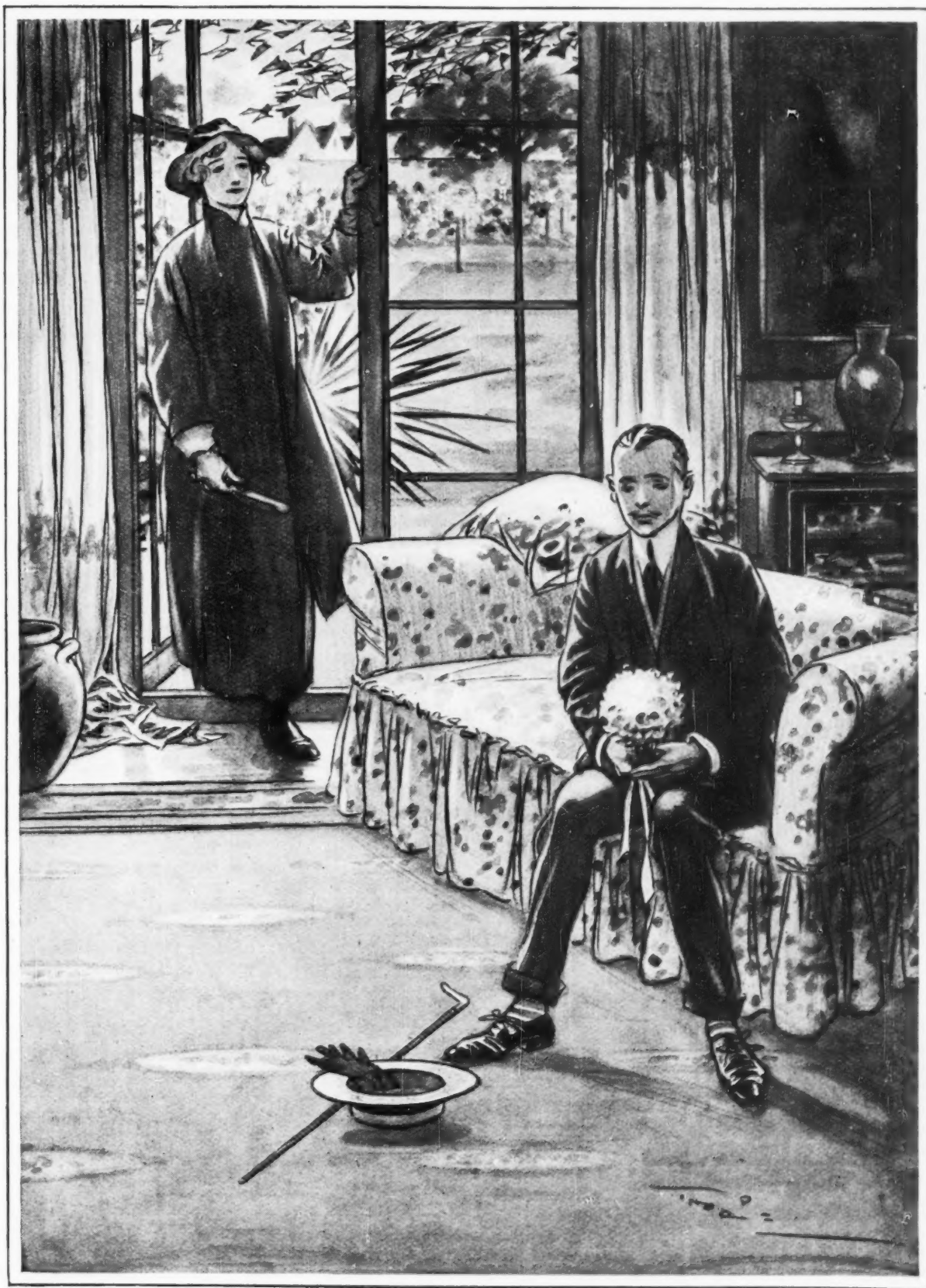
When he left, she accompanied him to the gate, and sped their parting with a cordial invitation to dinner on the following Thursday, when she was entertaining a few friends.

"He is a well-intentioned little soul," she thought, as, taking up the sale catalogue, she settled herself in her special cosy chair for a quiet read; "but Heavens! what an empty life to lead!"

On the way homewards Clamour, highly pleased by his reception, found himself thinking sympathetically of Miss Fillans. How graciously she had welcomed him! And then her prompt invitation to dinner—how flattering her expressed desire for his speedy return!

Dinner invitations were rare in Budcombe, which was lavish in afternoon-teas. He knew he would enjoy the party, though it meant braving the night air. He had not thought of that when he accepted the invitation. He would much rather it had been for luncheon, although there was a certain amount of satisfaction in having his fellow-boarders see him go forth arrayed for a banquet to which they had not been invited. Still, it would not do to disappoint Miss Fillans. It was his duty to give her the benefit of male society. He would dodge the night air by engaging the Angel Hotel fly to fetch him.

As he tripped lightly downhill, feeling at peace with all his world, the banter of the lively Irish widow, Mrs. Moreen, occurred disquietingly to him. And the thought of the enormous number of un-



Drawn by J. H. THORPE

"Mr. Clamour sat on the edge of a couch, desperately clutching his bouquet."

married women in Britain rushed in upon his complacency with an overwhelming sense of unfulfilled obligation.

Mr. Clamour shared the prevalent masculine delusion that the women who remain unwed are those who have lacked the opportunity of changing their state. And it pained him to think of all these poor unhappy females living their incomplete lives because no man had found them attractive. It was with keen self-reproach that he realized that he, a Man, had failed in his duty towards the weaker sex.

As he pondered the matter his torpid spirit of chivalry sprang into more virile existence, and he resolved to remove the offence so far as he was concerned and to lose no time in proving himself worthy his birth. Here was a single woman, leading a lonely life. He had always admired Miss Fillans. He would rescue her from her forlorn condition by making her his wife, and at the earliest possible opportunity.

In justice to Mr. Clamour, it must be admitted that his knowledge of Miss Fillans' independent circumstances did not unduly influence his choice. Naturally, he fully realized that it would be impossible for him to offer his hand to one whose income did not at least equal his own, which, while amply sufficient for his own wants, left no margin for indulgence in excessive acts of charity, such as, in his estimation, the espousal of a penniless bride would have been.

The sudden prospect of so sweeping a change in his manner of life was too exciting for one of Mr. Clamour's meagre physique. He ate little dinner, though there was roast duckling, and Mrs. Durrant had provided his favorite steamed apricot pudding.

Having retired early, he lay long awake, rallying his faltering courage by recalling all the occasions on which Miss Fillans might be said to have given him encouragement. Even that day she had said pointedly that *any* afternoon he would be certain to find her at home. What could that mean but that she would stay at home on the chance of his calling? Poor Miss Fillans! It almost made him sad to think that up till now she had been forced to exist without the support of a Man's superior judgment.

It was with sincere admiration for his own heroism that, just as the night-light flickered out, Mr. Clamour fell asleep on the resolution to sacrifice himself, and rescue Miss Fillans from the chill atmosphere of spinsterhood.

The morning proved wet—unpleasantly so; but Mr. Clamour, having braced himself to the commission of a magnanimous act, dared not risk delay. Finding that the weather showed no sign of clearing, he sent for the "Angel" fly, and drove off, pausing on the way to purchase a bunch of white flowers and several yards of white satin ribbon, which with femininely deft fingers he tied in a graceful bow about the stems.

When the news of his arrival reached her, the object of his solicitude, clad in a sou'-wester, an old waterproof coat and thick-soled boots, was in her French garden examining her traps of orange-skins and cabbage-leaves for the slugs that threatened to devastate her seedling plants.

"Bother the creature!" she thought, reluctantly abandoning the quest. "He was here yesterday, and he's coming on Thursday. What's brought him back to-day? Well—I can't be rude to anybody in my own house. So I suppose I must go in and be 'frightfully nice' to him!"

Mr. Clamour, in something like a panic now that the moment of his declaration had come, sat on the edge of a couch desperately clutching his bouquet. The consciousness that, owing to the moisture of the air, one end of his slender moustache had lost its stiffness and limply drooped, added to his secret perturbation.

"Well, Mr. Clamour! I thought you were afraid of the damp? What's brought you out on such a wet morning?" Miss Fillans asked genially. Then, struck by a comical suggestion of a belated wedding-guest in his appearance, she added: "Are you on your way from a wedding?"

The chance question supplied the opening her intending suitor lacked.

"No—not a wedding. Not *to-day*, that is, but perhaps—shortly. I came—I know it's frightfully bold of me—but I came—indeed, I may say I came especially—to ask if you would marry me?"

For a moment Miss Fillans believed her visitor to be indulging in a sorry attempt at a jest; then his obvious discomfiture proclaimed his serious intention.

"Tush! man; don't be silly," she said good-humoredly. "Whatever put such a ridiculous notion into your head?"

"You did!" Mr. Clamour protested. No male being can endure to be flouted without offering instant justification. "You have always been so frightfully nice to me. And you invited me to dinner on Thursday. And yesterday you told me you'd be at home any afternoon I called. And—and I thought you'd be happier if you had a man to take care of you!"

Sitting down—wet waterproof and all—on a satin-covered chair Miss Fillans laughed outright.

"Well! To think of that," she gasped. "And so you were sorry for me? And you thought I was trying to allure you. Why, don't you understand that I welcomed you here simply because I felt sorry for *you*, because you seemed to have such an empty, aimless existence. And so you want to take pity on my forlorn condition? Bless your heart! Can a man not realize that an unmarried woman may show him a little hospitality without pining to marry him? I don't want to marry you—or any other man, for that matter. Can't you understand that I might have been married over and over again if I had liked?"

There was something so definite in Miss Fillans' tone, such an air of finality in her manner of rising to her feet, that Clamour, as though drawn by invisible cords, rose too. He found it impossible to realize

that within so few minutes of his entering the house his future had been decided.

"Then is that all you can say?" he faltered. Now that he knew Miss Fillans' point of view, his mental attitude had completely changed. He no longer thought of himself as the benefactor. "Will it be any use for me to hope?" "Not a scrap of use."

Miss Fillans had spoken decisively, but as from the drawing-room window she watched her rejected suitor—still clinging to the festive-looking bouquet that he had lacked the courage to present—pass out through the rain to the fly that was providentially waiting, a swift compassion smote her, ousting any feeling of resentment that might have lingered. Running out, she reached the gate just as the cab moved cumbrously off.

"Wait a moment!" she cried.

At the sound of her voice, Mr. Clamour's woe-begone face appeared at the window he was preparing to pull up.

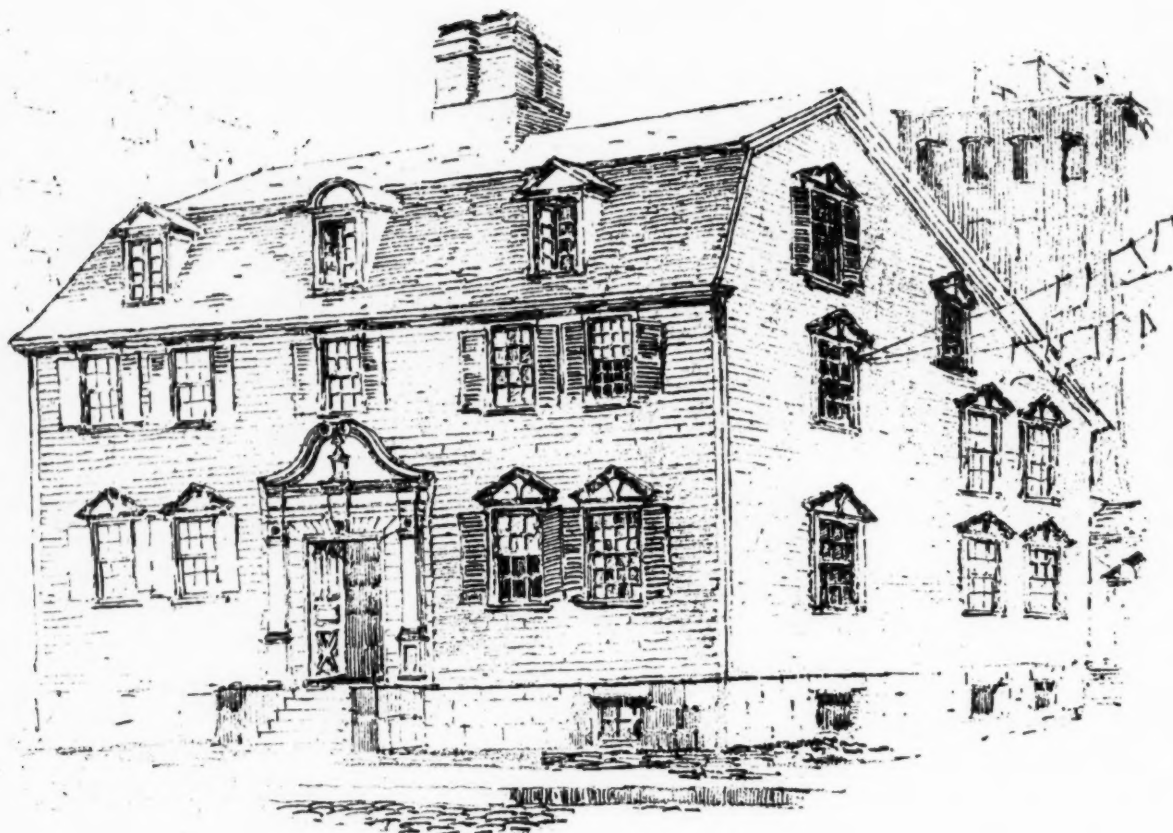
"I only wanted to say that we'll agree to forget this foolishness—won't we?" she asked kindly. "That's right. And I'll expect you to dinner at eight on Thursday, all the same, remember."

"To want to marry me—the idea! Did mortal ever know anything so absurd?" she thought as she resumed the interrupted slug-hunt. "And yet, I must confess I don't dislike the creature!"

LIFE IS TOO SHORT

Life is too short that we should walk apart,
Who've walked together o'er familiar ways.
I cannot still your music in my heart—
I cannot banish dear, remembered days!
Life is too short that we should waste our hours
In silent grieving, striving to be brave,—
In piling high, with sadly faded flowers
The place within our hearts we call a grave.
Dreams never die, but grow in soul-like beauty,
Awaiting just some tender, touching hand,
Then mock them not by chanting of our duty—
Our duty this—to love, and understand!

—Amy E. Campbell.



The Eye of the House

By

Hamilton Adams

HOW important a part windows play in human life is evident from the constant references to it to be found in the literatures of all ages. It was from a window in the ark that Noah sent forth the raven and the dove and his family beheld the waters recede from the face of the earth. It was from a window in the palace in Samaria that Queen Jezabel was thrown to the dogs. From a window overhanging the wall of Damascus, St. Paul was lowered in a basket and escaped from his enemies. Visitors to the Castle of Edinburgh are shown the little window from which Mary Queen of Scots smuggled the infant Prince James, so that he might be taken to Stirling for baptism. Through a casement window Juliet conversed with her Romeo. Such examples might be multiplied to an almost limitless extent.

The literature of romance presents usually as its most thrilling episode the escape of the imprisoned fair one by means of a rope ladder attached to the sill of her chamber window by the hand of some ardent lover. The literature of tragedy loves to deal with turret chambers into which the light filters through narrow windows pierced through the thickness of masonry or else to dwell on the horrors of dungeons, emphasizing their blackness and desolation by invariably explaining that they have no windows. History records horrid death scenes where the victims of the block step to the scaffold through palace windows. Science preaches the gospel of the open casement, if humanity is to escape disease and untimely dissolution.

It is a poetic fancy that has long been cherished to liken a window to the human

eye. To the inhabitants of a house it fulfills in a degree the functions of an eye, admitting light and enabling one and all to look forth upon the outside world. To those in the street it provides some notion, vague it may often be, of the character of the house and those who dwell within its walls. That this is no idle fancy can easily be proved by recalling mentally, or visiting, certain streets or neighborhoods and there pausing to consider the influence exerted by the different houses. Where there are long rows of windows staring vacantly out on the

to be attributed to the variety and individuality of the windows. Perhaps more than anything else the windows contribute to the general impression of novelty and charm. A little of the character of the people of the country peeps through their panes. They reflect the soul of the inhabitants. It is almost redundant to say that the windows of a Japanese house are Japanese or the casements of a Venetian palace are Venetian,—the two mean so much the same. But the characteristics of the people are reflected in the way they look out on the world.



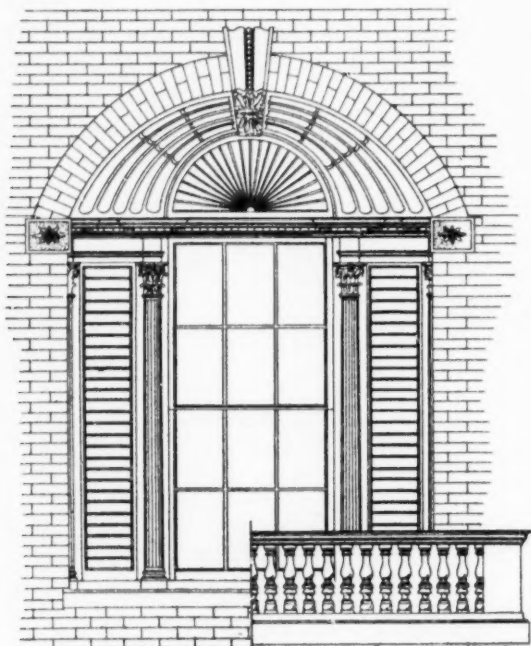
"Furnish Your House With Sunbeams."

street, even if the architecture of the building is attractive, a certain degree of gloom settles on the mind; but when the windows are varied in shape and style, there is relief and consequent pleasure in their contemplation. A bright and sparkling eye attracts; a dull and morose eye repels, and this is quite as true of the windows of a house as it is of the more wonderful windows of the soul.

In visiting a foreign land, where the styles of houses are so markedly different from those at home, much of the delight they engender in the visitor's mind is

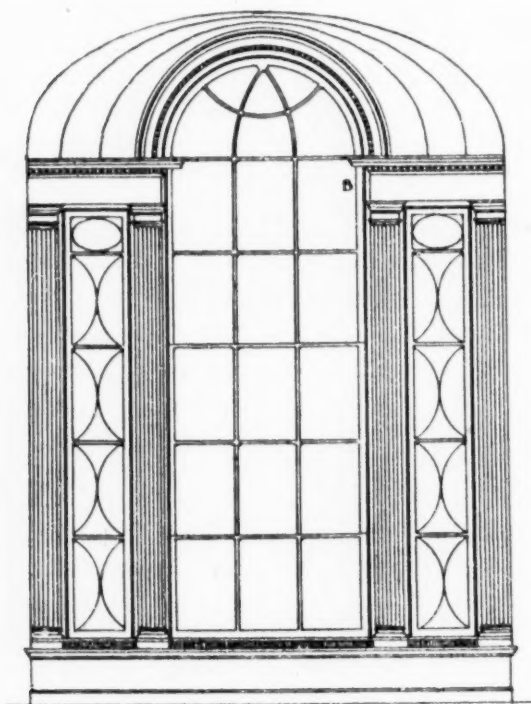
Suggestive names have been given to different styles of windows,—names that conjure up all sorts of romantic notions. There is, for instance, the dormer window, so varied in its shapes, peeping out from lofty roofs and at once giving the idea of pleasant slumber. There is the eyelet window, the small opening which seems forever to be winking. The bow window pushing its rounded form out into the street or garden. The oriel window with its suggestion of a gilded room within. All these and more are to be found in the family of windows.

Granted then that the windows are the eyes of the house and that they convey a definite impression to the passer-by of the character of the house and its occu-



Windows will Admit of Artistic Treatment.

pants, how important it is that that impression should be a pleasing one. It is not enough to say that it is no business of the passer-by whether your windows

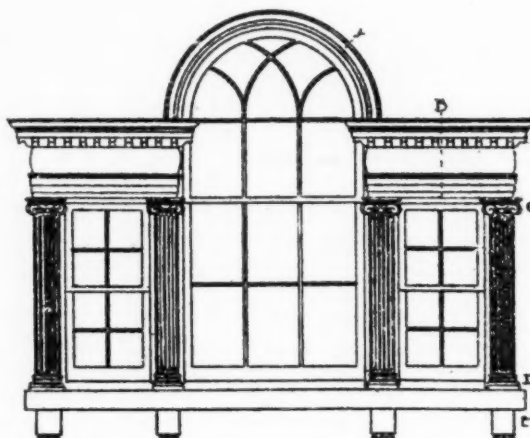


There is Dignity in a Window Such as This.

please him or not. If all the world were to act on this principle, what a wretched place it would be. The expression of your house is quite as much a matter of

concern to your fellow-being as the expression of your face. If it is a duty each man owes to his neighbor to be civil and courteous, to smile and look cheerful, it is just as important that his dwelling should not offend, and unless you build a wall as high as Haman's gallows around it, you can't stop the public from looking at your house.

For one thing, we might often have far more windows than we do have. It has been pointed out that in modelling houses after styles prevalent in southern and more tropical climes, people have neglected to remember that, whereas in the south the number of windows has been reduced to a minimum to keep out the heat, in the north there should be a maximum of windows to admit light during the long months of winter.



The Best Taste Favors the Old-fashioned, Small Window Pane.

Then again windows will admit of more artistic treatment than they have usually been accustomed to receive. Placed for utility, utility has often usurped what might well have been given to aesthetic considerations. When the door has been impressively treated, the poor windows are set in their prescribed places without much attention to their artistic appearance. That there is a great chance here for true decoration is obvious, and both aesthetic satisfaction and practical comfort are to be derived from lavishing a little care on their ornamentation. A bit of carving here or terra cotta decoration there will relieve the plainness.

Is it not the case that people planning a house, especially those who are doing it for the first time, will spend days and weeks in laying out the rooms and in de-

ciding on the materials to be used in construction, and will then dismiss the subject of windows in a breath. To their minds there are only two kinds of windows, casement and sliding sash, and it is an easy matter to decide between the two. But as to the picturesque value to the exterior of the house, not to mention convenience indoors, of the proper location and ornamentation of windows, nothing is said. Often these considerations are never remembered until the house is finished.

One easy way to get variety in windows is to introduce a few bow windows here and there. Ruskin, the artist, was an enthusiast on bow windows. He once wrote, "You surely must all of you feel and admit the delightfulness of a bow window. I hardly fancy a room can be perfect without one. Now you have nothing to do but to resolve that every one of your principal rooms shall have a bow window, either large or small. Sustain it on a bracket, crown it above with a little peaked roof, and give a massy piece of stone sculpture to the pointed arch in

each of its casements and you will have as inexhaustible a source of quaint richness in your street architecture as of additional comfort and delight in the interior of your rooms.

The best taste favors the old-fashioned small window panes. Apart from the natural inclination of cultured people towards older styles, there is a pleasantness in the use of small panes in contrast to those large plate glass expanses so common nowadays. One architect explains this by pointing out that the lines made by the small frames give the eye a gauge for measuring the sizes and distances of objects outside. They cut out from the landscape little pictures, framing them and separating them one from the other to the relief of the eye.

Furnish your house with sunbeams, says Leigh Hunt. To be able to do this, one must have plenty of windows. And if there must be windows, why not have them as artistic, both architecturally and in their inside decoration, as it is possible to make them?

THE STRANGER

While wandering in a dream-filled space,
Where ghosts from dead old years pass by,
And in the midst from whence they came
Are swallowed up, nor leave a name,
We met—this haunting form and I—
And paused a moment, face to face.

The stirring depths of memory
Held such a man. I felt the thrill
Of one who finds a friend, and yet
It carried too a feeling of regret
For youthful ardors, long grown chill,
It stirred strange, fearful thoughts in me.

"Your name?" the question leapt from me;
For my emotions bade me stay
This half-known stranger ere his flight
Lost us forever in the night;
Then with a sigh I heard him say
"I am the man you hoped to be."

F. J.

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK IV

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CHAPTER X.

The dogs! The dogs were closing in. Nearer and nearer they drew, headed by a fierce Mackenzie river bitch. They wondered why their master did not wake; they wondered why the little tent was so still; why no plume of smoke rose from the slim stovepipe. All was oddly quiet and lifeless. No curses greeted them; no whiplash cut into them; no strong arm jerked them over the harness. Perhaps it was a primordial instinct that drew them on, that made them strangely bold. Perhaps it was only the despair of their hunger, the ache of empty bellies. Closer and closer they crept to the silent tent.

Locasto opened his eyes. Within a foot of his face were the fangs of a malamute. At his slight movement it drew back with a snarl, and retreated to the door. Locasto could see the other dogs crouching and eyeing him fixedly. What could be the matter? What had gotten into the brutes? Where was the Worm? Where were the provisions? Why was the tent flap open and the stove stone-cold? Then with a dawning comprehension that he had been deserted, Locasto uttered a curse and tried to rise.

At first he thought he was stiff with cold, but a downward glance showed him his condition. He was helpless. He grew sick at the pit of his stomach, and glared at the dogs. They were drawing in on him. They seemed to bulk suddenly, to

grow huge and menacing. Their gleaming teeth snapped in his face. He could fancy these teeth stripping the flesh from his body, gnawing at his bones with drooling jaws. Violently he shuddered. He must try to free himself, so that at least he could fight.

Grimly the Worm had done his work, but he had hardly reckoned on the strength of this man. With a vast throe of fear Locasto tried to free himself. Tenser, tenser grew the thongs; they strained, they bit into his flesh, but they would not break. Yet as he relaxed it seemed to him they were less tight. Then he rested for another effort.

Once again the gaunt, grey bitch was crawling up. He remembered how often he had starved it, clubbed it until it could barely stand. Now it was going to get even. It would snap at his throat, rip out his windpipe, bury its fangs in his bleeding flesh. He cursed it in the old way. With a spring it backed out again and stood with the others. He made another giant effort. Once again he felt the thongs strain and strain; then, when he ceased, he imagined they were still looser.

The dogs seemed to have lost all fear. They stood in a circle within a few feet of him, regarding him intently. They smelled the blood on his head, and a slaver ran from their jaws. Again he cursed them, but this time they did not move. They seemed to realize he could not harm them. With their evilly-slanted

eyes they watched his struggles. Strange, wise, uncanny brutes, they were biding their time, waiting to rush in on him, to rend him.

Again he tried to get free. Now he fancied he could move his arm a little. He must hurry, for every instant the malamutes were growing bolder. Another strain and a wrench. Ha! he was able to squeeze his right arm from under the rawhide.

He felt the foul breath of the dogs on his face, and quickly he struck at them. They jumped back, then, as if at a signal, they sprang in again. There was no time to lose. They were attacking him in earnest. Quickly he wrenched out his other arm. He was just in time, for the dogs were upon him.

He struggled to his knees and shielded his head with his arms. Wildly he swung at the nearest dog. Full on the face he struck it, and it shot back as if hit by a bullet. But the others were on him. They had him down, snarling and ripping, a mad ferment of fury. Two of them were making for his face. As he lay on his back he gripped each by the throat. His hands were torn and bleeding, but he had them fast. In his grip of steel they struggled to free themselves in vain. They backed, they writhed, they twisted in a bow. With his huge hands he was choking them, choking them to death, using them as a shield against the other three. Then slowly he worked himself into a sitting position. He hurled one of the dogs to the tent door. He swung bludgeon blows at the others. They fled yelping and howling. He still held the Mackenzie river bitch. Getting his knee on her body, he bent her almost into a circle, bent her till her back broke with a snap.

Then he rose and freed himself from the remaining thongs. He was torn and cut and bleeding, but he had triumphed.

"Oh, the devil!" he growled, grinding his teeth. "He would have me chewed to rags by malamutes."

He stared around.

"He's taken everything, the scum! left me to starve. Ha! one thing he's forgotten—the matches. At least I can keep warm."

He picked up the canister of matches and relit the stove.

"I'll kill him for this," he muttered. "Night and day I'll follow him. I'll camp on his trail till I find him. Then—I'll torture him; I'll strip him and leave him naked in the snow."

He slipped into his snowshoes, gave a last look around to see that no food had been left, and with a final growl of fury he started in pursuit.

* * * * *

Ahead of him, ploughing their way through the virgin snow, he could see the dragging track of the long snowshoes. He examined it, and noted that it was sharp and crisp at the edges.

"He's got a good five hours' start of me! Traveling fast, too, by the length of the track."

He had a thought of capturing the dogs and hitching them up; but, thoroughly terrified, they had retreated into the woods. To overtake this man, to glut his lust for revenge, he must depend on his own strength and endurance.

"Now, Jack Locasto," he told himself grimly, "you've got a fight on your hands, such a fight as you never had before. Get right down to it."

So, with head bowed and shoulders sloping forward, he darted on the track of the Worm.

"He's got to break trail, the viper! and that's where I score. I can make twice the time. Oh, just wait, you little devil! just wait!"

He ground his teeth vindictively, and put an inch more onto his stride. He was descending a long, open valley that seemed from its trackless snows to have been immemorially life-shunned and accursed. Black, witch-like pines sentinelled its flanks, and accentuated its desolation. And over all there was the silence of the Wild, that double-strong solution of silence from which all other silences are distilled, and spread out. Yet, as he gazed around him in this everlasting solitude, there was no fear in his heart.

"I can fight this accursed land and beat it out every time," he exulted. "It can't get any the better of me."

It was cold, so cold that it was difficult to imagine it could ever be warm again. To expose flesh was to feel instantly the sharp sting that heralds frostbite. As he ran, the sharp intake of icy air made his lungs seem to contract. His eyes smarted

and tingled. The lashes froze closely. Ice formed in his nostrils and his nose began to bleed. He pulled up a moment.

"Curse this infernal country!"

He had not eaten and the icy air begot a ravenous hunger. He dreamed of food, but chiefly of bacon, fat, greasy bacon. How glorious it would be just to eat of it, raw, tallow bacon! He had nothing to eat. He would have nothing till he had overtaken the Worm. On! On!

He came to where the Worm had made a camp. There were the ashes of a fire.

"Curse him; he's got some matches after all," he said with bitter chagrin. Eagerly he searched all around in the snow to see if he could not find even a crumb of food. There was nothing. He pushed on. Night fell and he was forced to make camp.

Oh, he was hungry! The night was vastly resplendent, a spendthrift night scattering everywhere its largess of stars. The cold had a crystalline quality and the trees detonated strangely in the silence. He built a huge fire; that at least he could have, and through eighteen hours of darkness he crouched by it, afraid to sleep for fear of freezing.

"If I only had a tin to boil water in," he muttered; "there's lots of reindeer moss, and I could stew some of my mucklucks. Ah! I'll try and roast a bit of them."

He cut a strip from the Indian boots he was wearing, and held it over the fire. The hair singed away and the corners crisped and charred. He put it in his mouth. It was pleasantly warm, but even his strong teeth refused to meet in it. However, he tore it into smaller pieces, and bolted them.

At last the dawn came, that evil, sneaking, corpse-like dawn, and Locasto flung himself once more on the trail. He was not feeling so fit now. Hunger and loss of blood had weakened him so that his stride insensibly shortened, and his step had lost its spring. However, he plodded on doggedly, an incarnation of vengeance and hate. Again he examined the snowshoe trail ever stretching in front, and noticed how crisped and hard was its edge. He was not making the time he had reckoned on. The Worm must be a long way ahead.

Still he did not despair. The little man might rest a day, or oversleep, or strain a sinew, then— Locasto pictured with

gloating joy the terror of the Worm as he awoke to find himself overtaken. Oh, the snake! the vermin! On! On!

Beyond a doubt he was growing weaker. Once or twice he stumbled, and the last time he lay a few moments before rising. He wanted to rest badly. The cold was keener than ever; it was merciless; it was excruciating. He no longer had the vitality to withstand it. It stabbed and stung him whenever he exposed bare flesh. He pulled the parka hood very close, so that only his eyes peered out. So he moved through the desolation of the Arctic Wild, a dark, muffled figure, a demon of vengeance, fierce and menacing.

He stood on a vast, still plateau. The sky was like a great grotto of ice. The land lay in a wan apathy of suffering, dumb, hopeless, drear. Icy land and icy sky met in a trap, a trap that held him fast; and over all, vast, titanic, terrible, the Spirit of the Wild seemed to brood. It laughed at him, a laugh of derision, of mockery, of callous gloating triumph. Locasto shuddered. Then night came and he built another giant fire.

Again he bolted down some roasted muckluck. Overhead the stars glittered vindictively. They were green and blue and red, and they had spiny rays like starfish on which they danced. This night he had to make tremendous efforts to keep from sleeping. Several times he drowsed forward, and almost fell into the fire. As he crouched there his beard was singeing and his face scorched, but his back seemed as if it was cased in ice. Often he would turn and warm it at the fire, but not for long. He hated to face the terror of the silence and the dark, the shadow where waited Death. Better the crackling cheer of the spruce flame.

At dawn the sky was leaden and the cold less despotic. Stretching interminably ahead was that lonely snowshoe trail. Locasto was puzzled.

"Where in creation is the little devil going to, anyway?" he said, knitting his brows. "I figured he'd make direct for Dawson, but he's either changed his mind or got a wrong steer. By Heavens, that's it—the little varmint's lost his way."

Locasto had an Indian's unerring sense of location.

"I guess I can't afford to follow him any more," he reflected. "I've gone too

far already. I'm all petered out. I'll have to let him go. In the meantime, it's save yourself, Jack Locasto, while there's yet time. Me for Dawson."

He struck off almost at right angles to the trail he had been following, over a low range of hills. It was evil going, and as he broke through the snowcrust mile after wearing mile, he felt himself grow weaker and weaker. "Buck up, old man," he adjured himself fiercely. "You've got to fight, fight."

There was a strange stillness in the air, not the natural stillness of the Wild, but an unhealthy one, as of a suspension of something, of a vacuum, of bated breath. It was curiously full of terror. More and more he felt like a trapped animal, caught in a vast cage. The sky to the north was glooming ominously. Every second the horizon grew blacker, more bodeful, and Locasto stared at it, with a sudden quake at his heart.

"Blizzard, by thunder!" he gasped.

Was that a breath of wind that stung his cheek? Was it a snowflake that drifted along with it? Denser and denser grew the gloom, and now there was a roaring as of a great wind. King Blizzard was come.

"I guess I'm done for," he hissed through clenched teeth. "But I'll fight to the finish. I'll die game."

CHAPTER XI

It was on him now with a swoop and a roar. He was in the thick of a mud-grey darkness, a bitter, blank darkness full of whirling wind-eddies and vast flurries of snow. He could not see more than a few feet before him. The stinging flakes blinded him; the coal-black night engulfed him. In that seething turmoil of the elements he was as helpless as a child.

"I guess you're on your last trail, Jack Locasto," he muttered grimly.

Nevertheless he lowered his head and butted desperately into the heart of the storm. He was very faint from lack of food, but despair had given him a new strength, and he plunged through drift and flurry with the fury of a goaded bull.

The night had fallen black as the pit. He was in an immensity of darkness, a darkness that packed close up to him, and hugged him, and enfolded him like a blanket. And in the black void winds

were raging with an insane fury, whirling aloft mountains of snow and hurling them along plain and valley. The forests shrieked in fear; the creatures of the Wild cowered in their lairs, but the solitary man stumbled on and on. As if by magic barriers of snow piled up before him, and almost to his shoulders he floundered through them. The wind had a hatchet edge that pierced his clothes and hacked him viciously. He knew his only plan was to keep moving, to stumble, stagger on. It was a fight for life.

He had forgotten his hunger. Those wild visions of gluttony had gone from him. He had forgotten his thirst for revenge, forgotten everything but his own dire peril.

"Keep moving, keep moving for God's sake," he urged himself hoarsely. "You'll freeze if you let up a moment. Don't let up, don't!"

But oh, how hard it was not to rest! Every muscle in his body seemed to beg and pray for rest, yet the spirit in him drove them to work anew. He was making a certain mad headway, traveling, always traveling. He doubted not he was doomed, but instinct made him fight on as long as an atom of strength remained.

He floundered to his armpits in a snow-drift. He struggled out and staggered on once more. In the mad buffonery of that cutting wind he scarce could stand upright. His parka was frozen stiff as a board. He could feel his hands grow numb in his mits. From his fingers the icy cold crept up and up. Long since he had lost all sensation in his feet. From the ankles down they were like wooden clogs. He had an idea they were frozen. He lifted them, and watched them sink and disappear in the clinging snow. He beat his numb hands against his breast. It was of no use—he could not get back the feeling in them. A craving to lie down in the snow assailed him.

Life was so sweet. He had visions of cities, of banquets, of theatres, of glittering triumphs, of glorious excitements, of women he had loved, conquered and thrown aside. Never again would he see that world. He would die here, and they would find him rigid and brittle, frozen so hard they would have to thaw him out before they buried him. He fancied he saw himself frozen in a grotesque posi-

tion. There would be ice-crystals in the very centre of his heart, that heart that had glowed so fiercely with the lust of life. Yes, life was sweet. A vast self-pity surged over him. Well, he had done his best; he could struggle no more.

But struggle he did, another hour, two hours, three hours. Where was he going? Maybe round in a circle. He was like an automaton now. He did not think any more, he just kept moving. His feet clumped up and down. He lifted himself out of the snowpits; he staggered a few steps, fell, crawled on all fours in the darkness, then in a lull of the furious wind rose once more to his feet. The night was abysmal; closer and closer it hugged him. The wind was charging him from all points, baffling him like a merry monster, beating him down. The snow whirled around him in a narrow eddy, and he tried to grope out of it and failed. Oh, he was tired, tired!

He must give up. It was too bad. He was so strong, and capable of so much for good or bad. Alas! it had been all for bad. Oh, if he had but another chance he might make his life tell a different tale! Well, he wasn't going to whine or cower. He would die game.

His feet were frozen; his arms were frozen. Here he would lie down and—quit. It would soon be over, and it was a pleasant death, they said. One more look he gave through the writhing horror of the darkness; one more look before he closed his eyes to the horror of the Greater Darkness.

Ha! what was that? He fancied he saw a dim glow just ahead. It could not be. It was one of those cheating dreams that came to a dying man, an illusion, a mockery. He closed his eyes. Then he opened them again—the glow was still there.

Surely it must be real! It was steady. As he fell forward it seemed to grow more bright. On hands and knees he crawled to it. Brighter and brighter it grew. It was but a few feet away. Oh, God! could it be?

Then there was a lull in the storm, and with a final plunge Locasto fell forward, fell towards a lamp lighted in a window, fell against the closed door of a little cabin.

* * * * *

The Worm suffered acutely from the intense cold. He cursed it in his prolific and exhaustive way. He cursed the leaden weight of his snowshoes, and the thongs that chafed his feet. He cursed the pack he carried on his back, which momentarily grew heavier. He cursed the country; then, after a general debauch of obscenity, he decided it was time to feed.

He gathered some dry twigs and built a fire on the snow. He hurried, for the freezing process was going on in his carcase, and he was afraid. It was all ready. Now to light it—the matches.

Where in hell were the matches? Surely he could not have left them at the camp. With feverish haste he overturned his pack. No, they were not there. Could he have dropped them on the trail? He had a wild idea of going back. Then he thought of Locasto lying in the tent. He could never face that. But he must have a fire. He was freezing to death—right now. Already his fingers were tingling and stiffening.

Huh! maybe he had some matches in his pockets. No—yes, he had—one, two, three, four, five, that was all. Five slim sulphur matches, part of a block, and jammed in a corner of his waistcoat pocket. Eagerly he lit one. The twigs caught. The flame leapt up. Oh it was good! He had a fire, a fire.

He made tea, and ate some bread and meat. Then he felt his strength and courage return. He had four matches left. Four matches meant four fires. That would mean four days' travel. By that time he would have reached the Dawson country.

That night he made a huge blaze, chopping down several trees and setting them alight. There, lying in his sleeping-bag, he rested well. In the early dawn he was afoot once more.

Was there ever such an atrocious soul-freezing cold! He cursed it with every breath he drew. At noon he felt a vast temptation to make another fire, but he refrained. Then that night he had bad luck, for one of his precious matches proved little more than a sliver tipped with the shadow of pink. In spite of his efforts it was abortive, and he was compelled to use another. He was down to his last match.

CHAPTER XII

Well, he must travel extra hard. So next day in a panic of fear he covered a vast stretch of country. He must be getting near to one of the gold creeks. As he surmounted the crest of every ridge he expected to see the blue smoke of cabin fires, yet always was there the same empty desolation. Then night came and he prepared to camp.

Once more he chopped down some trees and piled them in a heap. He was very hungry, very cold, very tired. What a glorious blaze he would soon have! How gallantly the flames would leap and soar! He collected some dry moss and twigs. Never had he felt the cold so bitter. It was growing dusk. Above him the sky had a corpse-like glimmer, and on the snow strange bale-fires glinted. It was a weird, sardonic light that waited, keeping tryst with darkness.

He shuddered and his fingers trembled. Then ever so carefully he drew forth that most precious of things, the last match.

He must hurry; his fingers were tingling, freezing, stiffening fast. He would lie down on the snow, and strike it quickly. . . . "O God!"

From his numb fingers the slim little match had dropped. There it lay on the snow. Gingerly he picked it up, with a wild hope that it would be all right. He struck it, but it doubled up. Again he struck it: the head came off—he was lost.

He fell forward on his face. His hands were numb, dead. He lay supported by his elbows, his eyes gazing blankly at the unlit fire. Five minutes passed; he did not rise. He seemed dazed, stupid, terror-stricken. Five more minutes passed. He did not move. He seemed to stiffen, to grow rigid, and the darkness gathered around him.

A thought came to his mind that he would straighten out, so that when they found him he would be in good shape to fit in a coffin. He did not want them to break his legs and arms. Yes, he would straighten them out. He tried—but he could not, so he let it go at that.

Over him the Wild seemed to laugh, a laugh of scorn, of mockery, of exquisite malice.

And there in fifteen minutes the cold slew him. When they found him he lay resting on his elbows and gazing with blank eyes of horror at his unlit fire.

"It's a beast of a night," said the Halfbreed.

He and I were paying a visit to Jim in the cabin he had built on Ophir. Jim was busy making ready for his hydraulic work of the coming Spring, and once in a while we took a run up to see him. I was much worried about the old man. He was no longer the cheerful, optimistic Jim of the trail. He had taken to living alone. He had become grim and taciturn. He cared only for his work, and, while he read his Bible more than ever, it was with a growing fondness for the stern old prophets. There was no doubt the North was affecting him strangely.

"Lord! don't it blow? Seems as if the wind had a spite against us, wanted to put us out of business. It minds me of the blizzards we have in the Northwest, only it seems ten times worse."

The Halfbreed went on to tell us of snowstorms he had known, while huddled round the stove we listened to the monstrous uproar of the gale.

"Why don't you chink your cabin better, Jim?" I asked; "the snow's sifting through in spots."

He shoved more wood into the stove, till it glowed to a dull red, starred with little sparks that came and went.

"Snow with that wind would sift through a concrete wall," he said. "It's part an' parcel of the awful land. I tell you there's a curse on this country. Long, long ago, godless people have lived in it, lived an' sinned an' perished. An' for its wickedness in the past the Lord has put His everlasting curse on it."

Sharply I looked at him. His eyes were staring. His face was drawn into a knot of despair. He sat down and fell into a mood of gloomy silence.

How the storm was howling! The Halfbreed smoked his cigarette stolidly, while I listened and shuddered, mightily thankful that I was safe and warm.

"Say, I wonder if there's any one out in this bedlam of a night?"

"If there is, God help him," said the Halfbreed. "He'll last about as long as a snowball in hell."

"Yes, fancy wandering round out there, dazed and desperate; fancy the wind knocking you down and heaping the snow

on you; fancy going on and on in the darkness till you freeze stiff. Ugh!"

Again I shuddered. Then, as the other two sat in silence, my mind strayed to other things. Chiefly I thought of Berna, all alone in Dawson. I longed to be back with her again. I thought of Locasto. Where in his wild wanderings had he got to? I thought of Glengyle and Garry. How had he fared after Mother died? Why did he not marry? Once a week I got a letter from him, full of affection and always urging me to come home. In my letters I had never mentioned Berna. There was time enough for that.

Lord! a terrific gust of wind shook the cabin. It howled and screamed insanely through the heaving night. Then there came a lull, a strange, deep lull, deathlike after the mighty blast. And in the sudden quiet it seemed to me I heard a hollow cry.

"Hist! What was that?" whispered the Halfbreed.

Jim, too, was listening intently.

"Seems to me I heard a moan."

"Sounded like the cry of an outcast soul. Maybe it's the spirit of some poor devil that's lost away out in the night. I hate to open the door for nothing. It will make the place like an ice-house."

Once more we listened intently, holding our breath. There it was again, a low, faint moan.

"It's some one outside," gasped the Halfbreed. Horror-stricken, we stared at each other, then he rushed to the door. A great gust of wind came in on us.

"Hurry up, you fellows," he cried; "lend a hand. I think it's a man."

Frantically we pulled it in, an unconscious form that struck a strange chill to our hearts. Anxiously we bent over it.

"He's not dead," said the Halfbreed, "only badly frozen, hands and feet and face. Don't take him near the fire."

He had been peering inside the parka hood and suddenly he turned to me.

"Well, I'm darned—it's Locasto."

Locasto! I shrank back and stood there staring blankly. Locasto! all the old hate resurged into my heart. Many a time had I wished him dead; and even dying, never could I have forgiven him. As I would have shrank from a reptile, I drew back.

"No, no," I said hoarsely, "I won't touch him. Curse him! Curse him! He can die."

"Come on there," said Jim fiercely. "You wouldn't let a man die would you? There's the brand of a dog on you if you do. You'll be little better than a murderer. It don't matter what wrong he's done you, it's your duty as a man to help him. He's only a human soul, an' he's like to die anyway. Come on. Get these mits off his hands."

Mechancially I obeyed him. I was dazed. It was as if I was impelled by a stronger will than my own. I began pulling off the mits. The man's hands were white as putty. I slit the sleeves and saw that the awful whiteness went clear up the arm. It was horrible.

Jim and the Halfbreed had cut open his muck-lucks and taken off his socks, and there stretched out were two naked limbs, clay-white almost to the knees. Never did I see anything so ghastly. Tearing off his clothing we laid him on the bed, and forced some brandy between his lips.

At last heat was beginning to come back to the frozen frame. He moaned, and opened his eyes in a wild gaze. He did not know us. He was still fighting the blizzard. He raised himself up.

"Keep a-going, keep a-going," he panted.

"Keep that bucket a-going," said the Halfbreed. "Thank God, we've got plenty of ice-water. We've got to thaw him out."

Then for this man began a night of agony, such as few have endured. We lifted him onto a chair and put one of those clay-cold feet into the water. At the contact he screamed, and I could see ice crystallize on the edge of the bucket. I had forgotten my hatred of the man. I only thought of those frozen hands and feet, and how to get life into them once more. Our struggle began.

"The blood's beginning to circulate back," said the Halfbreed. "I guess that water feels scalding hot to him right now. We'll have to hold him down presently. Ugh—hold on, boys, for all you're worth."

He had not warned us any too soon. In a terrible spasm of agony Locasto threw us off quickly. We grasped him again. Now we were struggling with him. He fought like a demon. He was cursing us, praying us to leave him alone, raving,

shrieking. Grimly we held on, yet, all three, it was as much as we could do to keep him down.

"One would think we were murdering him," said the Halfbreed. "Keep his foot in the bucket there. I wish we'd some kind of dope to give him. There's boiling lead running through his veins right now. Keep him down, boys; keep him down."

It was hard, but keep him down we did; though his cries of anguish deafened us through that awful night, and our muscles knotted as we gripped. Hour after hour we held him, plunging now a hand, now a foot in the ice-water, and holding it there. How long he fought! How strong he was! But the time came when he could fight no more. He was like a child in our hands.

There, at last it was done. We wrapped the tender flesh in pieces of blanket. We laid him moaning on the bed. Then, tired out with our long struggle, we threw ourselves down and slept like logs.

Next morning he was still unconscious. He suffered intense pain, so that Jim or the Halfbreed had to be ever by him. I, for my part, refused to go near. Indeed, I watched with a growing hatred his slow recovery. I was sorry, sorry. I wished he had died.

At last he opened his eyes, and feebly he asked where he was. After the Halfbreed had told him, he lay silent awhile.

"I've had a close call," he groaned. Then he went on triumphantly: "I guess the Wild hasn't got the bulge on me yet. I can give it another round."

He began to pick up rapidly, and there in that narrow cabin I sat within a few feet of him, and beheld him grow strong again. I suppose my face must have showed my bitter hate, for often I saw him watching me through half-closed eyes, as if he realized my feelings. Then a sneering smile would curve his lips, a smile of satanic mockery. Again and again I thought of Berna. Fear and loathing convulsed me, and at times a great rage burned in me, so that I was like to kill him.

"Seems to me everything's healing up but that hand," said the Halfbreed. "I guess it's too far gone. Gangrene's setting in. Say, Locasto, looks like you'll have to lose it."

Locasto had been favoring me with a particularly sardonic look, but at these words the sneer was wiped out, and horror crowded into his eyes.

"Lose my hand—don't tell me that! Kill me at once! I don't want to be maimed. Lose my hand! Oh, that's terrible! terrible!"

He gazed at the discolored flesh. Already the stench of him was making us sick, but this hand with its putrid tissues was disgusting to a degree.

"Yes," said the Halfbreed, "there's the line of the gangrene, and it's spreading. Soon mortification will extend all up your arm, then you'll die of blood poison. Locasto, better let me take off that hand. I've done jobs like that before. I'm a handy man, I am. Come, let me take it off."

"Heavens! you're a cold-blooded butcher. You're going to kill me, between you all. You're in a plot, leagued against me, and that long-faced fool over there's at the bottom of it. Damn you, then, go on and do what you want."

"You're not very grateful," said the Halfbreed. "All right, lie there and rot."

At his words Locasto changed his tune. He became alarmed to the point of terror. He knew the hand was doomed. He lay staring at it, staring, staring. Then he sighed, and thrust its loathsomeness into our faces.

"Come on," he growled. "Do something for me, you devils, or I'll do it myself."

* * * * *

The hour of the operation was at hand. The Halfbreed got his jack-knife ready. He had filed the edge till it was like a rough saw. He cut the skin of the wrist just above the gangrene line, and raised it up an inch or so. It was here Locasto showed wonderful nerve. He took a large bite of tobacco and chewed steadily, while his keen black eyes watched every move of the knife.

"Hurry up and get the cursed thing off," he snarled.

The Halfbreed nicked the flesh down to the bone, then with the ragged jack-knife he began to saw. I could not bear to look. It made me deathly sick. I heard the grit, grit of the jagged blade. I will remember the sound to my dying day.

How long it seemed to take! No man could stand such torture. A groan burst from Locasto's lips. He fell back on the bed. His jaws no longer worked, and a thin stream of brown saliva trickled down his chin. He had fainted.

Quickly the Halfbreed finished his work. The hand dropped on the floor. He pulled down the flaps of skin and sewed them together.

"How's that for home-made surgery?" he chuckled. He was vastly proud of his achievement. He took the severed hand upon a shovel and, going to the door, he threw it far out into the darkness.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Why don't you go outside?" I asked of the Jam-wagon.

I had rescued him from one of his periodical plunges into the cesspool of debauch, and he was peaked, pallid, penitent. Listlessly he stared at me a long moment, the dull, hollow-eyed stare of the recently regenerate.

"Well," he said at last, "I think I stay for the same reason many another man stays—pride. I feel that the Yukon owes me one of two things, a stake or a grave—and she's going to pay."

"Seems to me, the way you're shaping you're more liable to get the latter."

"Yes—well, that'll be all right."

"Look here," I remonstrated, "don't be a rotter. You're a man, a splendid one. You might do anything, be anything. For Heaven's sake stop slipping cogs, and get into the game."

His thin, handsome face hardened bitterly.

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I'm not fit to play the game; sometimes I wonder if it's all worth while; sometimes I'm half inclined to end it."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense."

"I'm not; I mean it, every word. I don't often speak of myself. It doesn't matter who I am, or what I've been. I've gone through a lot—more than most men. For years I've been a sort of human derelict, drifting from port to port of the seven seas. I've sprawled in their mire; I've eaten of their filth; I've wallowed in their moist, barbaric slime. Time and time again I've gone to the mat, but somehow

I would never take the count. Something's always saved me at the last."

"Your guardian angel."

"Maybe. Somehow I wouldn't be utterly downed. I'm a bit of a fighter, and every day's been a battle with me. Oh, you don't know, you can't believe how I suffer! Often I pray, and my prayer always is: 'O, dear God, don't allow me to *think*. Lash me with Thy wrath; heap burdens on me, but don't let me *think*.' They say there's a hell hereafter. They lie; it's here, now."

I was astonished at his vehemence. His face was wrenched with pain, and his eyes full of remorseful misery.

"What about your friends?"

"Oh, them—I died long ago, died in the early '80's. In a little French graveyard there's a tombstone that bears my name, my real name, the name of the 'me' that was. Heart, soul and body, I died. My sisters mourned me, my friends muttered, 'Poor devil.' A few women cried, and a girl—well, I mustn't speak of that. It's all over long ago; but I must eternally do something, fight, drink, work like the devil—anything but think. I mustn't *think*."

"What about your guardian angel?"

"Yes, sometimes I think he's going to give me another chance. This is no life for a man like me, slaving in the drift, burning myself up in the dissipation of the town. A great, glad fight with a good sweet woman to fight for—that would save me. Oh, to get away from it all, get a clean start!"

"Well, I believe in you. I'm sure you'll be all right. Let me lend you the money."

"Thank you, a thousand thanks; but I cannot take it. There it is again—my pride. Maybe I'm all wrong. Maybe I'm a lost soul, and my goal's the potter's field. No; thanks! In a day or two I'll be fighting-fit again. I wouldn't have bored you with this talk, but I'm weak, and my nerve's gone."

"How much money have you got?" I asked.

He pulled a poor piece of silver from his pocket.

"Enough to do me till I join the pick-and-shovel gang."

"What are those tickets in your hand?" He laughed carelessly.

"Chances in the ice pools. Funny thing, I don't remember buying them. Must have been drunk."

"Yes, and you seem to have had a hunch. You've got the same time on all three: seven seconds, seven minutes past one, on the ninth—that's to-day. It's noon now. That old ice will have to hurry up if you're going to win. Fancy, if you did! You'd clean up over three thousand dollars. There would be your new start."

"Yes, fancy," he echoed mockingly. "Over five thousand betting, and the guesses as close as peas in a pod."

"Well, the ice may go out any moment. It's awful rotten."

With a curious fascination, we gazed down at the mighty river. Around us was a glow of spring sunshine, above us the renaissance of blue skies. Rags of snow still glimmered on the hills, and the brown earth, as if ashamed of its nakedness, was bursting greenly forth. On the slope overlooking the Klondike, girls in white dresses were gathering the wild crocus. All was warmth, color, awakening life.

Surely the river ice could not hold much longer. It was patchy, netted with cracks, heaved up in ridges, mottled with slushy pools, corroded to the bottom. Decidedly it was rotten, rotten. Still it held stubbornly. The Klondike hammered it with mighty bergs, black and heavy as a house. Down the swift current they sped, crashing, grinding, roaring, to batter into the unbroken armor of the Yukon. And along its banks, watching even as we watched, were thousands of others. On every lip was the question—"The ice—when will it go out?" For to these exiles of the North, after eight months of isolation, the sight of open water would be like Heaven. It would mean boats, freedom, friendly faces, and a step nearer to that "outside" of their dreams.

Towards the centre of the vast mass of ice that belted in the city was a post, and on this lonely post thousands of eyes were constantly turning. For an electric wire connected it with the town, so that when it moved down a certain distance a clock would register the exact moment. Thus, thousands gazing at that solitary post thought of the bets they had made, and wondered if this year they would be the lucky ones. It is a unique incident in

Dawson life, this gambling on the ice. There are dozens of pools, large and small, and both men and women take part in the betting, with an eagerness and excitement that is almost childish.

I sat on a bench on the N. C. trail overlooking the town, and watched the Jam-wagon crawl down the hill to his cabin. Poor fellow! How drawn and white was his face, and his long, clean frame—how gaunt and weary! I felt sorry for him. What would become of him? He was a splendid "misfit." If he only had another chance! Somehow I believed in him, and fervently I hoped he would have that good clean start again.

Up in the cold remoteness of the North are many of his kind—the black sheep, the undesirables, the discards of the pack. Their lips are sealed; their eyes are cold as glaciers, and often they drink deep. Oh, they are a mighty company, the men you don't enquire about; but it is the code of the North to take them as you find them, so they go their way unregarded.

How clear the air was! It was like looking through a crystal lens—every leaf seemed to stand out vividly. Sounds came up to me with marvellous distinctness. Summer was coming, and with it the assurance of a new peace. Down there I could see our home, and on its verandah, hammock-swing, the white figure of Berna. How precious she was to me. How anxiously I watched over her! A look, a word meant more to me than volumes. If she was happy I was full of joy; if she was sad the sunshine paled, the flowers drooped, there was no gladness in the day. Often as she slept I watched her, marveling at the fine perfection of her face. Always was she an object of wonder to me—something to be adored, to demand all that was fine and high in me.

Yet sometimes it was the very intensity of my love that made me fear; so that in the ecstasy of a moment I would catch my breath and wonder if it all could last. And always the memory of Locasto was a sinister shadow. He had gone "outside," terribly broken in health, gone cursing me hoarsely and vowing he would return. Would he?

Who that knows the North can ever deny its lure? Wherever you be, it will call and call to you. In the sluggish South you will hear it, will long for the

keen tingle of its silver days, the vaster glory of its star-strewn nights. In the city's heart it will come to you till you hunger for its big, clean spaces, its racing rivers, its purple tundras. In the homes of the rich its voice will seek you out, and you will ache for your lonely camp-fire, a sunset splendoring to golden death, the night where the silence clutches and the heavens vomit forth white fire. Yes, you will hear it, and hear it, till a madness comes over you, till you leave the crawling men of the sticky pavements to seek it out once more, the sapphire of its lustrous lakes, the white yearning of its peaks to the myriad stars. Then, as a child comes home, will you come home. And I knew that some day to the land wherein he had reigned a conqueror, Lecasto, too, would return.

As I looked down on the grey town, the wonder of its growth came over me. How changed from the muddle of tents and cabins, the boat-lined river, the swarming hordes of the Argonauts! Where was the niggerhead swamp, the mud, the unrest, the mad fever of '98? I looked for these things and saw in their stead fine residences, trim gardens, well-kept streets. I almost rubbed my eyes as I realized the magic of the transformation.

And great as was the city's outward change, its change of spirit was still greater. The day of dance-hall domination was over. Vice walked very circumspectly. No longer was it possible on the street to speak to a lady of easy virtue without causing comment.

The demireps of the deadline had been banished over the Klondike, where, in a colony reached by a crazy rope bridge, their red lights gleamed like semaphores of sin. The dance-halls were still running, but the picturesque impunity of the old muckluck days was gone forever. You looked in vain for the crude scenes where the wilder passions were unleashed, and human nature revealed itself in primal nakedness. Heroism, brutality, splendid achievement, unbridled license, the North seems to bring out all that is best and worst in a man. It breeds an exuberant vitality, a madness for action, whether it be for good or evil.

In the town, too, life was becoming a thing of more sober hues. Sick of slipshod morality, men were sending for their

wives and children. The old ideals of home and love and social purity were triumphing. With the advent of the good woman, the dance-hall girl was doomed. The city was finding itself. Society divided into sets. The more pretentious were called Ping-pongs, while a majority rejoiced in the name of Rough-necks. The post office abuses were remedied, the grafters ousted from the government offices. Rapidly the gold camp was becoming modernized.

Yes, its spectacular days were over. No more would the "live one" disport himself in his wild and woolly glory. The delirium of '98 was fast becoming a memory. The leading actors in that fateful drama—where were they? Dead: some by their own hands; down and out many, drivelling sottishly of by-gone days; poor prospectors a few, dreaming of a new gold strike.

And, as I think of it, it comes over me that the thing is vastly tragic. Where are they now, these Klondike Kings, these givers of champagne baths, these plungers of the gold camp? How many of those that stood out in the limelight of '98 can tell the tale to-day? Ladue is dead, leaving little behind. Big Alec MacDonald, after lavishing a dozen fortunes on his friends, dies at last, almost friendless and alone. Nigger Jim and Stillwater Willie—in what back slough of vicissitude do they languish to-day? Dick Low lies in a drunkard's grave. Skookum Jim would fain qualify for one. Dawson Charlie, reeling home from a debauch, drowns in the river. In impecunious despair, Harry Waugh hangs himself. Charlie Anderson, after squandering a fortune on a thankless wife, works for a laborer's hire.

So I might go on and on. Their stories would fill volumes. And as I sat on the quiet hillside, listening to the drowsy hum of the bees, the inner meaning of it all came home to me. Once again the great lone land was sifting out and choosing its own. Far-reaching was its vengeance, and it worked in divers ways. It fell on them, even as it had fallen on their brethren of the trail. In the guise of fortune it dealt their ruin. From the austere silence of its snows it was mocking them, beguiling them to their doom. Again it was the Land of the Strong. Before all it demanded strength, moral and physical

strength. I was minded of the words of old Jim, "Where one wins ninety and nine will fail"; and time had proved him true. The great, grim land was weeding out the unfit, was rewarding those who could understand it, the faithful brotherhood of the high North.

Full of such thoughts as these, I raised my eyes and looked down the river towards the Moosehide Bluffs. Hullo! There, just below the town, was a great sheet of water, and even as I watched I saw it spread and spread. People were shouting, running from their houses, speeding to the beach. I was conscious of a thrill of excitement. Ever widening was the water, and now it stretched from bank to bank. It crept forward to the solitary post. Now it was almost there. Suddenly the post started to move. The vast ice-field was sliding forward. Slowly, serenely it went on, on.

Then, all at once, the steam whistles shrilled out, the bells pealed, and from the black mob of people that lined the banks there went up an exultant cheer, "The ice is going out—the ice is going out!"

I looked at my watch. Could I believe my eyes? Seven seconds, seven minutes past one—his "hunch" was right; his guardian angel had intervened; the Jam-wagon had been given his chance to make a new start.

CHAPTER XIV.

The waters were wild with joy. From the mountain snows the sun had set them free. Down hill and dale they sparkled, trickling from boulders, dripping from mossy crannies, rioting in narrow runlets. Then, leaping and laughing in a mad ecstasy of freedom, they dashed into the dam.

Here was something they did not understand, some contrivance of the tyrant Man to curb them, to harness them, to make them his slaves. The waters were angry. They gloomed fearsomely. As they swelled higher in the broad basin their wrath grew apace. They chafed against their prison walls, they licked and lapped at the stolid bank. Higher and higher they mounted, growing stronger with every leap. More and more bitterly they fretted at their durance. Behind them other waters were pressing, just as eager to

escape as they. They lashed and writhed in savage spite. Not much longer could these patient walls withstand their anger. Something must happen.

The "something" was a man. He raised the floodgate, and there at last was a way of escape. How joyously the eager waters rushed at it! They tumbled and tossed in their mad hurry to get out. They surged and swept and roared about the narrow opening.

But what was this? They had come on a wooden box that streaked down the slope as straight as an arrow from the bow. It was some other scheme of the tyrant Man. Nevertheless, they jostled and jammed to get into it. On its brink they poised a moment, then down, down they dashed.

Like a cataract they rushed, ever and ever growing faster. Ho! this was motion now, this was action, strength, power. As they shot down that steep hill they shrieked for very joy. Freedom, freedom at last! No more trickling feebly from snow-banks; no more boring devious channels in oozy clay, no more stagnating in sullen dams. They were alive, alive, swift, intense, terrific. They gloried in their might. They roared the raucous song of freedom, and faster and faster they charged. Like a stampede of maddened horses they thundered on. What power on earth could stop them? "We must be free! We must be free!" they cried.

Suddenly they saw ahead the black hole of a great pipe, a hollow shard of steel. Prison-like it looked, again some contrivance of the tyrant Man. They would fain have overleapt it, but it was too late. Countless other waters were behind them, forcing them forward with irresistible power. And, faster and faster still, they crashed into the shard of steel.

They were trapped, atrociously trapped, cabined, confined, rammed forward by a vast and remorseless pressure. Yet there was escape just ahead. It was a tiny point of light, an outlet. They must squeeze through it. They were crushed and pinioned in that prison of steel, and mightily they tried to burst it. No! there was only that orifice; they must pass through it. Then with that great force behind them, tortured, maddened, desperate, the waters crashed through the shard of steel, to serve the will of Man.

The man stood by his water-gun and from its nozzle the gleaming terror leapt. At first it was only a slim volley of light, compact and solid as a shaft of steel. To pierce it would have splintered to pieces the sharpest sword. It was a core of water, round, glistening and smooth, yet in its mighty power it was a monster of destruction.

The man was directing it here and there on the face of the hill. It flew like an arrow from the bow, and wherever he aimed it the hillside seemed to reel and shudder at the shock. Great cataracts of gravel shot out, avalanches of clay toppled over; vast boulders were hurled into the air like heaps of fleecy wool.

Yes, the waters were mad. They were like an angry bull that gored the hillside. It seemed to melt and dissolve before them. Nothing could withstand that assault. In a few minutes they would reduce the stoutest stronghold to a heap of pitiful ruins.

There, where the waters shot forth in their fury, stood their conqueror. He was one man, yet he was doing the work of a hundred. As he battered at that bank of clay he exulted in his power. A little turn of the wrist and a huge mass of gravel crumbled into nothingness. He bored deep holes in the frozen muck, he hammered his way down to bed rock, he swept it clean as a floor. There, with the solid force of a battering-ram, he pounded at the heart of the hill.

The roar deafened him. He heard the crash of falling rock, but he was so intent on his work he did not hear another man approach. Suddenly he looked up and saw.

He gave a mighty start, then at once he was calm again. This was the meeting he had dreaded, longed for, fought against, desired. Primordial emotions surged within him, but outwardly he gave no sign. Almost savagely, and with a curious blaze in his eyes he redirected the little giant.

He waved his hand to the other man.

"Go away!" he shouted.

Mosher refused to budge. The generous living of Dawson had made him pursy, almost porcine. His pig eyes glittered, and he took off his hat to wipe some beads of sweat from the monumental baldness of his forehead. He caressed his coal-

black beard with a podgy hand on which a large diamond sparkled. His manner was arrogance personified. He seemed to say, "I'll make this man dance to my music."

His rich, penetrating voice pierced through the roar of the "giant."

"Here, turn off your water. I want to speak to you. Got a business proposition to make."

Still Jim was dumb.

Mosher came close to him and shouted into his ear. The two men were very calm.

"Say, your wife's in town. Been there for the last year. Didn't you know it?"

Jim shook his head. He was particularly interested in his work just then. There was a great saddle of clay, and he scooped it up magically.

"Yes, she's in town—living respectable."

Jim redirected his giant with a savage swish.

"Say, I'm a sort of a philanthropic guy," went on Mosher, "an' there's nothing I like better than doing the erring wife restitution act. I think I could induce that little woman of yours to come back to you."

Jim gave him a swift glance, but the man went on.

"To tell the truth, she's a bit stuck on me. Not my fault, of course. Can't help it if a girl gets daffy on me. But say, I think I could get her switched on to you if you made it worth my while. It's a business proposition."

He was sneering now, frankly villainous. Jim gave no sign.

"What d'ye say? This is a likely bit of ground—give me a half-share in this ground, an' I'll guarantee to deliver that little piece of goods to you. There's an offer."

Again that smug look of generosity beamed on the man's face. Once more Jim motioned him to go, but Mosher did not heed. He thought the gesture was a refusal. His face grew threatening. "All right, if you won't," he snarled, "look out! I know you love her still. Let me tell you, I own that woman, body and soul, and I'll make life hell for her. I'll torture you through her. Yes, I've got a cinch. You'd better change your mind."

He had stepped back as if to go. Then, whether it was an accident or not no one

will ever know—but the little giant swung round till it bore on him.

It lifted him up in the air. It shot him forward like a stone from a catapult. It landed him on the bank fifty feet away with a sickening crash. Then, as he lay, it pounded and battered him out of all semblance of a man.

The waters were having their revenge.

CHAPTER XV.

"There's something the matter with Jim," the Prodigal 'phoned to me from the Forks; "he's gone off and left the cabin on Ophir, taken to the hills. Some prospectors have just come in and say they met him heading for the White Snake Valley. Seemed kind of queer, they say. Wouldn't talk much. They thought he was in a fair way to go crazy."

"He's never been right since the accident," I answered; "we'll have to go after him."

"All right. Come up at once. I'll get McCrimmon. He's a good man in the woods. We'll be ready to start as soon as you arrive."

So the following day found the three of us on the trail to Ophir. We traveled lightly, carrying very little food, for we thought to find game in the woods. On the evening of the following day we reached the cabin.

Jim must have gone very suddenly. There were the remains of a meal on the table, and his Bible was gone from its place. There was nothing for it but to follow and find him.

"By going to the headquarters of Ophir Creek," said the Halfbreed, "we can cross a divide into the valley of the White Snake and there we'll corral him, I guess."

So we left the trail and plunged into the virgin Wild. Oh, but it was hard traveling! Often we would keep straight up the creek-bed, plunging through pools that were knee-deep, and walking over shingly bars. Then, to avoid a big bend of the stream, we would strike off through the bush. Every yard seemed to have its obstacle. There were windfalls and tangled growths of bush that defied our uttermost efforts to penetrate them. There were viscid sloughs, from whose black depths bubbles arose wearily, with grey tree-roots like the legs of spiders clutching

the slimy mud of their banks. There were oozy bottoms, rankly speared with rush-grass. There were leprous marshes spotted with unsightly niggerheads. Dripping with sweat, we fought our way under the hot sun. Thorny boughs tore at us detainingly. Fallen trees delighted to bar our way. Without let or cease we toiled, yet at the day's end our progress was but a meagre one.

Our greatest bane was the mosquitoes. Night and day they never ceased to nag us. We wore veils and had gloves on our hands, so that under our armour we were able to grin defiance at them. But on the other side of that netting they buzzed in an angry grey cloud. To raise our veils and take a drink was to be assaulted ferociously. As we walked we could feel them resisting our progress, and it seemed as if we were forcing our way through solid banks of them. If we rested, they alighted in such myriads that soon we appeared literally sheathed in tiny atoms of insect life, vainly trying to pierce the mesh of our clothing. To bare a hand was to have it covered with blood in a moment, and the thought of being at their mercy was an exquisitely horrible one. Night and day their voices blended in a vast drone, so that we ate, drank and slept under our veils.

In that rankly growing wilderness we saw no sign of life, not even a rabbit. It was all desolate and God-forsaken. By nightfall our packs seemed very heavy, our limbs very tired. Three days, four days, five days passed. The creek was attenuated and hesitating, so we left it and struck off over the mountains. Soon we climbed to where the timber growth was less obstructive. The hillside was steep, almost vertical in places, and was covered with a strange, deep growth of moss. Down in it we sank, in places to our knees, and beneath it we could feel the points of sharp boulders. As we climbed we plunged our hands deep into the cool cushion of the moss, and half dragged ourselves upward. It was like an Oriental rug covering the stony ribs of the hill, a rug of bizarre coloring, strangely patterned in crimson and amber, in emerald and ivory. Birch-trees of slim, silvery beauty arose in it, and aided us as we climbed.

So we came at last, after a weary journey, to a bleak, boulder-studded plateau

It was above timber-line, and carpeted with moss of great depth and gaudy hue. Suddenly we saw two vast pillars of stone upstanding on the aching barren. I think they must have been two hundred feet high, and, like monstrous sentinels in their lonely isolation, they overlooked that vast tundra. They startled us. We wondered by what strange freak of nature they were stationed there.

Then we dropped down into a vast, hush-filled valley, a valley that looked as if it had been undisturbed since the beginning of time. Like a spirit-haunted place it was, so strange and still. It was loneliness made visible. It was stillness written in wood and stone. I would have been afraid to enter it alone, and even as we sank in its death-haunted dusk I shuddered with a horror of the place.

The Indians feared and shunned this valley. They said, of old, strange things had happened there; it had been full of noise and fire and steam; the earth had opened up, belching forth great dragons that destroyed the people. And indeed it was all like the vast crater of an extinct volcano, for hot springs bubbled forth and a grey ash cropped up through the shallow soil.

There was no game in the valley. In its centre was a solitary lake, black and bottomless, and haunted by a giant white water-snake, sluggish, blind and very old. Stray prospectors swore they had seen it, just at dusk, and its sightless, staring eyes were too terrible ever to forget.

And into this still, cobweb-hued hollow we dropped—dropped almost straight down over the flanks of those lean, lank mountains that fringed it so forlornly. Here, ringed all around by desolate heights, we were as remote from the world as if we were in some sallow solitude of the moon. Sometimes the valley was like a gaping mouth, and the lips of it were livid grey. Sometimes it was like a cup into which the sunset poured a golden wine and filled it quivering to the brim. Sometimes it was like a grey grave full of silence. And here in this place of shadows, where the lichen strangled the trees, and under-foot the moss hushed the tread, where we spoke in whispers, and mirth seemed a mockery, where every stick and stone seemed eloquent of dischantment

and despair, here in this valley of Dead Things we found Jim.

He was sitting by a dying camp-fire, all huddled up, his arms embracing his knees, his eyes on the fading embers. As we drew near he did not move, did not show any surprise, did not even raise his head. His face was very pale and drawn into a pucker of pain. It was the queerest look I ever saw on a man's face. It made me creep.

His eyes followed us furtively. Silently we squatted in a ring round his camp-fire. For a while we said no word, then at last the Prodigal spoke:

"Jim, you're coming back with us, aren't you?"

Jim looked at him.

"Hush!" says he, "don't speak so loud. You'll waken all them dead fellows."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Them dead fellows. The woods is full of them, them that can't rest. They're all around, ghosts. At night, when I'm a-sittin' over the fire, they crawl out of the darkness, an' they get close to me, closer, closer, an' they whisper things. Then I get scared an' I shoo them away."

"What do they whisper, Jim?"

"Oh say! they tell me all kinds of things, them fellows in the woods. They tell me of the times they used to have here in the valley; an' how they was a great people, an' had women an' slaves; how they fought an' sang an' got drunk, an' how their kingdom was here, right here where it's all death an' desolation. An' how they conquered all the other folks around an' killed the men an' captured the women. Oh, it was long, long ago, long before the flood!"

"Well, Jim, never mind them. Get your pack ready. We're going home right now."

"Goin' home?—I've no home any more. I'm a fugitive an' a vagabond in the earth. The blood of my brother crieth unto me from the ground. From the face of the Lord shall I be hid an' every one that findeth me shall slay me. I have no home but the wilderness. Unto it I go with prayer an' fastin'. I have killed, I have killed!"

"Nonsense, Jim; it was an accident."

"Was it? Was it? God only knows. I don't. Only I know the thought of murder was black in my heart. It was

there for ever an' ever so long. How I fought against it! Then, just at that moment, everything seemed to come to a head. I don't know that I meant what I did, but I thought it."

"Come home, Jim, and forget it."

"When the rivers start to run up them mountain peaks I'll forget it. No, they won't let me forget it, them ghosts. They whisper to me all the time. Hist! don't you hear 'em? They're whispering to me now. 'You're a murderer, Jim, a murderer,' they say. 'The brand of Cain is on you, Jim, the brand of Cain.' Then the little leaves of the trees take up the whisper, an' the waters murmur it, an' the very stones cry out ag'in me, an' I can't shut out the sound. I can't, I can't."

"Hush, Jim!"

"No, no, the devil's a-hoein' out a place in the embers for me. I can't turn no more to the Lord. He's cast me out, an' the light of His countenance is darkened to me. Never again; oh, never again!"

"Oh come, Jim, for the sake of your old partners, come home."

"Well, boys, I'll come. But it's no good. I'm down an' out."

Wearily we gathered together his few belongings. He had been living on bread, and but little remained. Had we not reached him, he would have starved. He came like a child, but seemed a prey to acute melancholy.

It was indeed a sad party that trailed down that sad, dead valley. The trees were hung with a dreary drapery of grey, and the ashen moss muffled our foot-falls. I think it was the *deadest* place I ever saw. The very air seemed dead and stale, as if it were eternally still, unstirred by any wind. Spiders and strange creeping things possessed the trees, and at every step, like white gauze, a mist of mos-

quitoes was thrown up. And the way seemed endless.

A great weariness weighed upon our spirits. Our feet flagged and our shoulders were bowed. As we looked into each other's faces we saw there a strange lassitude, a chill, grey despair. Our voices sounded hollow and queer; and we seldom spoke. It was as if the place was a vampire that was sucking the life and health from our veins.

"I'm afraid the old man's going to play out on us," whispered the Prodigal.

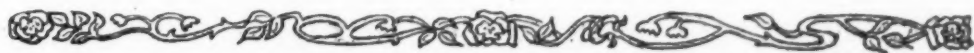
Jim lagged forlornly behind, and it was very anxiously we watched him. He seemed to know that he was keeping us back. His efforts to keep up were pitiful. We feigned an equal weariness, not to distress him, and our progress was slow, slow.

"Looks as if we'll have to go on half-rations," said the Halfbreed. "It's taking longer to get out of this valley than I figured on."

And indeed it was like a vast prison, and those peaks that brindled in the sunset glow were like bars to hold us in. Every day the old man's step was growing slower, so that at last we were barely crawling along. We were ascending the western slope of the valley, climbing a few miles a day, and every step we rose from that sump-hole of the gods was like the lifting of a weight. We were tired, tired, and in the wan light that filtered through the leaden clouds our faces were white and strained.

"I guess we'll have to go on quarter-rations from now," said the Half-breed, a few days later. He ranged far and wide, looking for game, but never a sign did he see. Once, indeed, we heard a shot. Eagerly we waited his return, but all he had got was a great, grey owl, which we cooked and ate ravenously.

(To be continued.)





The Railroad Pass and the Deadhead

By

W. Arnot Craick

TO be able to ride free on a railroad train is one of those blissful sensations which is probably more enjoyed in imagination by people who do not have passes than it is in reality by those who do. It is such a commonplace to the man with a pocketful of annuals to travel around for nothing, that he soon ceases to enjoy the experience. But, notwithstanding this inevitable result, there is an undoubted glamor about railroad passes that makes them objects of interest and desire.

By all established precedents in entering on such a subject as the present, one should first define just what a railroad pass is. To do this in an illuminative way, it is only necessary to refer once again to the story so often told of the farmer away back in the early days of the railroad, when typewriters were unknown, who wrote a letter to the president of an American railway demanding redress for the death of some pigs, killed by a locomotive. The president took the trouble to write in

reply a personal note to the farmer on the official paper of the railroad company, but, on account of his poor writing, only the signature was legible. The farmer could not decipher the letter, nor could his family or friends. Presently somebody suggested that it might mean that the president wanted the farmer to come and see him. Judging this to be the case, the farmer boarded the next train for the city and when the conductor came for his ticket, produced the letter, explaining that the president had sent for him. The conductor, seeing the signature, concluded that this was the case and allowed the farmer to travel free. Arrived at the city, the latter went to the president's office and explained to the great man's secretary that he had come to seek compensation for the death of his pigs. The president was away and so he was sent to the claims agent who adjusted the matter to his satisfaction. After that, whenever the wily farmer wanted to travel on the railroad, he took along the president's letter and, show-

ing it to the conductor, claimed a free ride. For twenty years he never had to pay a fare. The president's signature was sufficient to enable him to dispense with a ticket, and while the letter was really an invitation for the farmer to betake himself to a warmer region, he was always prepared to interpret it otherwise and travel as the guest of the road. This story will probably serve without further explanation to define a railroad pass.

It was by no means an uncommon thing in the early days for the higher officials of railroads to scribble off an order for free transportation on any slip of paper that came to hand and their signatures were always honored. Veterans like Mr.

in 1871. But those halcyon days are over. Issuing passes has become a regular business now and even presidents and general managers must conform to the rules and get the transportation they require through the proper channels and in the regulation form.

Generally speaking there are, or have been, three kinds of passes: The life pass, a delightful affair, which, alas! is no longer honored; the annual pass, the cherished possession of officials and members of Parliament; and the trip pass, the commonest form of all, which vanishes into thin air with the using thereof.

To an antiquarian the old "life passes" possess considerable interest. They were



Edmund Wragge, of Toronto, who was General Manager of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce many years ago, can recall the time when a few words from his pen were sufficient to secure anyone a free ride over that road. The same gentleman treasures an old, soiled and torn piece of paper on which Jay Gould had written in his own hand an order to the conductors of the Erie Railroad to pass Mr. Wragge from Suspension Bridge to New York. The old financier had been about to add, by force of habit, doubtless, "and return," and had written down the "and" when he remembered that it was not required. A rub of the thumb across the word served to obliterate it, partially at least. On such make-shift passes as these men travelled

usually issued in metal or ivory, intended to be hung as charms on the watch chains of the railway magnates of the earlier days, and were to be honored during the life time of the privileged possessors. Only a limited number were made and in consequence only a very small number of them have been preserved down to the present day.

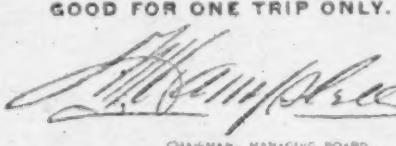
The late George Laidlaw, who was connected with several of the local roads in Ontario, which have subsequently lost their identity in either the Grand Trunk or C.P.R., had probably more of these life passes than any other person. The Laidlaw family cherish no fewer than five of them.

The shareholders of the Credit Valley Railway Company, by resolution of October, 28, 1880, conferred a life pass on Mr. Laidlaw, including each member of his family. It took the form of a gold medallion, one and three-quarter inches in diameter. On the obverse is a coat of arms surmounted by a beaver. The shield is divided into four quarters; the right hand top corner containing square and compass; the left hand the Union Jack over three maple leaves; the right hand lower corner, a sheaf of wheat; and the left hand a locomotive. The coat of arms is surrounded by scroll work, with the words "Credit Valley Company" on the

land Taylor, Secretary-Treasurer"; on the right, there is an inscription passed at a meeting of the shareholders of the company held on the 13th day of September, 1871.

The Victoria Railway pass is a silver card three and one-quarter inches long and one and seven-eighths inches wide, with embossed screw heads at the corners, inscription "Life pass to George Laidlaw and his family" on one side and resolution of the shareholders on the other. The Toronto and Nipissing pass is also a plain silver card with inscription and resolution.

The Grand Trunk Railway issued a number of life passes in the early days,

Canadian Government Railways.	
INTERCOLONIAL DIVISION. GOOD FOR ONE TRIP ONLY. P. E. ISLAND DIVISION.	
MONCTON, N.B., July 13th 19 11	
PASS	
SUBJECT TO THE CONDITIONS ENDORSED HEREON.	
FROM Montreal To Halifax	
WHY GRANTED Press Account	
VOID AFTER August 31st 11	
GOOD FOR ONE TRIP ONLY.	
NOT GOOD UNLESS COUNTERSIGNED BY A MEMBER OF THE MANAGING BOARD, OR T. EVANS	
B. NO. 59555	
COUNTERSIGNED.	 CHAIRMAN, MANAGING BOARD.
NOT TRANSFERABLE.	

outside. On the reverse side is an inscription conferring the pass on Mr. Laidlaw.

By resolution of the shareholders of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway, September 13, 1871, a life pass over this old road was granted Mr. Laidlaw. It is a bloodstone locket, one and one-half inches long and seven-eighths of an inch wide, with a bloodstone set in gold. On one side is the family crest, which consists of a hand, heart and dagger, with the words on a belt surrounding, "Fides probata coronat." On the other side is a monogram reversed, T. G. & B. Ry. Inside on the left is inscribed, "Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway. Pass Mr. George Laidlaw at all times free over this Railway, signed by Jno. G——, President, and W. Suther-

which are still treasured by the descendants of those on whom they were conferred. The one illustrated is in the possession of Dr. H. B. Yates of Montreal, and was granted to his father, at one time chief engineer of the railway. It is made of ivory and originally had a nickel rim. On one side the inscription reads "Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—Free Pass," and on the other, "Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—Chief Engineer." It was worn as a watch charm and a very useful charm it used to be.

The passing of the Interstate Commerce Act in the United States and the Dominion Railway Act in Canada have very considerably altered the conditions under which passes may be issued. Restrictions

of a drastic character prevent the wholesale dispensing of free transportation as in the olden days. In the United States the regulations are even more strict than they are in Canada, and such a circumstance as Mr. William Wainwright recorded the other day would be impossible. In the year 1871 he issued a G.T.R. pass to a gentleman reading from Montreal to the terminus of the road at Rouse's Point. On the back of the pass he wrote in his own handwriting, "Connecting roads to New York please honor," and signed his name. This pass actually carried the man right through to New York, an altogether incredible feat at the present day.

The Dominion Railway Act provides that free carriage may be given by railroad companies to their own officers and employees, or to members of legislatures or of the press or to such other persons as the Board of Railway Commissioners may approve. Railroad employees of humbler rank than those lucky officials who are furnished with annuals frequently ask for transportation and it is indeed ludicrous to read the letters which some of them write when preferring their requests. That they are the most benevolent people on earth is soon apparent, for not only do they usually support wives and large families, but in many cases they also provide food, shelter and clothing for fathers-in-law, mothers-in-law, sisters, cousins and aunts. So deserving are they that their requests are nearly always granted.

The C.P.R. officials never tire of telling the story of the section foreman at Grand Valley who wrote, "Please issue pass favor of my wife, Grand Valley to Toronto and return, but do not make it good for longer than three days." The motive which prompted him to ask for such a short time limit is unknown—it will admit of several interpretations.

An employee of the same railroad in British Columbia was discharged. He asked the superintendent at Vancouver to furnish him with a pass to Ontario. The latter did not wish to do this and wired to Montreal inquiring if he should issue one. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, to whom the matter was referred, telegraphed back, what purported to be "Don't let him

walk." On the strength of this the superintendent gave the man a pass and he came east. Sir Thomas heard of the way of his coming and was wroth. Investigation followed and it was discovered that, by the omission of a period in transmission, the president's message had been altered from a prohibition, to what sounded like a very charitable expression of opinion.

Some years ago there was a station agent at Teeswater, Crabbe by name, who was transferred to Merrickville. In writing for transportation, he said, "Kindly send me a pass favor myself and wife and eleven little Crabbes." For the sake of the little Crabbes, no doubt he was furnished with the necessary paper.

Members of Parliament, by virtue of their office, are entitled to travel free on every railroad in the Dominion. It is said that an attempt was once made to keep them off the Grand Trunk's crack train, the International Limited, on which passes, as a rule, are not honored and to which private cars are never attached, but the M.P.'s are superior to any little railway by-law and they travel when and where they like. They are not given passes by the railroads, but the Clerk of the House issues cards which certify that they are members and as such are entitled by the Railway Act to ride on any railroad train in the Dominion. These cards are made in the same style as railroad passes and have the advantage of combining in one all the privileges that would otherwise require several dozen cards to express. The cards are numbered and a book is issued to the railroads giving a list of the members with the respective numbers of their passes. This serves as a check should any member be so foolishly sinful as to lend his pass to anyone else. Before the Railway Act made it legal for M.P.'s to ride free on the railroads, the latter were accustomed to issue annual passes to them. It is said that there were only three members who would not accept the complimentaries—the late Dalton McCarthy, Sir William Mulock and W. F. MacLean. If there were others, their names are forgotten.

The enforcement of the Dominion Railway Act has undoubtedly tended to reduce the number of passes issued and the rail-

way companies themselves have not been the last to welcome the relief. Officials used to be plagued by all sorts of persons advancing all sorts of arguments for free transportation and generally speaking, they had to produce the pass. Now they have the law of the land to back them up and can refuse requests with good reason. Some of them even go to the extent of quoting scripture, referring applicants to Numbers 20, verse 18, "Thou shalt not pass," and to Nahum I., verse 15, "The wicked shall no more pass," ending up with a reference to Jonah I., verse 3, "So he paid the fare and went."

On the Intercolonial Railway, prior to the days of the Commission, it was reputed to be positively scandalous the way passes were issued. Every politician in Canada had a claim on the management and used his authority to secure transportation for his friends and his constituents. A traveler once told the writer that on one occasion when he was going from Montreal to Halifax, the conductor informed him that the entire passenger list in the sleeping car in which he travelled, with but two or three exceptions, was made up of "dead-heads." Those were great days for the grafters, great and small, and that circumstance accounts in a large degree for the deficits that annually confronted the people.

In the United States, as has already been pointed out, the change made by the Interstate Commerce Act has been even more drastic. An action bearing on this subject has recently taken place in the American courts, which will illustrate the severity of the law. In 1871, a man named Motley and his wife agreed that, if the Louisville & Nashville Railway Co. would issue to them annual passes for the rest of their lives, they would not prosecute a suit for damages on account of personal injuries received in an accident. After the passing of the Act prohibiting the issuance of free transportation, the railway company discontinued providing Mr. and Mrs. Motley with their annuals. The couple were naturally aggrieved and took action in the Kentucky courts to compel the railroad to live up to its agreement. They were successful in their suit, but the defendants carried the case to the Supreme Court at Washington, which overruled the decision of the Kentucky court, hold-

ing that the performance of private contracts could not be urged as an excuse for violating a statute. In a subsequent case, the Monon Railway which was penalized by the Circuit Court of Northern Illinois for issuing passes in payment for advertising matter in a magazine, appealed to the Supreme Court but failed to secure a reversal of judgement of the state court.

This wholesale cancellation of time-honored privileges recalls the case of Bill Nye, the humorist, who, among others, was compelled to give up his annual pass on the Santa Fe Railway in 1887, when the original Interstate Commerce Act made it illegal for railroad companies to issue free transportation for certain purposes. Bill Nye was a great friend of the late W. F. White, general passenger agent of the Santa Fe, and he wrote that gentleman a playfully pathetic letter on the occasion. The document is so amusing that a few extracts from it may not come amiss.

"Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith annual pass No. Q035 for self and family, over your justly celebrated road for the year 1887.

"I also return your photograph and letters you have written me during the past five years. Will you kindly return mine?

"And so this brief and beautiful experience is to end and each of us must go his own way after this.

"Alas!

"To you this may be easy but it brings a pang to my heart which your gentle letter of the first instant cannot wholly alleviate.

* * *

"It is well enough for you to talk about going your several ways. You have every facility for doing so, but with me it is different. Several years ago a large north-western cyclone and myself tried to pass each other on the same track. When the wrecking crew found me I was in the crotch of a butternut tree, with a broken leg. Since that time I have walked with great difficulty, and to go my several ways has been a very serious matter with me.

"But I do not want you to think that I am murmuring. I accept my

doom calmly, yet with a slight tinge of unavailing regret.

"Sometimes perhaps, in the middle of the dark and angry night, when the cold blasts wail through the telegraph wires and the crushing sleet rushes with wild and impetuous fury against the windows of your special car, as you lie warmly ensconced in your voluptuous berth and hear the pitiless winds with hoarse and croupy moans chase each other around the Kansas hay-stacks or shriek wildly away as they light out for their cheerless home in the Bad Lands, will you not think of me as I grope on blindly through the keen and pitiless blasts, stumbling over cattle guards, falling into culverts and beating out my rare young brains against your rough right of way? Will you not think of me? I do not ask much of you, but I do ask this as we separate forever.

"As you whiz by me do not treat me with contumely, or throw crackers at me when I have turned out to let your haughty old train go by. I have spoken of you always in the highest terms, and I hope you will do the same by me. Life is short at the best, and it is especially so for those who have to walk. Walking has already shortened my life a great deal, and I wouldn't be surprised if the exposure and bunions of the year 1887 carried me off, leaving a gap in American literature that will look like a new cellar.

"Should any one of your engineers or trackmen find me frozen in a cut next winter, when the grass gets short and the nights get long, will you kindly ask them to report the brand to your auditor and instruct him to allow my family what he thinks would be right?

"I hate to write to you in this dejected manner but you cannot understand how heavy my heart is to-day as I pen these lines.

* * *

"Can I do your road any good, either at home or abroad? Can I be of service to you over your right of

way by collecting nuts, bolts, old iron or other bric-a-brac?

"I would be glad to influence immigration or pull weeds between the tracks if you would be willing to regard me as an employee.

"I will now take a last look at the fair, young features of your pass before sealing this letter. How sad to see an annual pass cut down in life's young morning, ere one-fourth of its race has been run. How touching to part from it forever. What a sad year this has been so far. Earthquakes, fires, storms, railway disaster and death in every form have visited our country, and now, like the biting blasts from Siberia or the nipping frosts from Manitoba, comes the congressional cut-worm, cutting off the early crop of flowering annuals just as they had budded to bloom into beauty and usefulness.

"I will now close this sad letter to go over into the vacant lot behind the high board fence, where I can sob in an unfettered way without shaking the glass out of my casement."

The interchange of annual passes between the officials of various railroads is a species of courtesy that calls for no comment. In the case of certain dignitaries, the shower of these dainty little pasteboards which descends on their heads at the New Year is positively embarrassing. In they come—all styles, all shapes and all colors—entitling the happy recipients to take their pick of accommodation on all the roads of America.

On one occasion, the president of a little railroad in New Brunswick, a few miles long, sent an annual to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the C.P.R., with the request that the president of the big trans-continental line would reciprocate. Sir Thomas wrote back, pointing out how unreasonable it would be to expect an exchange of privileges when the C.P.R. was so very much longer than the little New Brunswick road. To this the easterner replied, "I am quite ready to admit that your road is longer than mine, but I would respectfully point out that mine is just as broad as yours." Needless to say, this clever answer brought him the desired pass.

Sometimes, however, there are railroad officials who are more gullible than Sir Thomas. The story is told that a prominent contractor on the G.T.P., who is also interested in a big lumber mill back of Fort William, was very anxious to get a pass for himself and his car over the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. It happened that the company operating the lumber mill owned a small stretch of track, six miles long, connecting their mill with the Fort William branch of the G.T.P. The contractor gave this six-mile section a fancy name and issued a number of elaborate annual passes. One of these he sent to the T. & N. O. asking for a return of the courtesy. Some official of the latter road wrote back

a very polite letter, enclosing the desired pass and thanking him profusely for his kindness, adding that "I have never travelled on your road before, but I hope to be able to get over part of it at least this summer."

A small number of passes are issued by the Pullman Company, but the C. P. R. which operate their own sleeping cars do not issue any. It used to be the custom of both the Wagners and the Pullmans to provide officials with books of coupons entitling them to free berths in their cars, but this has been done away with.

In fact, it is becoming every day, more difficult to obtain free transportation, and railway companies, in addition to the restrictions of the law, are asking a quid pro quo for every pass they issue.

A VAGRANT'S SONG

Light loves and lighter laughter,
Let kisses break the song—
Though sorrow follow after
We while the world along.

We never deal with Reason,
Nor speak the tongue of Trade;
To barter were a treason
For us, the unafraid.

All cheerful in disaster,
We smile at every fate.
Greet The Great Tragicaster
With reckless hours elate.

We never met a spectre
Our bumpers could not drown,
New life is in the tankard,
Come, drink the tankard down.

In fellowship with gladness
We laugh our lives away,
In Joy's own blessed madness,
Disciples of To-day.

This life's a ragged garment,
Tho gay and warm of weave,
Lord send, we drop it gaily,
When comes our time to leave.

James P. Haverson.

The King's Man at Washington

By

M. O. Hammond

BETWEEN the world of politics and the atmosphere of diplomacy a wide gulf seems fixed. The one is a reality and obvious to the common man, because in the political world the common man has a voice. It is a game he understands and it is to a great extent played in the open: the politician seeks the platform where all the world may hear him and acclaim his genius. But the diplomat works in the quiet of the chancellery. He shrouds his movements with mystery. He never tells all he knows. He transacts business with his superiors by telegraph in a mystifying code. He seeks, not the glare of the platform but the select company of a dinner party of official or social standing, and attends receptions late at night, where he lingers under the spell of pretty women and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. He believes in the dictum of Talleyrand that the dinner table is the best place for the transaction of public business.

In a word, the distinction between politics and diplomacy is that the one is national and the other international, but he would be rash who would say they are entirely separate and distinct. Politicians have direct relations each with the other in their own country. But when one nation has business with another it is through the circuitous route of diplomacy. And the diplomacy concerned in these few lines is that represented by the British Embassy at Washington, presided over at present by Right Hon. James Bryce, who recently has been negotiating a treaty of general arbitration with the United States on behalf of great Britain.

It is only on the occasion of such an accomplishment as this that the people of

a nation realize the importance of masterly service by the men who represent them at foreign seats of government. The record of diplomacy is scarred by many failures, but usually they are covered by no worse a punishment than the recall of the Minister by his Home Government. Should he score a triumph, he never has the worship that falls to the victor on a battle-field. For many years Great Britain paid comparatively slight attention to her appointments to Washington, and Canadians have made bitter complaints of what they thought were sacrifices of their interests by the representatives of Downing Street. One needs only to mention the award in the Maine Boundary and the reported willingness to hand over this country to the United States bodily after the Civil War and the "Alabama" claims case. Better days have dawned and recent treaty-making has been conducted by members of the Canadian Government themselves.

The step which now seems certain of accomplishment in the making of a general treaty of arbitration between the two great English-speaking countries is the culmination of a movement that has been growing for more than a decade. It is not long since the Irish dominated the politics of the United States to such an extent that, carrying to this side of the ocean the hatred of England generated at home, they made cordial relations impossible. Now, Ireland is being pacified by concessions and the prospect of Home Rule, while the present Ambassador to the United States is of Irish birth and has a long and satisfactory record of administration for the Irish people.

The parties to the negotiations of 1911 have been fully alive to the delicacy of their task, for a formal alliance was impossible, from the jealousies that it would create with other nations, and the conflict it would cause with existing understandings and alliances. Long before Mr. Bryce was thought of as an ambassador, in 1899, he expressed these sentiments:

"That cordial friendship with the United States which we all desire and should all prize most highly, will be retarded, not promoted, by talk about formal alliance. The suggestion of such an alliance creates disquiet and suspicion abroad. The establishment of permanently friendly relations with the United States will make for peace not only between England and America, but also between England and the rest of the world."

These words came from a busy onlooker after Lord Pauncefoot, then British Minister to Washington, had paved the way for the present accomplishment as part of the brilliant record of service which he left behind him. But of that, more anon.

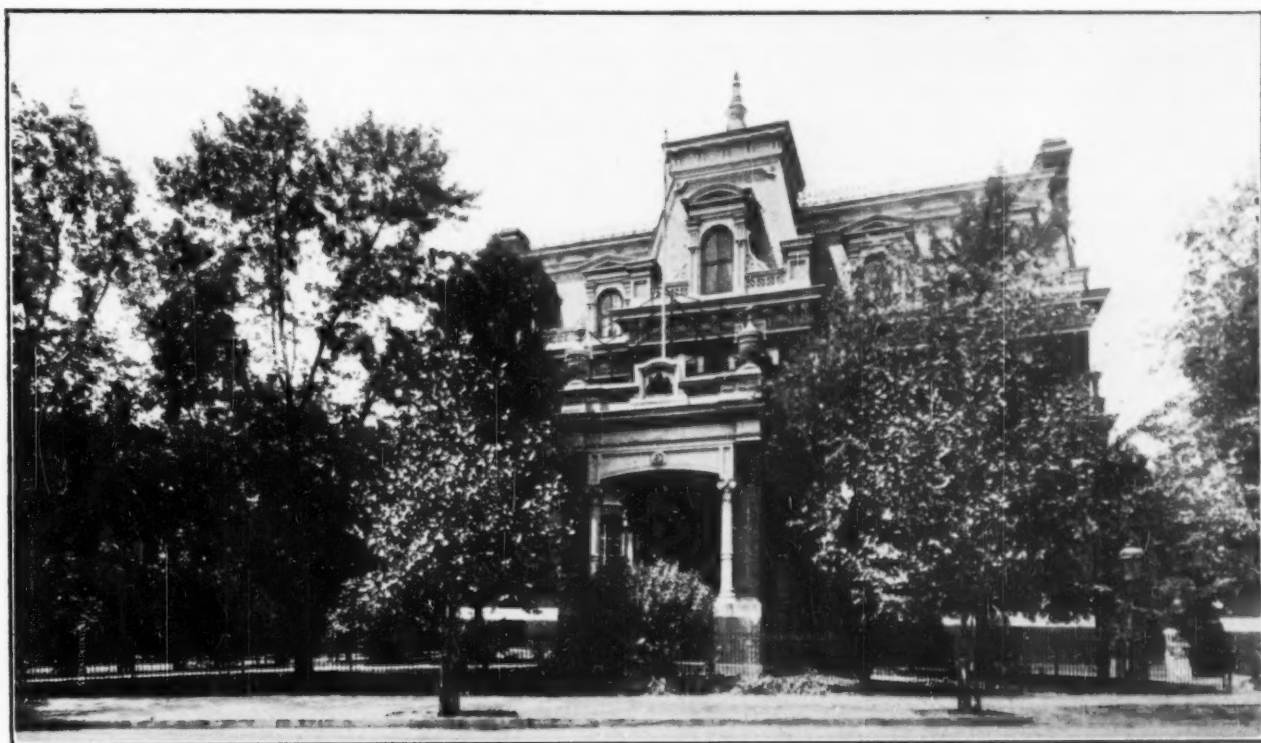
The initial establishment of diplomatic relations by Great Britain at Washington

must have been a matter of some delicacy. Here was a hot-headed young nation, fresh from the victories of a long war in which they had forever thrown off the yoke of the mother country and set out on what they believed to be the only true path of freedom. One cannot imagine the news of the arrival of George Hammond, the first envoy, in 1791, causing any great purr of satisfaction in the heart of George Washington. It is doubtful if he sent any silk stockinged aide to the wharf to invite him up, and to say that dinner was already on the table. The intercourse between them was doubtless confined to the severe formalities that customarily veil international hatreds in diplomatic circles.

In those days Washington was no place for a white man, anyway, doubtless most of them thought; for, hounded by the exotic blacks, surrounded by pestilential swamps, and separated by many miles from any decent society, the diplomatic assignment must have been far from attractive. British Envoys came and went, however, and the list if scanned to-day has an occasional glimmer of adventure.



FORMER BRITISH EMBASSY ON LAFAYETTE SQUARE



THE PRESENT BRITISH EMBASSY AT CONNECTICUT AVENUE AND N. STREET

George Hammond's term ended in 1795. Then came Robert Liston, 1796 to 1800; Anthony Merry, 1803 to 1806; Hon. David M. Erskine, 1806 to 1809, and after him came trouble.

The record of Francis James Jackson, who arrived in 1809, is that he was recalled at the request of the United States Government in the same year. Augustus John Foster presented his credentials as successor on July 2, 1811, but the record shows that his "services terminated June 21, 1811, by declaration of war against Great Britain." Ah! those were stirring days. An envoy has ceased to be an envoy before he really becomes one. The days of the cable and the wireless were yet to come. Mr. Foster retraced his steps in haste in consequence of the unjust war that the young republic waged on the mother country in the hour of England's greatest struggle with Napoleon. If he sought any revenge, he must have had it in the advance of the British troops and the burning of Washington as one of the acts of retributive justice.

After these diversions the position of the British envoy settled down to peaceful lines. Hon. Charles Bagot took up the thread in 1816 and served to 1819; Right Hon. Sir Stratford Canning from 1820 to 1823; Right Hon. Charles Richard Vaughan from 1825 to 1833; Henry Stephen

Fox from 1836 to 1844; Lord Ashburton came on a special mission in 1842; Rt. Hon. Richard Pakenham from 1844 to 1847; and Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer from 1849 to 1851.

The term of Lord Lytton is one of the bright spots in the early history of the embassy. He was a literary man of reputation, and as "Owen Meredith" he is remembered with delight by thousands of readers all over the world. The Embassy in those days was in what is now known as the old Corcoran House, a massive brick structure at the corner of Pennsylvania and Connecticut Avenues, facing Lafayette Square, around which the best of Washington society then hovered. A high brick wall surrounded the garden, much of which yet remains, and in this seclusion, amid a profusion of blossoming magnolia and tulip trees, the Envoy Extraordinary forgot the cares of State and wrote his cherished "Lucile." On a nearby corner of the same Square is the Decatur House, where lived Commodore Stephen Decatur, who fought the Pirates of Tripoli after the Revolution when the United States flag was not yet known or respected in the Barbary States, whose adventurous inhabitants made havoc on the commerce of the new Republic.

Following the Lytton regime, came John Frennes Twistleton Crampton, but

the United States Government broke off diplomatic intercourse with him in May, 1856. His successor was Lord Napier, who served from 1857 to 1859. His departure was on a hint from the United States Government, based it is said on a belief that he was neglecting his duty, having failed to acquaint the President of an important action by the British Government affecting the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. This, period, however, was the edge of the Civil War crisis, and another account credits Lord Napier with a too great fondness for an attractive Southern widow.

Lord Lyons, who was Minister from 1859 to 1864, had the immensely difficult role to play of neutrality during the greater part of the War, when the North was constantly jealous of the friendship of the British nation for the South. A less tactful man might have brought the two countries to war when everyone's nerves were on edge. One useful incident in allaying feeling was the visit to Washington in 1860 of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, at the time of his tour of Canada. The young Prince was received at the White House, and the whole affair and the relation of Queen Victoria to it did much to quiet northern hostility to England.

Sir Frederick Bruce, who served from 1865 to 1867, was a younger brother of Lord Elgin, who had visited Washington to negotiate the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 during his term as Governor of Canada. Sir Frederick was born in 1814, entered the diplomatic service in 1842 and died, while still Minister to Washington, in Boston in 1867.

A long term by Sir Edward Thornton followed, which brings us down to the more momentous and interesting regimes of the last generation.

The first of these is that of Hon. L. S. S. West, afterwards Lord Sackville, who came in 1881. His family relations were not thought to be of the best, and he was given a frigid welcome in Washington Society. However, he braved it through until October, 1888, when an incident occurred which gave him long notoriety and disturbed the relations between Britain and the United States for a considerable time. A Presidential election campaign was in progress and in the heat of it a man in California named Morey wrote to Lord

Sackville and, pretending to be a friend of Great Britain, asked the Minister which party he ought to support in the best interests of relations with the mother country. The Envoy replied in a letter marked private, unmindful of the fact as afterwards shown, that it was a trap, advising Morey to support the Democratic party. This, of course, was injudicious, for a diplomat should not take sides in an election in a country to which he is accredited. The letter was at once published, and it created no end of a storm. The Republicans were naturally incensed, while the democrats were scarcely less so, for it brought down on them a cloud of hatred from the Irish in the country.

On the 27th of October the United States Government demanded the recall of Lord Sackville, and on the 30th of the same month he was informed by the U. S. Secretary of State that for reasons already known to him the President was convinced that his continuance at Washington in the official capacity of Her Majesty's Minister was no longer acceptable, and would be consequently detrimental to the relations between the two Governments, and that his passports were therefore sent to him. "Lord Sackville accordingly left Washington," says the official chronicle, briefly.

The effect of this disturbance on the diplomatic waters was felt for a considerable time, and it was all the more regrettable for the influence it reflected from the unsatisfactory condition of the Irish question across the sea. The result would have been much worse had it not been for the brilliant efficiency of the Minister from Great Britain who followed. This was Sir Julian, afterwards Lord Pauncefote, whose term of nearly 14 years will ever be a bright page in the annals of Britain's diplomacy. Although he came to Washington without previous diplomatic experience, having been legal adviser to the Foreign office, he was not long in his post before he had demonstrated remarkable capacity and initiative for his task.

The likenesses of Lord Pauncefote suggest a stern old English gentleman possessing something of the dignity and unbending quality attributed to John Bull himself. While he had the dignity and the zeal of his cause, he yet was intense-

ly human, and was not only Dean of the Diplomatic Corps while he was in Washington, but was personally very popular. Lady Pauncefote and her four daughters were keenly interested in the work of diplomacy, and they lightened his burdens and promoted his cause at the various inevitable social functions.

Lord Pauncefote was fond of the common people and often strolled off by himself in the poorer sections of the city. He had a tremendous admiration for the ability, of its kind, of the average street fakir, and was often seen edging into a greasy crowd around a man selling liniment or glue for mending china, or some such trifle. The amiable Ambassador—for he was the first at Washington to be given that rank—used to say he visited the realm of the fakir for the sake of hearing him talk, and that many men in Parliament had much less forensic ability than the spell-binders of the street corners.

On one occasion Sir Julian was the guest of the Gridiron Club, Washington's famous organization of newspaper correspondents. He had a pleasant time, of course, and met the hosts as fellow men, not as correspondents. A short time afterwards, when the arbitration treaty was a prominent public topic, Sir Julian met on a street car, the correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, who spoke to the Ambassador, recalled the pleasure his visit had afforded the Gridiron Club, and proceeded to ask him about the treaty then under consideration. To his astonishment Sir Julian spoke freely about it and gave him what in journalistic parlance is called "a good story." It was properly displayed in the Baltimore paper, telegraphed and cabled all over the world and created a great stir in diplomatic circles. The Ambassador was asked to disavow the interview, and he replied that he could disavow it, but truth compelled him to say that he "had had the conversation with an amiable person on a tramcar."

Lord Pauncefote brought with him to Washington all the Englishman's love of outdoor exercise. He not only was fond of athletics himself, but he encouraged it in his staff. One day this came in useful, for a mad dog seen tearing down the street in front of the Embassy caused two of the staff to vault the fence, bear down

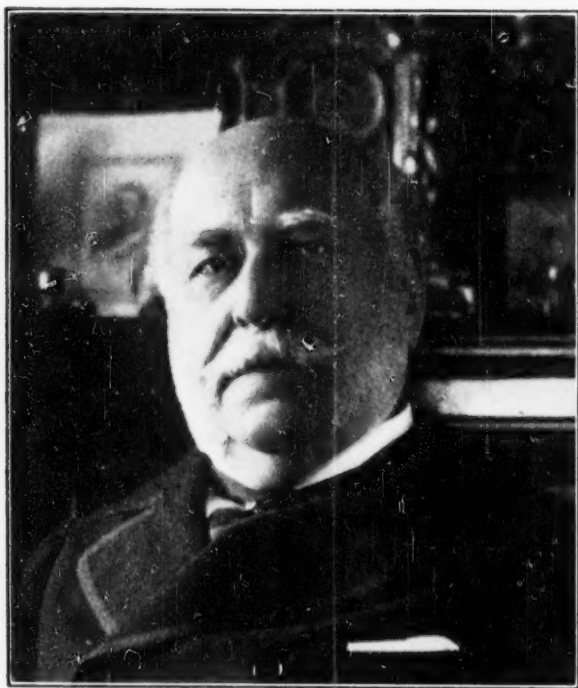
on the dog and kill it before it could do anyone any harm.

Sometimes Lord Pauncefote's dignity got the better of his judgment. Thus for a long time he held that his position entitled him to precedence over everybody except the President, and it was only after the venerable diplomat had received a special hint from the Foreign Office at London that he consented to call on the Vice-President.

Apart from the charm of his personality, which after all unfortunately was appreciated by but a limited circle, Lord Pauncefote earned his title to fame by lasting work in the field of diplomacy. Coming to the United States at a time when relations were seriously strained by the blunder of Lord Sackville, he set about the cultivation of friendly feelings between the two countries. Soon after his arrival he undertook to put an end to the vexed Alaska seal question, and negotiated with Mr. Blaine the treaty which established the Paris tribunal. This was something to achieve with a statesman of the Blaine type, for his diplomacy was never what would be termed of the pacific type, and the Behring sea fisheries had strained the relations of the two countries almost to the breaking point.

Soon after this, in 1895, came the crisis precipitated by President Cleveland's belligerent message on the Venezuelan boundary, which brought the two countries nearer to war than they had been since 1812. This was indeed a trying hour for the British Ambassador. The United States Minister in London essayed to smooth matters over, but with little success. Lord Pauncefote then tried his hand, but even he was handicapped by lack of sympathy with his pacific methods on the part of members of his Embassy staff. Finally, through his tact, patience and wisdom, the dispute was left to arbitration, war was averted, and the Ambassador had earned the gratitude of the entire Anglo-Saxon race.

Later, Lord Pauncefote and Secretary Olney negotiated the general arbitration treaty, which up to a few weeks ago held the record in the advance of the principle of arbitration in modern times. It was hailed with delight by every friend of peace and civilization in the world. It was, however, never ratified by the United



LORD PAUNCEFOTE

Who came to the United States when British-American relations were strained, and who promoted a good understanding.

States Senate and remains in the pigeon-hole of the Senate Executive Clerk, covered with dust and buried under amendments. Such a treaty was but a few years ahead of its time, and the cause has been merely that much delayed. Having failed to secure the adoption of this treaty, Lord Pauncefote became an eager advocate of the Czar's plan for an international meeting in behalf of universal peace, and wisely dominated the Conference at The Hague.

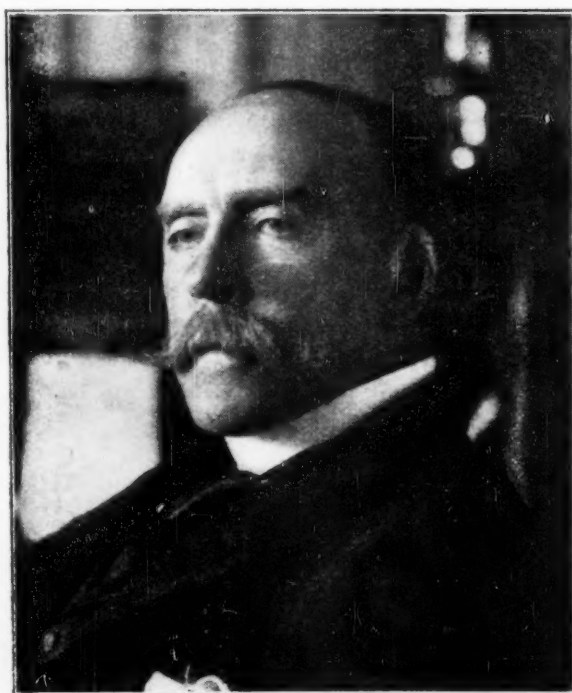
His final claim to popularity in the United States was his conduct of a delicate situation during the period of the Spanish-American war. During this crucial time he truly represented the sentiment of his country in the friendship he manifested for the cause of the United States when practically the rest of the world was either hostile or indifferent. He was literally the only friend of the United States among the representatives of the great powers at Washington at that time. Coupled with this is his service in adjusting the relations with Great Britain at the time that the United States wanted to own and carry on the Isthmian Canal.

When Lord Pauncefote died in May, 1902, he was still in office, his term having been twice extended beyond the age limit, because of his excellent services.

He was everywhere praised for the soundness, safeness and sanity of his judgment, and Secretary Hay said of him: "His Majesty's Government has lost a most able and faithful servant and this country a valued friend."

When it was announced that the successor to Lord Pauncefote was to be Hon. M. H., afterwards Rt. Hon. Sir Michael, Herbert there were high hopes of a continuation of the recent good record. Herbert had married an American wife and was in close intimacy with society in the Eastern cities. The Ambassador, however, was in poor health, in fact already the hand of death was upon him, and he died in office in September, 1903, without any special record of achievement.

Although Sir Michael Herbert left behind him the reputation of being "a most accomplished dinner giver," and a friendship with President Roosevelt enjoyed by few other diplomats, Sir Mortimer Durand, his successor, a much abler man, was to suffer by his deficiencies in social relations with the President. Sir Mortimer came to Washington after a long residence in the Orient, his father having been prominent in the India Civil Service for 40 years. The younger Durand got his start there, accompanied Lord Roberts on his Afghan campaign in 1879, as political secretary, and in 1893 he undertook a special mission to the wily Ameer of Afghanistan



SIR MORTIMER DURAND

been done to show that the hopes of 1907 have not been disappointed. He was famed as a statesman, the first Ambassador from Britain to Washington of Cabinet rank; a scholar, for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had declared him "the best all-round, the most accomplished man in the House of Commons;" a writer, and indeed the author of the best book ever published on the United States Government, namely, "The American Commonwealth;" a man who knew the Republic from end to end by personal contact, as well as nearly all the rest of the world; and was the first white man to stand on the top of Mount Ararat; an Irishman by birth and a beloved administrator of the country that had sent so many Anglo-maniacs to the United States; a friend of the British colonies and dominions and possessing a wide knowledge of them through travel and personal acquaintance. Finally, a man of whom the British Premier, "C.B." already quoted, had said: "Bryce had been everywhere, he has read almost everything and he knows everybody."

Mr. Bryce had behind him a long career in the public service, having entered Parliament in 1880 as member for Tower Hamlets in London, where if the rude East Enders did not follow him in his academic thought, they at least respected him. For years he represented Aberdeen, a constituency that makes the proud boast that it had not one illiterate voter. He was President of the Board of Trade from 1892 to 1895, and for a time was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He had the courage to oppose the South African War, but cannot be accused of lack of interest in the over-seas dominions, for he was one of the founders of the Imperial Federation League. In 1905 he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and that unhappy Island never had a more painstaking Secretary, nor one on such good terms with the Nationalists.

It was from this task that he was called to Washington, and everyone agreed that the choice was logical and inevitable. To his task at Washington he has brought the same qualities of intensive cultivation of the mind, the same alertness of thought, speech and action, the same keenness of observation, and the same happy manner of meeting the world's best

during his service as Under Foreign Secretary. Subsequently he was Minister to Persia and to Spain. With such a record and such a temperament he was scarcely the man to "catch on" with President Roosevelt.

The situation in Washington was complicated by the inroads that the German Ambassador, Speck von Sternberg, had made in the Roosevelt confidences. The very day "Speck" reached the country he hastened to Oyster Bay and was soon engrossed with the President in the enthusiasms of rifle shooting. He soon, of course, got into the "tennis Cabinet," was constantly in the company of the President, and naturally had some influence with him. On the other hand, President Roosevelt saw little of the British Ambassador. This was bad enough, in the feverish state of Anglo-German opinion. To add to the complications, there was an "eternal feminine" in the person of Lady Susan Townley, wife of the Embassy Counsellor, an ambitious woman who was accused of setting up a court of her own and of writing letters home to England containing slighting references to the Durands.

Friends of the Durands, on the other hand, after his return to England, claimed that the Ambassador made himself unpopular in Washington by too great insistence on the rights of his Home Government in his relations with the United States authorities. One of the affronts with which he was charged was that he refused to bring pressure to bear on Japan, Britain's ally, at the time of the Portsmouth Peace conference. Whatever the cause—and personally he was declared to be a man of dignified, simple, straight-forward diplomacy and of great personal charm—Sir Mortimer Durand's term suddenly terminated by his resignation, equivalent to a recall, about the first of the year 1907.

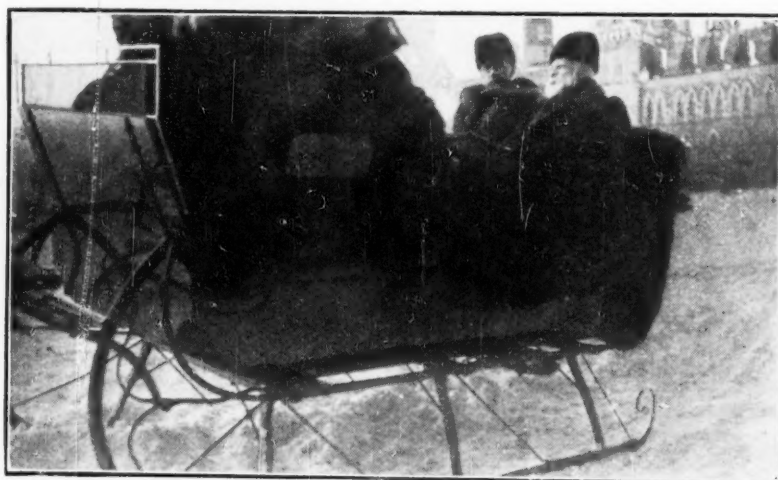
This brings our chronicle down to the term of the present Ambassador at Washington, Rt. Hon. James Bryce, who took office in April of that year. Never has an envoy from Great Britain come to Washington hailed with so much satisfaction by the people among whom he was to mingle and to labor. Here was a man that seemed to possess all the qualifications, and though it is too early yet to estimate his achievements, enough has

men that carried him to the front in his native land. The result is seen in the conspicuous place he holds in the social and political world of the United States. He is constantly in demand as a speaker. He goes about the country as a man of forty or fifty instead of 73. Yesterday he addressed a peace society, to-day a meeting of a thousand men in a colored Y.M.C.A., to-morrow we hear of him at a Canadian Club in Ottawa, or Toronto, next week he is in Boston before a literary organization talking of some phase of English literature. To such a man, although Nature, already prodigal enough, has denied him the supreme gifts of the orator, speaking comes easily. His mind is saturated with information on a hun-

Great Britain, and President Taft for the Republic, who in this treaty seeks to implement suggestions which originated with him and found an immediate response in the country to which they were directed.

We have spoken thus far chiefly of the political side of the British Embassy. The social side is more prominent in the daily life of the Capital.

Here, in the city of Washington, is one large centre in the United States where the people who are rich and *nothing else* have trouble in obtaining recognition. The new congressman comes to town with all the glow of a political triumph, and his wife expects to take society by storm. Alas, for her confidence! There are several thousand



EARL GREY AND AMBASSADOR BRYCE
Driving from the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa

dred topics, and given time and strength, he can do much in the diffusion of information and the inspiration for right thinking.

Mr. Bryce has been constantly active in the various branches of his diplomatic work. He had to do with the adjudication of the long-standing fisheries dispute between the United States and Canada and Newfoundland, which reached a happy conclusion at The Hague last year and at Washington in the supplementary conferences in January. His greatest effort, however, has been in forwarding the general treaty of arbitration between Britain and the United States, which, at the moment of writing, seems probable of realization during the present year. Such an achievement is only possible through the efforts of sane humanitarian statesmen like Mr. Bryce and Sir Edward Grey for

ahead of her, just as important, and she has to wait her turn.

The home of the embassy is a large brick building at the corner of Connecticut avenue and N street, Washington. Large high-ceiled rooms, decorated by men sent specially from England, a spacious hall and grand staircase, looking up to a painting of Queen Victoria in her coronation robes, give character and solidity suggesting the country here represented. One room with a desk in the centre, littered with papers and books, at once locates the working place of the literary worker, the man of the world, who reigns here as ambassador, and who from human sympathy and intellectual understanding has his fingers on the pulse of the United States, of the Empire he represents, and indeed of the whole world.

LITTLE TALES FOR SUMMER WEATHER

The Ingrate

By William Hugo Pabke

"**T**HIRTEEN, black, odd and second dozen!" The group gathered around the black and red painted table broke into a nervous laugh at the sound of the number condemned by usage as unlucky.

"I can't buck thirteen! She's a repeater to-night."

A jovial, red-faced drummer counted a few five and ten-cent pieces, all that was left of his pile, and laughingly made his way toward the door. The croupier ordered a milk and Vichy and suspended the play while he drank solemnly. It was a welcome respite for the winners, but a hard ordeal for those who were losing—this waiting for the little ivory ball to go whirring again over the wheel and rattling across the brasses.

Wallace Grant wondered vaguely how these men could have laughed. He tried to remember when he had last felt in the mood for laughter and the thought came to him with sickening insistence that he would never have cause to feel glad again.

Thirteen! and he, with a gambler's curious superstition had been hammering twenty-four, the present date, all the evening. He left his place and paced nervously the length of the room, stopping near a green-covered, crescent-shaped table where the heavy sports were playing stud. He lighted a cigarette with hands that shook pitifully and stood watching the play.

"The gentleman raises a hundred," cried the dealer crisply. "Does anybody like the looks of it? No? It's all yours, sir," and he pushed a huge pile of blue chips and yellow notes toward a stolid, heavy-faced man who apparently awoke from a sound sleep to reach for them.

Wallace gazed at the puffy-eyed man hungrily. A fierce envy leavened by personal hope arose in him at the sight of the gambler's success. He drew a gasping breath, but the hot, smoke-laden air choked him and he turned again toward the roulette table.

"Once again, gentlemen," the croupier was saying, "'Round and 'round she goes; where she'll stop nobody knows."

The ball started with a harsh whirr which lessened little by little as the ivory dropped towards the boxes. Then came the clickety-click-click-click of the last moment of supreme suspense before the little sphere, the soulless bearer of a world of wild hopes and bitter disappointments dropped, satisfied, into its bucket.

Wallace pushed his way again toward the wheel. He glanced around the room as he went, noting the familiar details calmly. It would be the last time, anyway, no matter what happened.

He noticed the little Italian who frequented the place nightly, perched on his stool at the far end of the board. So things were going badly with Giovanni too, thought Wallace. It was easy to see

how luck went with the excitable little foreigner. On evenings when he won, his face beamed with happiness and he made a nuisance of himself by his noisy mirth. But when the numbers ran adversely, as now, his distress was tragic. Heretofore, Wallace had been able to see the amusing side of the scene, but to-night the tragedy stood out gaunt and bare, a skeleton stripped of all the graces of jest and humor.

He asked for chips in a dispirited, hopeless manner. Kaleidoscopic glimpses of his recent life passed like flashes through his mind while he screwed up his courage to resume his play. In the early Montreal spring he had been drawn by new companions into a gayer, faster life than was his wont. His habits became more expensive than he could afford. Then came debt, a new element in his hitherto well-regulated existence and one with which his inexperience found it difficult to cope. He remembered how he had confided his troubles to the reckless leader of the little set which had welcomed him to its midst after a first chance meeting.

"Try Donahue's," had been the careless answer. Clarendon was going there himself that evening for a flier and would introduce him.

He had won that first night! Oh yes, he had won! Not enough to relieve his difficulties—Fate, with her usual irony, had seen to that—but enough so that he had been able to be a prince of good fellows during a wild revel in the small hours. The next night had found him again watching the ball spin. And then memories crowded thick and fast, hurting him.

He came out of his reverie with a start and found himself standing beside Giovanni. The Italian's luck had turned and he was chattering gaily to his neighbors, to the croupier, to anyone who would listen while he placed his bets.

Wallace realized that he had to play.

He began by betting small amounts on number twenty-four, loth to relinquish his superstition. Time and again his money covered the small circle that seemed to fascinate him and time and again it was swept away. He knew what he would do if he lost! There was nothing that he could do to avert it. He groaned and went very white. Trembling he hedged

on a color bet—and lost. His hand sought his pocket and found a crumpled note. With a convulsive movement he crushed the note back into his pocket and turned as though to go. Then he laughed to himself harshly. Flee from what? Where to? No! he must stay until the game was played out and then—well—the end.

He shoved his all across the board, placing it on his favorite number, twenty-four. Then he turned his back to the table.

The ball spun. Wallace heard the whirr through ages of agonized waiting—then the click on the brasses—and he wanted to cry out that he couldn't bear it. The croupier's voice began sleepily, "Twenty"—Wallace felt a thrill from head to foot—"three, red, odd and second dozen," it continued mercilessly. Wallace uttered a low cry and his knees weakened under him. He staggered blindly from the table and heard someone behind him say contemptuously, "You take it pretty hard, Sport!"

The cruelty of it! Hard! Of course he took it hard. He looked up and saw the proprietor, watching him from the door of the faro room. A thought struck him and with it came another rush of hope. Donahue was a fat, good-natured Irishman who seemed to take it seriously to heart when his customers dropped their money in his place and who congratulated them with beaming heartiness upon their successes.

* * *

"Donahue," he said in a choked whisper, "I'm up against it!"

"Hov' ye losht ag'in, Misther Grant?" The genial gambler was commiseration personified.

"Yes—I—I've lost again." Wallace whispered as he drew his companion out of earshot of the group around the faro layout.

"Now—now, that's too bad," Donahue's face wore an expression of deepest gloom.

Wallace stood biting his nails and wondering how sincere was the sorrow apparently expressed with such vividness in the other's countenance. "Donahue," he began shakily, "Could you—that is—w-will you lend me some money to carry me through? I—I'm up against it."

"Now—now, ain't thot too bad, Misther Grant? I feel just like if me own brother had told me thot." Donahue shook his head dolefully. "Just as if you was me brother," he said slowly. Then he braced himself as for an effort and hurried through the rest of his speech. "an' if it was me brother, Misther Grant, I couldn't do a t'ing fer him—not a dom t'ing. Fer why? Well, I don't lind to no wan."

Wallace drew his breath with a quick intake and a look of sudden resolution came into his shifting eyes.

"Donahue," he said, his voice hardening to a more forceful note, "I must have this money—two hundred I need. If you don't come up with it quick you'll be sorry." His hand shot into his pocket and drew out a pistol. He held it concealed from all except the proprietor.

"Look!" he cried.

An amused twinkle played in the Irishman's eyes as he glanced at it. "So ye're goin' to hold me up fer two hund'ed bones right in me own place—eh? An' if I don't come up ye're goin' to assassinate me with thot?" He pointed contemptuously at the shining thing. "Now—now ain't it funny!"

"Shoot *you*? Not by a d——m sight," Wallace said tensely. He covered the pistol with his handkerchief and held it to his breast. "That's where the bullet will go in just one minute if you don't loosen. Where will your pretty, gilt hell be then—and your hundred thousand dollar income—after the police have butted in?"

The gambler gazed for a long minute coldly into the eyes of the man who threatened him. "Ye do seem to be in trouble, an' thot's a fact," he said slowly. "Now suppose ye tell me all about it."

Wallace wilted and slipping his revolver into his coat pocket, said hoarsely, "My God, Donahue, I—I'm short at the bank!"

"Why didn't ye say so in the firrst place?" cried Donahue fiercely. "I may run a gamblin' j'int but I don't want the reon of anny mon on me conscience. An' wan t'ing more—don't think yer bluff scared me—fer it didn't. Now will two hund'ed fix ye up?"

"Yes," faltered Wallace. He lied when he said it, but he thought it was all he could get.

"Here," said Donahue, not unkindly. He handed Wallace a roll of bills, walked over to the faro layout and became absorbed in watching the deal.

Wallace stood irresolute for a moment on the threshold looking first at his benefactor and then longingly at the roulette wheel in the other room. With a sudden gesture of relief he stole furtively back to his old place.

Sitting down, he drew Donahue's money from his pocket and gazed at it earnestly as it lay in his hand, shadowed by the edge of the table. Here was enough certainly to make good the check that he had recklessly drawn and cashed that afternoon but it was not enough to cover the forced loans of which he had previously been guilty. The bank that employed him was merciless in matters of this kind.

"Ten bets of twenty dollars each on a thirty-five to one shot," he murmured, "One of them *must* make good and then I'd be square—square." He turned to a neighbor and asked, "How have the numbers been running? Never mind colors."

"Low—a whole bunch of first dozens and the O and double O every other trip, pretty near," said the man, plastering the numbers from one to ten as he spoke.

Wallace laid a bill on number one and awaited results.

"Number ten, black, even and first dozen," sang the new croupier cheerily after the ball had stopped. Wallace was not dismayed—he had plenty of ammunition. He played the O four times only to hear one, two, six called, and then double O.

He began to get worried and changed his bet to the latter number. As the ball fell the croupier called, "Single O." Hot tears of rage and helplessness sprang into Wallace's eyes at this last blow of Fate. Could he not win? Was it an impossibility? There were now only four bets left him.

His mind became chaotic—he played in a panic, an insane light raging in his eyes. Once—he lost—twice—and only two bets left. Now the third was gone. And after the next? There was no loophole now. If he lost—he drew a long shuddering breath at the thought—the game would be over—The game! He laughed bitterly at the misnomer.

He placed his last bet on O, a mist clouding his brain. He was conscious of no feeling of suspense. A great peace encompassed him. Poor human endurance had reached its limit and he would rest. After the drop of the ball came a voice from a great distance, calling and mocking him with, "Thirty-six, red, even and third dozen."

His hand sought his coat pocket. A

flash—a sharp report—and Donahue came tearing through the press of panic-stricken men who were trying to escape from the place of danger. He bent over the prostrate form for a moment. Then he straightened himself and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"The ongrateful cur!" he said, with a deep-toned curse, the passion of which shook his frame.

The Poet and the Peasant*

By O. Henry

THE other day a poet friend of mine, who had lived in close communication with nature all his life, wrote a poem and took it to an editor.

It was a living pastoral, full of the genuine breath of the fields, the song of birds, and the pleasant chatter of trickling streams.

When the poet called again to see about it, with hopes of a beefsteak dinner in his heart, it was handed back to him with the comment:

"Too artificial."

Several of us met over spaghetti and Dutchess County chianti, and swallowed indignation with the slippery forkfuls.

And there we dug a pit for the editor. With us was Conant, a well-arrived writer of fiction—a man who had trod on asphalt all his life, and who had never looked upon bucolic scenes except with sensations of disgust from the windows of express trains.

Conant wrote a poem and called it "The Doe and the Brook." It was a fine specimen of the kind of work you would expect from a poet who had strayed with Amaryllis only as far as the florist's windows, and whose sole ornithological discussion had been carried on with a waiter. Conant signed this poem, and we sent it to the same editor.

But this has very little to do with the story.

Just as the editor was reading the first line of the poem, on the next morning, a being stumbled off the West Shore ferry-

boat, and loped slowly up Forty-second Street.

The invader was a young man with light blue eyes, a hanging lip and hair the exact color of the little orphan's (afterward discovered to be the earl's daughter) in one of Mr. Blaney's plays. His trousers were corduroy, his coat short-sleeved, with buttons in the middle of his back. One bootleg was outside the corduroys. You looked expectantly, though in vain, at his straw hat for ear holes, its shape inaugurating the suspicion that it had been ravaged from a former equine possessor. In his hand was a valise—description of it is an impossible task; a Boston man would not have carried his lunch and law books to his office in it. And above one ear, in his hair, was a wisp of hay—the rustic's letter of credit, his badge of innocence, the last clinging touch of the Garden of Eden lingering to shame the gold-brick man.

Knowingly, smilingly, the city crowds passed him by. They saw the raw stranger stand in the gutter and stretch his neck at the tall buildings. At this they ceased to smile, and even to look at him. It had been done so often. A few glanced at the antique valise to see what Coney "attraction" or brand of chewing gum he might be thus dinning into his memory. But for the most part he was ignored. Even the newsboys looked bored when he scampered like a circus clown out of the way of cabs and street cars.

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At Eighth Avenue stood "Bunco Harry," with his dyed mustache and shiny, good-natured eyes. Harry was too good an artist not to be pained at the sight of an actor overdoing his part. He edged up to the countryman, who had stopped to open his mouth at a jewelry store window, and shook his head.

"Too thick, pal," he said, critically—"too thick by a couple of inches. I don't know what your lay is; but you've got the properties on too thick. That hay, now—why, they don't even allow that on Proctor's circuit any more."

"I don't understand you, mister," said the green one. "I'm not lookin' for any circus. I've just run down from Ulster County to look at the town, bein' that the hayin's over with. Gosh! but it's a whopper. I thought Poughkeepsie was some pumpkins; but this here town is five times as big."

"Oh, well," said "Bunco Harry," raising his eyebrows, "I didn't mean to butt in. You don't have to tell. I thought you ought to tone down a little, so I tried to put you wise. Wish you success at your graft, whatever it is. Come and have a drink, anyhow."

"I wouldn't mind having a glass of lager beer," acknowledged the other.

They went to a cafe frequented by men with smooth faces and shifty eyes, and sat at their drinks.

"I'm glad I come across you, mister," said Haylocks. "How'd you like to play a game or two of seven-up? I've got the keerds."

He fished them out of Noah's valise—a rare, inimitable deck, greasy with bacon suppers and grimy with the soil of corn-fields.

"Bunco Harry" laughed loud and briefly.

"Not for me, sport," he said, firmly. "I don't go against that make-up of yours for a cent. But I still say you've overdone it. The Reubs haven't dressed like that since '79. I doubt if you could work Brooklyn for a key-winding watch with that layout."

"Oh, you needn't think I ain't got the money," boasted Haylocks. He drew forth a tightly rolled mass of bills as large as a teacup, and laid it on the table.

"Got that for my share of grandmother's farm," he announced. "There's

\$950 in that roll. Thought I'd come to the city and look around for a likely business to go into."

"Bunco Harry" took up the roll of money and looked at it with almost respect in his smiling eyes.

"I've seen worse," he said, critically. "But you'll never do it in them clothes. You want to get light tan shoes and a black suit and a straw hat with a colored band, and talk a good deal about Pittsburg and freight differentials, and drink sherry for breakfast in order to work off phony stuff like that."

"What's his line?" asked two or three shifty-eyed men of "Bunco Harry" after Haylocks had gathered up his impugned money and departed.

"The queer, I guess," said Harry. "Or else he's one of Jerome's men. Or some guy with a new graft. He's too much layseed. Maybe that his—I wonder now—oh, no, it couldn't have been real money."

Haylocks wandered on. Thirst probably assailed him again, for he dived into a dark groggery on a side street and bought beer. Several sinister fellows hung upon one end of the bar. At first sight of him their eyes brightened; but when his insistent and exaggerated rusticity became apparent their expressions changed to wary suspicion.

Haylocks swung his valise across the bar.

"Keep that a while for me, mister," he said, chewing at the end of a virulent claybank cigar. "I'll be back after I knock around a spell. And keep your eye on it, for there's \$950 inside of it, though maybe you wouldn't think so to look at me."

Somewhere outside a phonograph struck up a band piece, and Haylocks was off for it, his coat-tail buttons flopping in the middle of his back.

"Divvy, Mike," said the men hanging upon the bar, winking openly at one another.

"Honest, now," said the bartender, kicking the valise to one side. "You don't think I'd fall to that, do you? Anybody can see he ain't no jay. One of McAdoo's come-on squad, I guess. He's a shine if he made himself up. There ain't no parts of the country now where they dress like that since they run rural free

delivery to Providence, Rhode Island. If he's got nine-fifty in that valise it's a ninety-eight cent Waterbury that's stopped at ten minutes to ten."

When Haylocks had exhausted the resources of Mr. Edison to amuse he returned for his valise. And then down Broadway he gallivanted, culling the sights with his eager blue eyes. But still and evermore Broadway rejected him with curt glances and sardonic smiles. He was the oldest of the "gags" that the city must endure. He was so flagrantly impossible so ultra rustic, so exaggerated beyond the most freakish products of the barnyard, the hayfield and the vaudeville stage, that he excited only weariness and suspicion. And the wisp of hay in his hair was so genuine, so fresh and redolent of the meadows, so clamorously rural that even a shell-game man would have put up his peas and folded his table at the sight of it.

Haylocks seated himself upon a flight of stone steps and once more exhumed his roll of yellow-backs from the valise. The cuter one, a twenty, he shucked off and beckoned to a newsboy.

"Son," said he, "run somewhere and get this changed for me. I'm mighty high out of chicken feed. I guess you'll get a nickel if you'll hurry up."

A hurt look appeared through the dirt on the newsy's face.

"Aw' watchert'ink! G'wan and get yer funny bill changed yerself. Dey ain't no farm clothes yer got on. G'wan wit yer stage money."

On a corner lounged a keen-eyed steerer for a gambling-house. He saw Haylocks, and his expression suddenly grew cold and virtuous.

"Mister," said the rural one. "I've heard of places in this here town where a fellow could have a good game of old sledge or peg a card at keno. I got \$950 in this valise, and I come down from old Ulster to see the sights. Know where a fellow could get action on about \$9 or \$10? I'm goin' to have some sport, and then maybe I'll buy out a business of some kind."

The steerer looked pained, and investigated a white speck on his left forefinger nail.

"Cheese it, old man," he murmured, reproachfully. "The Central Office must be

bughouse to send you out looking like such a gillie. You couldn't get within two blocks of a sidewalk crap game in them Tony Pastor props. The recent Mr. Scotty from Death Valley has got you beat a crosstown block in the way of Elizabethan scenery and mechanical accessories. Let it be skiddoo for yours. Nay, I know of no gilded halls where one may bet a patrol wagon on the ace."

Rebuffed again by the great city that is so swift to detect artificialities, Haylocks sat upon the curb and presented his thoughts to hold a conference.

"It's my clothes," said he; "durned if it ain't. They think I'm a hayseed and won't have nothin' to do with me. Nobody never made fun of this hat in Ulster County. I guess if you want folks to notice you in New York you must dress up like they do."

So Haylocks went shopping in the bazaars where men spoke through their noses and rubbed their hands and ran the tape line ecstatically over the bulge in his inside pocket where reposed a red nubbin of corn with an even number of rows. And messengers bearing parcels and boxes streamed to his hotel on Broadway within the lights of Long Acre.

At 9 o'clock in the evening one descended to the sidewalk whom Ulster County would have foresworn. Bright tan were his shoes; his hat the latest block. His light gray trousers were deeply creased; a gay blue silk handkerchief flapped from the breast pocket of his elegant English walking coat. His collar might have graced a laundry window; his blonde hair was trimmed close; the wisp of hay was gone.

For an instant he stood, resplendent, with the leisurely air of a boulevardier concocting in his mind the route for his evening pleasures. And then he turned down the gay, bright street with the easy and graceful tread of a millionaire.

But in the instant that he had paused the wisest and keenest eyes in the city had enveloped him in their field of vision. A stout man with gray eyes picked two of his friends with a lift of his eyebrows from the row of loungers in front of the hotel.

"The juiciest jay I've seen in six months," said the man with gray eyes. "Come along."

It was half-past eleven when a man galloped into the West Forty-seventh Street Police Station with the story of his wrongs.

"Nine hundred and fifty dollars," he gasped, "all my share of grandmother's farm."

The desk sergeant wrung from him the name Jabez Bulltongue, of Locust Valley farm, Ulster County, and then began to take descriptions of the strong-arm gentlemen.

When Conant went to see the editor about the fate of his poem, he was received over the head of the office boy into the inner office that is decorated with the statuettes by Rodin and J. G. Brown.

"When I read the first line of 'The Doe and the Brook,'" said the editor, "I knew it to be the work of one whose life has been heart to heart with Nature. The finished art of the line did not blind me to that fact. To use a somewhat homely comparison, it was as if a wild, free child of the woods and fields were to don the garb of fashion and walk down Broadway. Beneath the apparel the man would show."

"Thanks," said Conant. "I suppose the check will be round on Thursday, as usual."

The morals of this story have somehow gotten mixed. You can take your choice of "Stay on the Farm" or "Don't Write Poetry."

A Trial by Golf

By W. Hastings Webling

"THE trouble with you, Morley, is you're not keen!"

"In what particular, dear Betty?" queried the young man with the respectful gravity in which he usually accepted her occasional lectures.

"Well, you never seem to consider anything worth while."

"Yes, I do, fair cousin," he protested gently, "I think you decidedly worth while, and take golf—"

"Very well," she interrupted somewhat scathingly, "We'll take golf. Everyone knows you are an awfully good player, but you never win anything!"

"Visitor's Cup last winter in Balm Beach," he reminded her, diffidently.

"Pshaw! any Pot-hunter can win things like that—I mean something worth winning. The Club Challenge Cup, for instance."

"Been in the semi-finals two years running and finals this year," he pleaded, a propitiating smile on his clean-cut face.

"I don't think I would mention that, if I were you," she said slowly, "after letting that little red-headed Sammy Smithers beat you, and this only his second season."

"O, say, Betty," he exclaimed, stirred by her sarcastic tone, "you know how that happened. Sam is such a joke I couldn't take him seriously—why I was five up at the turn."

"But he beat you on the last hole!"

"Sort of thing might occur to any fellow. I let up on him, the little brute suddenly developed phenomenal form and made the last six holes in two under bogey. A thing he never did before or never likely to do again. Of course, I admit it was largely carelessness on my part."

"That's precisely what I say, you're not keen enough!" she proclaimed, with finality, "no one should let up in competition of any kind, until the game is won. It's fatal, and exactly where you fall down."

"Well, I wouldn't be so beastly hard on a chap, just because he doesn't collect a whole lot of useless junk. The last time you rowed me about lacking business ambition and that sort of thing. I went right out next day and took a flutter on the stock market. Result!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, "I cleared over three thousand dollars in one month!"

"Yes, and lost it all, with more beside, last week. O! I heard all about it!"

"Who in the name of mischief told you that?"

"Never you mind who told me—you can't deny it?"

"Well, never mind," she said, rising from her chair and depositing some frothy looking fancy work in a bag. "I have several calls to make and mustn't keep mother waiting. But Morley, don't forget this, you play off to-morrow, with Mr. Lanesborough for the President's medal."

"Yes, we play in the finals. What are your wishes, fair cousin of mine?"

"I want you to 'buck up' as the boys say, and beat him—do you understand?"

"Sure thing! I'll do my best, but I don't mind telling you, Lanesborough is some player, when he's on his game."

"Yes, yes, I know, but so are you, if you'll only buck up. O! Morley, I do so want you to win that medal," she pleaded earnestly.

Morley Vansittart rose to the full height of his five feet ten of physical fitness and looked curiously into the eager eyes before him. "Betty," said he, half jokingly, "why this abnormal and surprising interest in a mere golf match? Anything up?"

Her pretty oval face flushed deliciously, as she hesitated a minute, then she said, "Morley, if Mr. Lanesborough beats you to-morrow, he is going to give me the medal for a brooch—if I promise to wear it. You—you know what that means?"

Before he could reply, she had escaped his relaxed grip, and made a sudden exit through the portiers, leaving the young man staring vacantly.

"Well, what d'ye know about that!" he gasped in unaffected astonishment. "Bertie Lanesborough, by all that's ridiculous—why, I didn't think that blamed Britisher *knew enough!*"

"Is that you, Morley? exclaimed a surprised voice behind him. "I thought you had gone hours ago. Where's Betty?"

"Just vanished into space, Aunt Emilie," said he, turning to greet a tall handsomely gowned lady, who stood busily buttoning her gloves. "Aunt Emily," he blurted out, "what's the matter with Betty? Are they—is there anything between Lanesborough and her?"

"Why—what do you mean, Morley? They are very good friends, I believe."

"I guess there is more in it than that!

Fact is Betty just as much as told me there was—What a blighted fool, I've been!"

"Really, Morley," observed Mrs. Willis Vansittart, quietly fastening the final button, "I don't quite see the cause of all this excitement. You must have noticed his growing attention to your cousin lately. I think it would be an excellent match."

"Why, how can you say that, Aunt Emilie," said the deeply perturbed youth, "you know Betty and I have been sweet-hearts, ever since we were kiddies. I've always taken that for granted. She isn't going to marry him, is she?"

Her understanding eyes noted his troubled expression, and she had mercy. "I don't know about that, but she certainly isn't engaged—yet! But, Morley, let me recommend one fact to your serious consideration. Never take anything, that is worth anything, for granted. Especially a woman."

"You bet I won't after this," exclaimed her relieved nephew. "Good-bye, Aunt Emilie, I'm off to the links for a good work out."

The door slammed and Morley jumped into his car and was soon racing out to the Links.

The club house was vacant when he arrived, so quickly changing his clothes, he engaged a caddy and started out to get in form for the momentous match on the morrow. He practised steadily for over an hour. His approaching was excellent, his drives far and sure, while his putting, though not perfect, was well up to his average.

"I think that kind of game will about hold Mr. Bertie Lanesborough," he muttered, as he returned his clubs and bag to the caddy, and strolled towards the Club house. "Keen is it! I'll show her what I can do when I once start! I'll sweep the greens with that blooming Englishman to-morrow, by Jove, or swallow my niblick, hang me if I don't."

Ascending the steps to the Club house, he saw Lanesborough. Morley was in no mood for conversation, so he attempted to pass with a casual nod.

That worthy, however, was not to be avoided.

"I say, old chan," he exclaimed with an attractive smile which lighted up an other-

wise rather plain, heavy, but good-natured face, "where the deuce are you off to? Been waiting nearly an hour for you."

"May I ask why?" inquired Morley, frigidly.

"What's up, Van?" said the Englishman, gazing with surprise into the frowning face before him. "You look like a man attending his own funeral. Nothing wrong is there?"

"Not the slightest."

"Sit down then and have a drink. I have very important matters to discuss with you."

Drinks were ordered, and Morley dropped reluctantly into a chair and waited for Lanesborough to proceed.

The Englishman leisurely refilled his pipe and gazed at Morley plaintively out of his deep set eyes. "In the words of your classic diction," he said at last, "I'm up against it!"

"Up against what?" said Morley, somewhat puzzled but strictly on his guard.

"Fact is," continued Lanesborough, solemnly, "Your uncle and my father have just put their heads together and decided *nolens volens* that I shall marry your Cousin Betty."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" fired Morley who's flushed face and blazing eyes signalled a gathering storm.

"D—d if I know, old chap. Splendid idea from their point of view. Amalgamate two very important international interests, besides cementing two particularly friendly families by the hallowed ties of matrimony."

"Well, what's to prevent you signing the contract and settling the deal?" inquired Morley ironically.

"That's where the rub comes in," replied the self-centred young Englishman. "I like Miss Vansittart no end. She's a jolly ripping good little sort, but you see, I'm rather booked in another quarter. To be frank with you, I'm awfully gone on a little lady in London. Connie Carlton, of the Gaiety—ever heard of her? My word! old chap, she's a regular Queen, what?"

"Why in thunder don't you marry her then?"

"Wish I could, but you don't know my Guv'nor. He's awfully down on the stage. Fact is we nearly came to a bally old row over Connie. He thinks all actresses are engaged by his satanic majesty, to com-

plete the downfall of unsophisticated young fellows like myself—what? But Connie's so *different*. But the Guv'nor wouldn't have her at any price, and so he shipped me over to America, to try and gain sense, as he put it, and accumulate experience in your uncle's office. Next thing he meets your cousin last summer in England, and made up his obstinate old mind then and there, we were simply created for one another, and the match was Heaven ordained."

"I reckon your 'Gov'nor's' got another guess coming," interrupted Morley, bitterly.

"Right—to! but that doesn't prevent him making my young life miserably unhappy. I feel like cutting the whole thing! But what good would that do, Connie needs a lot of keeping up and if I married her there'd be 'nothing doing' with the Guv'nor, you can gamble on that!"

"I'm sorry for you," observed Morley, unbending slightly, "but hanged if I can see how I can help you."

"But you can!" replied the Englishman energetically. "Win the medal to-morrow!"

"What in the name of mischief are you giving me?" cried Morley, half inclined to think his companion was losing his mind.

"Steady on!" said Lanesborough, bending forward and putting his hand impressively on Morley's knee. "I've tried to put the Guv'nor off by saying I was ready and willing, but Miss Vansittart herself was the obstacle. Pardon, old chap, but I took the liberty of suggesting she preferred you. Awful rot, but the best I could do at the moment."

"I don't quite see where the awful rot comes in," returned Morley, tartly, once more on his dignity. "I don't mind telling you, that possibly you have accidentally stumbled on the truth for a change."

"Ha, ha!" roared Lanesborough, suddenly exploding with loud laughter. "O, very funny! Very funny, indeed! Why, I thought you were too much engaged in yourself to think of becoming engaged to anyone else. Fact, I think I once expressed this sentiment to your cousin and she said you were rather a nice boy, badly fozzled by a generous Providence and bunkered in a

sand-trap of self-indulgence—or words to that effect! However, we're drifting from the subject. My Guv'nor evidently wrote your Guv'nor on this point and his reply must have been very conclusive, and not entirely flattering to you—I should say. His next letter was followed by a cable, threatened to have nothing more to do with me, cut my allowance and all that sort of thing, if I didn't get busy on the lines I have mentioned. And, by Jove, he'd do it too. You don't know my Guv'nor!"

"Regular old rip-tailed, isn't he?" remarked Morley, who was expected to say something.

"Yes. Well, the other night after dinner at your uncle's house I was left entirely alone with Miss Vansittart, and I must say she looked topping. Well, there was no escape, so I did it!"

"Did what," said Morley in fiery accent.

"Proposed to her, dear boy, swore I couldn't live without her and all that sort of thing. Don't know how I ever did it, and by Jove, I did it rather well—considering."

"What happened next," said Morley with studied self-control, "did she express gratitude for the unusual honor and fall fluttering into your arms?"

"Not exactly, old chap," replied the practical Englishman, "she said, however, that she would give the subject serious consideration. When might I hope for her answer? She looked into my face rather funnily, I thought, and said after you win the President's medal. I expressed my gratitude, and promised to do myself the honor of pinning the emblem over her heart or something of that sort and made rather an effective exit. No sooner, however, did I get outside in the fresh air," continued Lanesborough, seriously, "than I came to—realized that I'd not been quite playing the game. Went home but couldn't sleep. Felt awfully cut up next morning. Feel awfully, now. Hang all interfering fathers, I say!"

"Sorry for you," said Morley, "but what are you going to do about it?"

"Perhaps—I don't—*intend* to win. Twig?"

"Hallo!" exclaimed a high-pitched nasal voice. "What are you two conspir-

ators up to—not squaring the match, are you?"

Both men turned guiltily, to see Samuel J. Smithers approaching.

"Say, you fellows ought to have been at the Club this afternoon—great fun! The boys were all betting on the match tomorrow, and you'd think it was for the heavy-weight championship of the world. One fellow said you couldn't come back. Van—that started it! Your uncle took it up, and he bet Colonel Wilds a level hundred you'd win. Others followed, and by Jimminy Christmas, they were soon all at it. I backed Bertie for a "tenner" with Dr. Quinby"—continued the little man proudly noting the effect he had made. "Beat Van myself, once, you remember, but Bertie can give me half a stroke a hole and lick me any day he wants to, so guess I'm in right, at least that's how I dope it out."

Morley's face darkened. He rose from his seat.

"Look here, Lanesborough," he said, "I'll bet you a hundred I beat you. This match is going to be fought to a finish. Understand!"

"To a finish!" echoed the Englishman.

The following morning broke clear and cool, and conditions generally were mostly favorable for the game. The match was for thirty-six holes, eighteen to be played in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon. At the close of the morning round, Lanesborough who had been playing superbly, was three holes up, and to judge by the consensus of opinion during luncheon which followed, the eventual out-come of the game seemed a foregone conclusion.

The game of Golf is not, however, decided round a dining room table, neither is it played by arm-chair critics. The latter received a jar when Morley started off in the afternoon round by winning the first three holes. After that, it was a battle royal.

Many ladies had now joined the gallery, and were just as keenly interested as anyone. Morley noticed his Aunt and Betty among the crowd and from the latter, he received a wireless message, which was easy to decipher. It had the desired effect. he played as he never played before, and in spite of the Englishman's really brilliant game, Morley had the match all square at the thirty-fifth hole.

The two contestants walked side by side to play the last hole.

"Bet you another fifty I win," said the Englishman, whose sporting blood was all aflame.

"Done!" replied Morley, as he teed up his ball for the final drive.

Whether from over anxiety or over confidence no one knew, but he topped it badly, while Lanesborough followed with a "bird" straight down the course, about two hundred and fifteen yards.

Morley elected to use his "brassy" and got a "screamer," but unfortunately it hit the projecting branch of a tree to the right of the green and fell flop into the bunker.

Lanesborough took his favorite cleek and got a long, low ball against the wind, but a little too low, for it struck the top of the same bunker and rolled back into the sand.

He was still away and the useful niblick, that faithful friend of the unfortunate golfer, was called into requisition. He got a little too much under the ball, and it failed to clear. Once more he tried and this time he made a magnificent recovery, landing the sphere, within three feet of the flag.

It was Morley's turn; he also had to rely on his niblick. After very careful examination of the ground, and the line he had to negotiate, he took a sharp half-swing and landed well over the bunker, the ball falling, unfortunately, into a somewhat cuppy lie, a few yards from the green.

Thus came the critical point of the game. Should he try to lay his ball

"dead" for the hole and go down in his next shot, which, providing Lanesborough made his "putt" would make them all square on the match, or should he try to put down in "one" by a venturesome running-up shot. He hesitated to take the final plunge. His eyes briefly scanned the throng of excited faces that eagerly waited his next move. The graceful form of the white clad Betty instantly caught his glance, and to her he looked for inspiration. The blue eyes seemed to literally blaze with strange compelling force. That settled him. "Putting cleek, caddy!" he called.

Once more he took his distance, and with a careful, cool, well-considered shot, he sent his ball deliberately towards its waiting goal. On it rolled, straight as a string, gradually becoming slower and slower, till it reached the hole, there, it hesitated for one brief second, which to the straining onlookers seemed almost an eternity, and then rolled quietly in.

The match was over, and Lanesborough quickly grasped the hand of his conqueror, and half wrung it off. "Thank God, old chap, you beat me fairly and squarely and we played the game!"

"Thanks," replied Morley—"You gave me the best match I ever had in my life."

* * *

And afterward, he pinned the medal on Betty's waist.

"Would you really have let Lanesborough do it?" he asked.

She colored and then gave him her eyes. "No," she said,

How Waterfront Got Even

By H. E. Taylor

WATERFRONT swore vengeance with a flow of language that would have done credit to a mule-skinner, then begged the makings. As he rapidly twisted the tobacco into a cigarette I noticed the marks of recent dissipation but made no comment. Slowly he inhaled while I awaited the story.

Waterfront had been rolled and rolled badly and was feeling mighty sore, hav-

ing lost a winter's work in a few short hours. His claim on Black Hill Gulch had turned out good pay and his poke from the first clean-up was heavy with gold dust. He had hit the Town with the best intentions, but the lure of saloon and dance-hall had proved too strong after months of loneliness and hard work on his claim. At first it had been only one small drink, but how could one refuse

a treat. Then more drinks, then drinks for the bunch, a few dances and a few more drinks, then oblivion; and he had wakened in the alley behind Pete's saloon cleaned out, very sick, very sore, and *dangerous*.

I mildly suggested the police.

"Ah hell!" he said. "What's the use? I'm no squealer. Besides a fellow doesn't want every one in this burg to know what a fool he is, and I'll get back at that bunch yet and have the laugh on those four-flushers. What do they take me for, a cheechako?"

"Well," I said, seeing that he was talked out, "anyone who goes up against a game like that deserves all he gets. So I guess it's you for the Black Hills again. Waterfront, your dogs are at the cabin, and a grubstake, if you're broke. My advice is to hit the trail as soon as you can and clear out."

Waterfront and I were old pals, having mushed in over the ice in '99. We had dock-walloped for a stake at Bennett, at Canyon City, below the White Horse Rapids, and finally at Dawson. He had picked up the name "Waterfront" at the time of the rush to Sixty Mile, and "Waterfront" he was to all his friends. We had been on every stampede together since we struck the camp, and had both made a strike about the same time, he on Black Hill Gulch and I on Eighty Pup above on Hunker.

Knowing that if there was any chance to make his threat good that he would overlook no bets, I was anxious to get him out of town. After a little persuasion he went. I was mighty glad to see him take the trail for Bear Creek.

* * *

The summer passed, and that winter I went outside, got the solder and tin cans boiled out of my system and touched a few of the high spots down the coast as far as Monterey and came in over the ice in March. I had received a few short letters from old Waterfront bemoaning his hard luck at having to stay on the Gulch and vowing vengeance against Pete and all connected with his saloon.

The spring opened with the rush to the Tanana, and things were booming when we struck Dawson. Every day boat loads of old Sour-doughs, still trusting in

their luck and following the lure of the gold, dropped down the river and disappeared into the North. The second night Waterfront mushed in. He was very subdued for one who was usually first to stampede, but would give no explanation.

"What's biting you, old pard," I said. "Haven't you got that old grouch off your chest yet?"

"No chance," he growled, "and what's more I've sold out to Kelly on 7 above, for a good figure and expect to strike for Fairbanks in a few days. From all accounts it's a hummer. Are you on?"

This was a surprise, and I could not help envying him his luck. I was tied up on the Pup with water, and saw no chance of getting out, and the stampede fever was on me, too.

"Well, here's luck," I said, as he went down the trail. "Write when you stake, and use that power of attorney of mine if it's any good, and cut out the hootch this trip."

"No fear this time," he yelled back, "and I will sure stake for you."

That night a report spread that a live one had struck Pete's and I dropped over to see what was doing. I had felt an uneasiness all day on account of Waterfront, and on entering the dance hall my fears were amply justified. There he was, tearing drunk and whooping it up with a peroxide fairy for all he was worth.

"Who's for the next long, juicy two-sten! Come on, boys!" he yelled, as he held up a poke half a yard long.

Presently there was a wild cheer as he opened the bag and threw dust and nuggets far and wide over the floor. Pete was there with the big smile and watchful eye as the floor-master swept the gold into a heap in the corner.

"Everybody dance! Drinks for the crowd! All they want! I own the layout to-night!" Waterfront bawled.

I might as well have tried to stop the ice going out as stop that madman. The mob sure whooped it up, the bars, pool rooms, faro joints, were deserted. For hours the bunch went to it, danced, drank and ate their fill. Every old bum in the place was there: the uproar was tremendous. It looked like Hell broke loose as they fought, drank and sang. But Waterfront had disappeared: his poke empty, none knew where, and none cared. I

hunted all night for him but gave up in disgust and went up to the cabin. I was through with Waterfront.

* * *

The day dawned on the biggest drunk that the oldest Sourdough could remember, but that night the whole camp knew how Waterfront had evened up his score.

True there had been some gold dust and a few nuggets in that poke, but the rest was made up of brass filings and some copper and lead nicely washed. Waterfront had spent his winter evenings on that fake stuff and worked up the game

on Pete. Nerve! He sure had delivered the goods.

Three weeks later I received a letter from him explaining the plot. While the revelry was at its height he had quietly stolen away and had dropped down the river into Alaska very sober and very happy, and was then in the Tanana.

"Come north at once," his letter ran. "Your power of attorney is good and I have staked for you on Iron Creek fourteen feet to bedrock and a pay streak to suit the sourest of old sourdoughs. Kind regards to rete and his outfit. Yours,
"Waterfront."

On the Seventeenth Page

By Fred Jacob

FROM the front verandah of the summer boarding house the scene was just varied enough to avoid being exciting. On the stretch of sand, ladies with extensive hats and white parasols coquetted with the sun, but dodged its tan. Figures in bathing suits rolled about on the beach, or occasionally caused a flutter of interest by taking a dip in the lake, only to crawl out and lie prone where the sun could dry them and scorch blisters on their arms. Dozens of children were running about, starting to go nowhere and then hurrying back again, greatly to their own glee.

How better could a lazy man enjoy his holiday than gazing for hours at these young people between momentary efforts to read? I was at the seventeenth page in my book, which would almost fly open at that spot, so long had it been spread out, for as I became more familiar with the actors in the pantomime on the sand I lost interest in my story.

Yet there came an hour on that hot summer afternoon when I felt that I would be forced to read it in self-defence. Mrs. Carlton-Heward liked the verandah as well as I did, but not as a spot where one could lounge and smoke. Mrs. Carlton-Heward wanted always—to talk. It was less than a week since we first met,

and I already knew more of her family history than would have been required by her biographer. Still I found that her home affairs were as a bottomless mine.

Mrs. Carlton-Heward was pink and white and fifty, but she intended to blossom into a second youth. She had been telling me about it all afternoon. Mr. Carlton-Heward and she had made their minds up about this point years ago. They took life seriously and planned things out—it was the best way. When you marry—this to me at fifty—be resolved to settle down and become domestic while the children are growing up. Then when the last one goes—wedded, she meant, not dead—enjoy a second honeymoon. Be as frivolous as when in your teens.

The working out of this splendid scheme had almost been upset in the case of the Carlton-Heward by Miriam, their youngest daughter. I had heard the story five times already, but could not say so. It was not lack of suitors—oh, dear no—Miriam had them lined up at the door like the fans at the ball game,—but she was an extraordinary child. She possessed most astonishing notions of duty, just like her father. Any characteristic that Mrs. Carlton-Heward looked upon as peculiar, but praiseworthy, she ascribed to

her husband. Miriam's idea of duty was that she should stay at home and smooth the path of parental old age, and it almost required brute force to turn her from her purpose.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Carlton-Heward, "I cannot now be giddy without setting a bad example."

"I hope, my dear madam, that *we* are not carrying on a flirtation," I said, with an attempt at sarcasm.

"Oh, dear no," she chirruped gaily, "a man who does not know whether or not he is flirting may feel sure that he is safe. No, I want to be a chaperone and keep the nice boys around me. I can tell you all this because I feel sure that you were always old."

This nettled me. There was a girl—I recall her stiffly combed hair still—whom I could have wooed with perfect confidence. She comforted my vanity many times, but why should I tell Mrs. Carlton-Heward? Nevertheless, her remark made me feel rude so I replied, "Well, when there is so much in the world to read, why should one take time to get married?"

"You are hinting that I am keeping you from your novel!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Carlton-Heward was amiability itself and I felt half inclined to call her back and sacrifice myself to her conversational gifts for the afternoon.

I had just picked up my book again with the intention of reading at least one paragraph when Sidney Herbert came up the walk, spotless and immaculate as usual. I covered up my annoyance as well as possible while I offered him a chair. He was a callow creature, who affected a candid superiority towards everyone. He always described me as an unsympathetic listener, and yet I had truly heard all that I desired to hear of his vanities and vaporings during the few months since our acquaintance had commenced in a business transaction.

"I did not know you were staying here," he said as he lighted his cigar and stretched out so that a glimpse of dainty sock showed above his trim shoes.

"No!" I said, indifferent.

"I haven't been here for years," he went on. "I thought I'd run down and renew old acquaintances. I am at the hotel, in the very room I used years ago

during one glorious holiday. But strange to say, this house is the place I best remember."

There was no need to ask why. I knew perfectly well what he would reply.

"There was a girl spending the summer here, a charming little creature, so pink and white, like a great wax doll," he said, "Mamie Bright, that was her name. It just suited her."

"That is one I have never heard you speak about," I remarked.

"Perhaps not. Yet I had not forgotten her. All the fellows talked about her, but I said nothing, sly dog that I was, though I intended that they should all play second fiddle," said Herbert.

"You succeeded?"

"Succeeded!" My partner leaned forward and slowly knocked the first accumulation of ash from his cigar. "I just studied her and played my cards to suit. She was a sentimental little creature, so I merely talked. Oh, but I had the gift. I should have lived in the days of romance. When we sat on the beach we did not hear the waves; it was the sight of the craving hearts in the city out of whom toil had crushed the power to love. I marvel now at the way I used to be able to talk, but Mamie was like the rest. She revelled in it."

"Did you spend a whole summer talking that way?" I inquired.

"Oh no, we discussed our own personalities," he replied, "at least Mamie thought we did, but in reality we only discussed hers. Of course she was misunderstood by those who should have known her best. She liked to talk about the way they wounded her, and, of course, I drew her out. There was a seat beneath a tree near the beach. Let me see. No, it is gone. We would sit there for hours and talk about feelings. And the other fellows! Well, first they were annoyed and then they contented themselves with freckle-faced summer girls." Herbert threw himself back in silent laughter at the recollection.

"I suppose you both got tired of it," I ventured.

"Tired of it, why Mamie lost her fluttering little heart completely. They told me she had been like a little butterfly. Well, she began to take things seriously."

"How did you know?"

"Oh, well, I had a little vanity. I suppose it was natural. A fellow soon gets to know his powers. I liked to watch her flutter, so to speak. In the evening I used to stand down there in the darkness under the trees just to see her come out again and again to peer up the road anxiously for my coming."

"Then you engaged yourself, and both went home and that was the end of it," I remarked, as cynically as I could.

"I am not the cad you appear to think, my friend," said Herbert, cheerfully, "I saw it was serious with Mamie. Why, I could have taken her in my hand and crushed her like a flower, but at least I was a gentleman. I let her know casually that I could not marry till my education was completed. That was my way of letting her down easily."

"What became of her?" I inquired.

"I did not come back here next year. That was the summer I became engaged to Alice Martin, you have heard of her, But I really had not the heart to ask about Mamie. She was the sort of girl who never forgets, so I feared the impression might have been too deep." Then Herbert added, in his patronizing way, "You do not understand that, do you? Well, that is why you have always lived such a humdrum existence. You are the sort of fellow who would have gone back and after seeing the desolation caused, it is probable that you might have had a long and troublesome time with your conscience."

"Perhaps," I said, without feeling that he had been very uncomplimentary.

Our conversation died because my partner lacked fuel. He was satisfied to sit back with smiling recollections of his own irresistible youth chasing one another through his mind. I devoted my time to wondering how long he intended to stay and how many visits he would pay me before returning to the city. The rustle of Mrs. Carlton-Heward's skirt came as a welcome relief. She had a habit of appearing by accident whenever some one came to the house who looked worth knowing. There was a little drama in which we had to take part—it was customary on such occasions. Mrs. Carlton-Heward pretended to beat a retreat, but

not too quickly. I rose hurriedly, though, of course, I might have taken my time, and urged her to meet my friend. I did not tell her my thoughts, but it seemed to me a great opportunity for the new-found freedom to be exercised, and I felt sure that Sydney Herbert would be a willing victim.

Herbert did not take the introduction formally. He started forward with great effusion. "Why," he exclaimed, "I think Mrs. Carlton-Heward and I are old friends."

The lady looked blank.

"Were you not Mamie Bright?" he asked. "Surely I am not mistaken."

"Yes," she exclaimed, brightening, "you are right."

"Of course, it is some years since we met," he went on, with what seemed to me great audacity, "but by a strange coincidence we—we—have just been talking about you."

"Really, you will have to pardon me," said Mrs. Carlton-Heward, "but is your name Mr. Herbert. I am trying to place you. I have such a wretched memory for names and faces."

"I met you here one summer—" suggested Herbert, as though his statement would settle the matter.

"But I came here every summer until I was married," replied the lady, laughing.

"I was staying at the hotel—"

"Oh," she went on. "Oh, yes. Of course. There were always such nice boys at the hotel. Nicer every year, I think, for they culminated in my husband," she paused. "I really must seem awfully stupid, but when I come across old friends I do want to place them. Let us talk over old times and then, perhaps, I shall be able to remember the summer and who all were down here that year. I suppose that you can recollect some of our doings."

I climbed out of my reclining position to get an extra chair.

"Oh, yes," I said, "Mr. Herbert can tell you a great deal that happened that summer. I am sure he will be delighted to freshen your memory."

The remark was spiteful, but I could not resist it. I began again on the seventeenth page.

Knowledge

*Ah, ye who know, but do not know,
Who see, but do not see,
Come where the faded roses blow;
Here, at last, you may see and know,
Here, at the grave of mem'ry, lo!
You may find the golden key.*

A wistful violet or two,
of books a score or so—
Then spake the soul of the Man who Knew,
As he plucked the petals, wet with the dew,
"Thus doth the flower grow,
Thus do the blossoms go;
Thus and thus," said the Man who Knew,
"There be few," quoth he, "who know."
But the poet said, "In the violet's eyes
I drink of the wine of Paradise."

An engine and a bolt or two,
Steel wires, a silken wing—
Then spake the soul of the Man who Knew,
As he felt the pulse-beat steady and true,
"Thus doth an airship sing,
Thus to the gale we swing;
Thus and thus," said the Man who Knew,
"To the clouds," quoth he, "we spring."
But the poet said, "As you sped away,
I flew with your ship to Yesterday."

A faded rose, a leaf, a few
Dried petals, frail, forlorn—
Then shook the souls of the Men who Knew,
Of the airman, poet, scientist, too,
Nor any word was born,
For every heart was torn;
Slow of speech were the Men who Knew,
That ev'ry rose has a thorn.

But the poet said, "What man but may
Fly back with a rose to Yesterday?"

*And ye who know, but do not know,
Who see, but do not see,
Even you, where the roses blow,
Find, at last, you may see and know.
Here, at the grave of mem'ry, lo!
Is the poet's golden key.*

—G. H. Maitland.

Wrecks and Fishermen

By

Peter Denvit

I REMEMBER now that I was tired that night and slept heavily. I had been out with the dories and we had just come home in the morning from the banks, so that, being a city-bred man from inland, and unaccustomed to the ways of the fishing fleets, I went into my room in Jack Loubet's house early after supper, and, blowing out my lamp, went asleep.

Had I been in the city, with electric light in the room, or even gas, I might have done differently, but as it was, even in the times that I did wake and hear the sounds outside, I was too indifferent, too oppressed with sleep, to fumble for the matches, lift the glass and find the wick of the lamp. So it was morning before I knew what happened.

Martha, the evening before, had remarked to me that the glass was falling. Jack, her husband, had bought one of the most costly barometers that ever rode out of London. He had saved money toward that end for years, in order that he, and his wife when he was away, might have the most accurate information possible concerning the weather. So Martha, as she rubbed the heavy white china plate before setting it before me, made the observation and added that she was glad the fleet had just returned, instead of just preparing for the banks again.

The windows of Loubet's house were square-paned. On all sides but one they contained rows of blooming geraniums; but on that one side, the side facing down across the stones and boulders of the shore to the harbor, there were no plants, nor even curtains. Martha would have nothing to obstruct her view of the bay when

the fleet was coming in. As I looked out and across the bay I observed the sky—common enough in the eyes of a landsman, but ill-omened to the fisher folk.

There were squalls beating about the eaves as I turned the wick of the lamp down. Before I slept I noted that the surf was running high and pounding on the shore with a sickening sound. Twice I waked. Once it was the scream of the wind that had penetrated my dreams, and as I lay, trying to identify the room—for in my sleep I thought I was back in a certain city—I thought I heard the boom of a gun. But the clamor of the wind and the whining of a loosened shingle disturbed my certainty and I slept again.

The second time I woke, a light was gleaming through a crack in the door which opened from my ground-floor bedroom into the general living room, dining room and parlor. I heard Martha run across the floor and open the outside door. I heard Jack Loubet call something back to her from outside, and then his footsteps retreating—I slept again.

In the morning everything was over. The wind still shouted and the surf still cast itself madly down on the rocks on the shore. But looking out over the bay I beheld the wreck of a great ship, and betwixt the wreck and the shore a small boat rose and fell upon the green seas, now high in sight, now hidden in the hollow behind a sweeping crest.

Martha hurried up the path as I opened the door. Her face was covered with salt spray. Her hair hung in lank locks around her face. The salt was encrusted. Her eyes were hollow and her lips blue.



MARTHA'S WINDOW LOOKED DOWN ACROSS THE ROCKS TO THE HARBOR

"They're all off but him," she said, in a tired, heavy voice. "Jack and the preacher's gone for him now."

"Who's left?"

"Captain. He was asleep below in his cabin. It was the mate's fault, but that don't help the captain any. They've gone to try and take him off."

Turning in the path she pointed for a moment toward the small boat which by this time was nearer the wreck.

"How many'd you get ashore?" I asked.

"Bout two hundred."

"What boat?"

"God knows. We haven't her name—she's a big tramp—everybody's too done out to say. The mate mistook his light. It's all done now," and she added, glancing down the path as she entered the doorway. "Here they come."

Then I saw them, or rather, forty-three of them that were allotted to Martha's house.

There was only one hero in the crowd, the others were abject. The hero one could pick out at a glance by the way he carried himself. The forty-two others looked as though they had seen the sickle of Death poised, ready to descend upon them. One expected that their faces

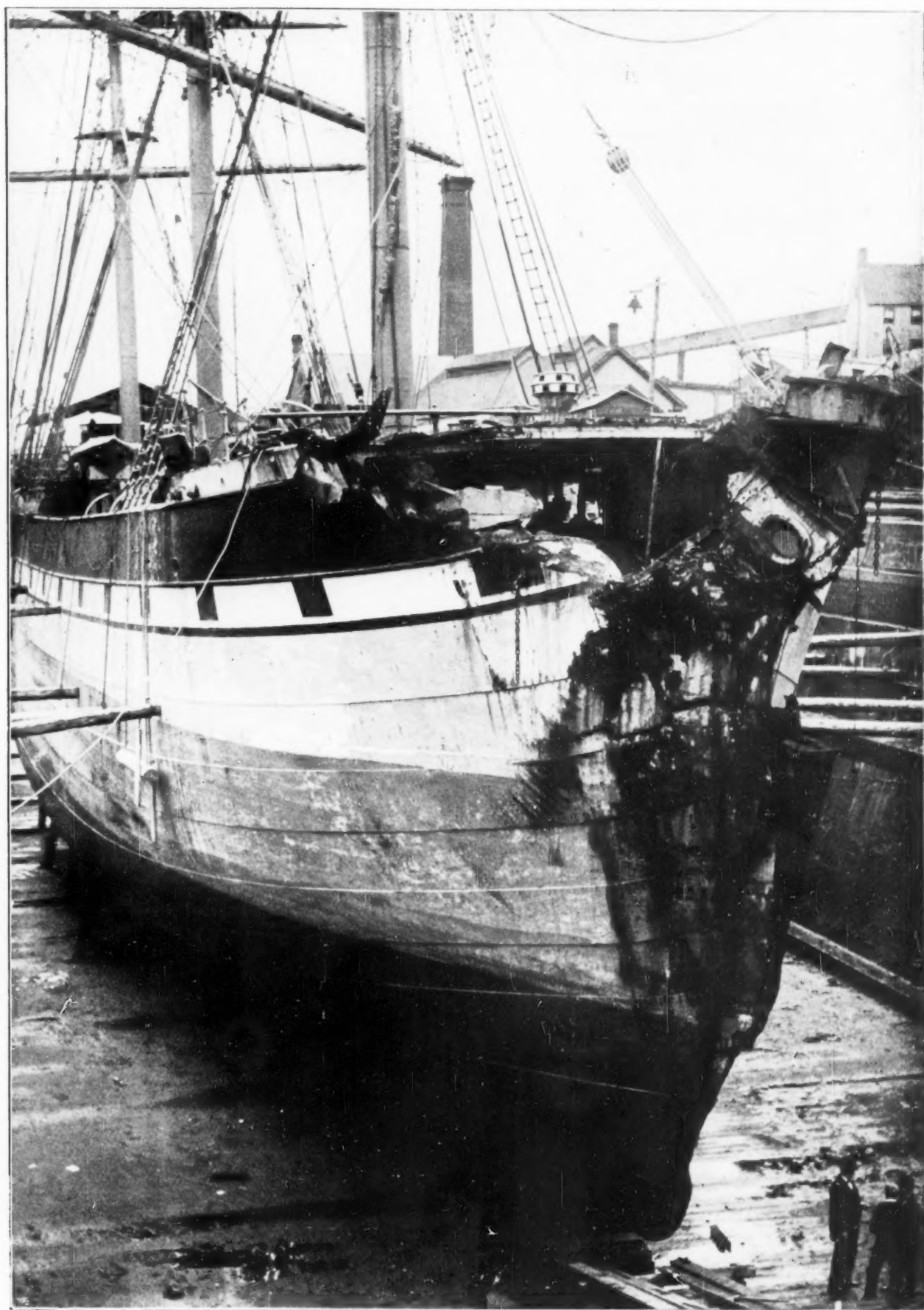
would be haggard, their eyes hollow, their lips blue. One could see nothing to laugh at in the blankets and shawls in which the crowd were clothed. Their teeth were chattering. Some staggered. Men were trying, feebly, to assist women up the path. In one case a woman was assisting a man. And in the rear of the dreary procession came the hero—the fat man.

Martha and I settled some of them in the kitchen and in the living room. The women, Martha put to bed as best she could. The men crouched around the roaring wood stove or stretched on the floor in their scant covering, and slept.

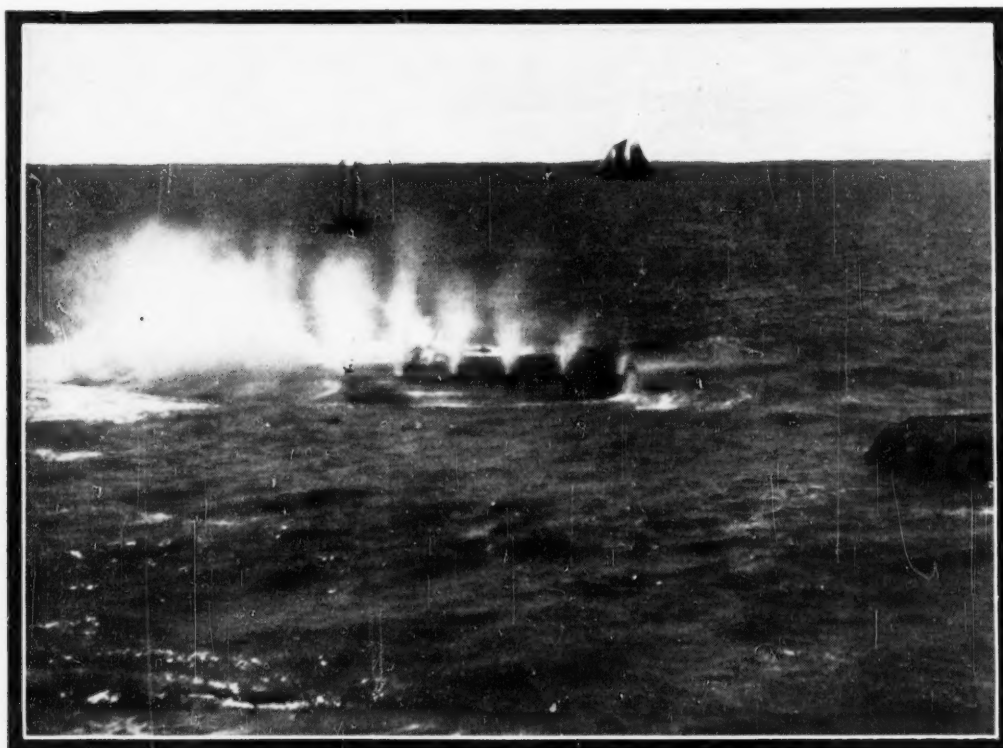
But the fat man was attending to the children. He removed their garments and substituted those that the neighbors had by this time brought to the house. He lifted some of the little ones and carried them to various places where they could rest. Finally, everything having been attended to, he sat down on the floor and the heavy face relaxed into lines of weariness.

"Have a drink?" I whispered, as he nodded toward the stove. "Take a nip and I'll find you a place to lie down."

"Thanks," he said, "God, but that's good!"



THE SCHOONER, WHICH COLLIDED WITH THE JILL-STARRED "BURGOYNE."



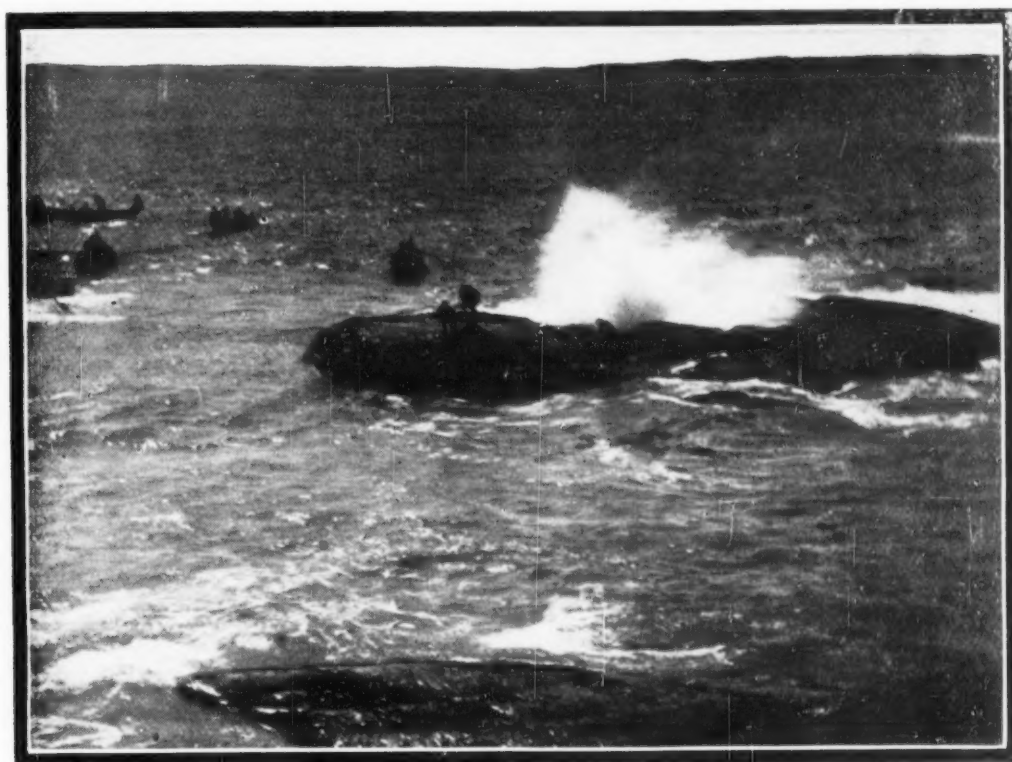
Three days after the wreck, the vessel had settled on her side, and the swells, rushing through her port-holes, made a weird picture.

He was a real estate man from Alberta and had been in England selling certain townsites. His venture was probably of a doubtful character; that is to say, he, no doubt, painted prettier pictures of these townsites than Truth himself would have painted, and it was probable that the investors in these particular sites were tying up their money for years to come. On the vessel, so I heard afterward, he had been rated as a "bounder" by the saloon passengers, the reason for this being the fact that he ate with evident pleasure, talked noisily, and wore coats, waistcoats, trousers, neckties and overcoats that "shouted," so gay were they. But when, in the gale, the ship struck, and when fear-ridden men and women rushed to the decks and threatened to overcome the discipline of the ship—the fat man loomed up like a policeman in the fog, took charge of whole groups of hysterical passengers, controlled them, comforted them and directed his end of the rescue work. The two hundred had been taken off in boats. He had been, next to the captain, the last to leave.

In a day or two the last traces of the ill-starred passengers were gone. The steamship company had sent a special

train and special officers to attend to them. The last two figures we saw, Jack Loubet, Martha and I, were those of the Fat Man and one other—the master of the ship. Loubet and the preacher had taken him off the bridge of the breaking-up liner by force. When he reached the shore he was a crumpled-up figure—a ruined man.

The eastern coast of Canada is one of the worst coasts. There is a constant turmoil there. The sea and the rocks are still in their strife only when the wind is away. The wind is the evil spirit of the coast, who hides in the bays and in the shadows along even the smoothest of beaches. For days he plays but a gentle part, wafting the schooners off the shore, bringing them in with the dawn; fanning the hot kitchens ashore and making the shadows of the fish-houses wells of luxurious coolness. But in a night and a day he throws off the disguise of peace, drops the soft mantle of the zephyr. He abets the aggression of the sea; urges its fury, strokes it into madness. And on the shore he makes the crannies in the rocks shriek with defiance, so that the quarrel may be the more noisy, and the better to his taste. Were he absent, the coast would live at peace with the sea, but where he is, is



Some of the Village men Were Out in Small Boats Looking for Wreckage, or Missing Bodies.

strife. And the ship that comes between the sea and the land is a ship no longer.

The wrecks of the Nova Scotia coast are too many to be listed. There have been famous collisions, as when the *Burgoyne* was sunk. There have been great liners wrecked, or even the huge freight carriers plying between Canada and the Old Country. There are the wrecks of which the public of Canada hears; there are others of which little is said. A fleet sails out of a harbor and is gone for weeks and weeks at a time. Meantime there are gales, and still no word of the fleet, until, of a peaceful morning when the dawn wells up in the sky like a breath of white smoke under a bowl, when the dawn wind, trailing lightly over the breathing sea, makes a black ripple, when the birds stir ashore, and the children sleeping over the fish-houses, begin to stretch their puny limbs—a single sail appears. Nearer it comes with the strengthening wind. One can see the rigging and guess at the color of the hull. And the women come down to the shore or stand as I have seen Martha stand, looking out the windows, their faces hard set, or weakly relaxed in hopelessness, their hands on their hips or their

arms folded, man-like, on their bosoms. Thus they peer out to sea.

"There's to' gallants on that ship," says one woman finally. She turns and walks slowly, dry-eyed, up the shore. The others standing staring.

"Ah!" with a sigh, "It's a red main-sail. It's not Jim's sail," says another, and she, too, turns back to her house.

One by one they recognize different points of identification, and realize that it is not the ship they are looking for. The others, one or two, or even a dozen—wait.

There is no excitement, no wild joy nor tumultuous grief among the fisherwomen when they know that it is *his* ship or not his ship. Only brides weep, or women who are expecting. The others have learned the easiest way of bearing things; they apparently assume, after a certain absence, that the "man" is dead, until he puts in an appearance. Sometime, sooner or later, the man gets caught. It is a question of time, unless he has unusual luck, and in that case, perhaps he quits the calling and turns store-keeper, or becomes a lobster canner. The old philosophy of the fisherman's wife remains with her to the



At Times You Might See Parts of the Wrecked Vessel's Sides Above Low-tide.

very end. Even when "her man" lies dying decently in his bed, she is not sure that she will not even yet owe her widowhood to the sea. To weep would be to honor the sea by a display of one's impotence. To be glad when the man returns, is braven the sea. They are stolid.

I was in Martha's house five years after the great wreck. She had had a post card from the Fat Man, for the Fat Man always remembered Jack and his wife.

"There's your old room still there," she said, inviting me to spend another season with herself and her husband. "I'm expecting Jack in to-day."

"How long has he been gone?"

"Two months."

"Two months!" I said.

Among the neighbors I went. The men were in the village preparing to depart the next day for the banks. They were mending nets and boats.

"Oh Basil!" I called to a man who was hammering something to the deck of his schooner. "What's up? What're y' doing?"

"Fixin' a new cleat," he said. "How are y'?"

"Fine. How long's Jack Loubet been away?"

"Who?"

"Jack Loubet."

"Oh, *him!*" pausing to straighten his back. "He's been about two months. We got caught in a 'white' (squall). He was off in a dory with Pete Lapre. Why?"

"Martha is expecting him home to-day."

"Is she!" he exclaimed, his expression changing. "*Is she!*"

He gazed abstractedly out to sea, and whistled softly. Then turning to me:

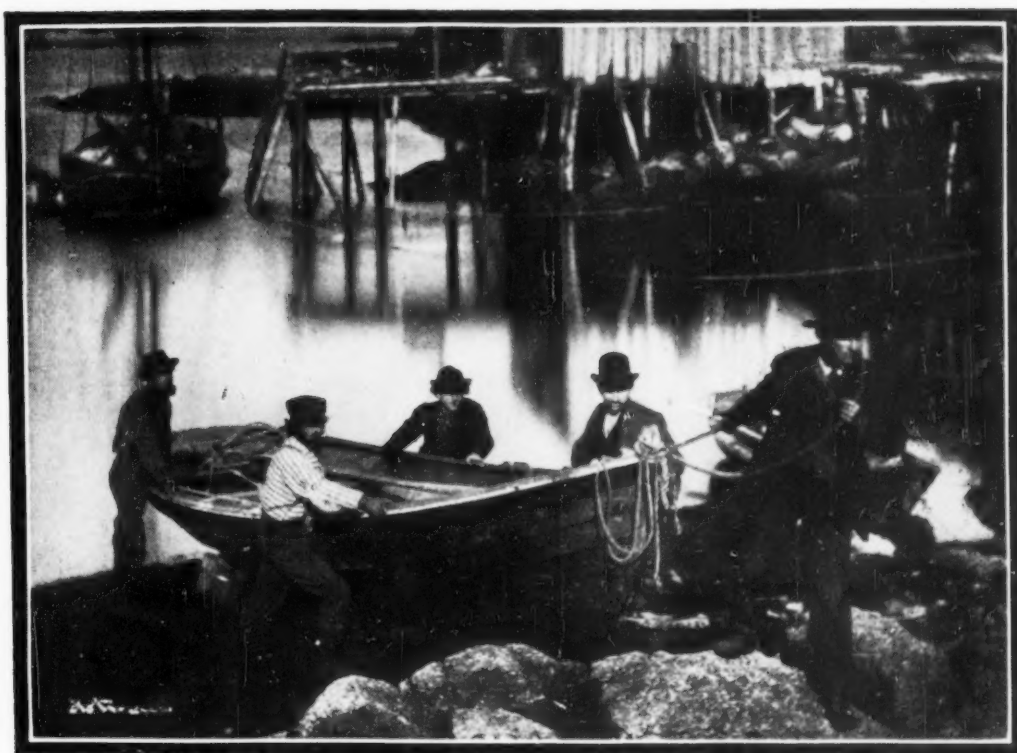
"He'll be here, then." He spoke with simple conviction.

"You don't believe it, do you, Basil?"

"Believe it. O' course I do. When Martha Loubet says a thing like that—it's true. *She knows.*"

As I passed from fish-house to fish-house and boat to boat, I found that the news had suddenly spread. The women whispered of it, from one to the other: "Martha's man is coming home." The only authority they had for the belief was that Martha had said so and Martha *knew*. By this I took it that she had a super-sense.

Apparently she had.



JACK AND THE PREACHER PULLED THE BOAT ASHORE

That night, having spent the afternoon in a neighboring harbor, I returned to the village. I met Basil on the outskirts.

"Jack Loubet's back," he said.

"When?"

"Two hours after you left. Came by the train from Montreal. He got picked up by a tramp. Took him t' New York. Don't know the rest."

Martha was busy over the kitchen stove. She was alone, as quiet and even-voiced as ever.

"Jack's back," she said.

"Where?"

"Down by the boat. They're goin' out again in the morning."

It was as she said. He was there, as-

sisting in the equipment of Tom Foster's two-master. We shook hands solemnly.

The east coast of Canada is full of legends and history, intensely covered with beautiful things, with rivers, hills, bays, crags and beaches. The sea, of a summer night, lies softly in the lap of the land and dreams, with its face to the stars. The rocks stand like sentinels, around them the shadows creep. But the wind, running swiftly down from inland or arriving, panting, from the open sea, disturbs the peace of things, and sets the sea and the land quarreling, so that ships, passing, or men in small boats venturing out, are destroyed and go to swell the number of the wrecks of that coast.



Your Habits and Your Health

By

A. W. Anderson

THAT poetic old doctrine of hell-fire which is so much ridiculed nowadays had in it at least one praiseworthy element. It taught men to model their every-day lives on considerations of future weal or woe. Without carrying this idea into the speculative region of future existence, a striking counterpart is to be found in the physical, and incidentally the mental and moral, life of the present generation. It has been axiomatic ever since the days of Solomon that a man must suffer in this life, if not in the next, for any persistent disregard of the great laws of health and morality.

Despite the warnings of philosophers and the advice of physicians, mankind in general continues to ignore the relation of the present to the future. It will persist in dealing only with the things of to-day, forgetting that what is done now must have an inevitable influence on what is done in years to come. This is a sermon which has been dinned into the ears of people from the days of Epictetus down to the latest writer on the right way to live, and yet it seems to fall fresh on the ears of listeners still. It is Hammerton who brings home in a lucid way the brevity of time and the need for rounding out each day's existence so that the whole of life may be harmonious. He takes his illustration from the field of reading. Many a man in his view is postponing his acquaintance with the great books of the world until a more convenient season. Perhaps he is accumulating a library which he fondly hopes to study when business cares begin to let up. To such a one Hammerton would say, of what avail will the knowledge of these books be when you have retired from the active work of

life and how many of them do you suppose you will be able to read anyway? It will be quite easy for anyone to figure out just how many books he can reasonably expect to read before death comes to terminate his opportunity, and it will be found that the sum-total is very small. How foolish then to forego even the petty chance we now have of adding daily to our store of knowledge.

But it is not of reading or of other mental accomplishments that it is so necessary to speak. These are of only limited appeal. Where everyone is affected is in the department of health. Here the lesson of making one's life all square every day is very needful. It is reasonable for a man to assume that the psalmist's three score years and ten will be his, if he but observe the ordinary rules of health. He is entitled to that share of life at any rate. Why then should he not aim to have his years run their course evenly and placidly?

In the latter years of the eighteenth century there attended school in London, two boys who were destined to make names for themselves in the days to come. One youth spent all his spare time poring over books and gorging his mind on all sorts of bookish learning. The other spurned books and roamed the country whenever opportunity offered. The first overbalanced his physical strength; the second apportioned his time more evenly to study and to bodily exercise. The results of the two kinds of life soon made themselves apparent. The first youth became a man subject to all manner of distressing bodily ailments and died at a comparatively early age. The second developed into a robust

manhood and lived to a ripe old age. The two were Coleridge and Wordsworth.

A business man will often say, "I must put this matter through this week; the whole success of my business depends on it." He will work nights; he will gulp down his meals and in general will run himself to the verge of a nervous breakdown. Such examples are not far to seek; they are to be met with every day. But what's the good of it? True, there are necessarily cases demanding expedition and these must be excepted, but taken all in all, most of these rush jobs, which oftentimes become chronic, are unnecessary when viewed from the proper standpoint. What does it avail a man if, in order to accomplish one petty little undertaking, he permanently injures his health and reduces his life—the years when he might enjoy living—thereby? It is suicidal.

It is just because practically everybody forgets this, that there are so many books of warning written and the subject is never allowed to grow cold. Arnold Bennett has been saying the same thing in a recent book but in a new way which is decidedly impressive. He points out that in the matter of time everybody, be he rich in worldly goods or not, has been served with precisely the same amount. Each and all of us has been given twenty-four hours of it a day and it is ours to do with it as we please. This precious possession is too often thoughtlessly frittered away. It is not conserved as a wise man saves his money, apportioning it for present use and future needs. It is not paid out with that regard to economy which characterizes most monetary transactions. In fact, it is not handled as carefully as it should be.

The idea that many people now act on, that the present only is ours and that we should take the best out of it, is only half the truth. If it is followed without any relation to the future, it is liable to lead one into trouble. A man may get into all sorts of harmful excesses through it. But where there is the added influence supplied by the thought that the proper use of the present is going to make for well-being in the future, then it is indeed a safe course to pursue.

H

A well-rounded day is therefore what everybody should aim at, the kind of day of which may be said when it is over, "I rose with hope and cheerfulness, I worked with thoroughness and enjoyment, I ate my meals with good appetite, I took my recreation with zest, I did a kindness when I could and I learned a few useful things." That is the way to live a life which will ensure an even course and a happy one down to old age.

A first essential then is to get the right perspective at the very beginning of the day. The waking hour is an important one. That it should be a reasonably early one is the opinion of most writers on the subject. Sloth in rising will exercise a bad influence all through the day. Think to yourself how much good time you will rescue from the realm of unconsciousness by rising one or two hours earlier each day for the next year. If you get up at seven instead of eight, or at six instead of seven, you will save 365 hours or fifteen full days. If you determine to do still better and recover two hours a day, you will be creating for yourself thirty new days, and what cannot a man accomplish in thirty days? One wonders why more people do not go in for time-saving in this way. Of course, it is not intended to advise any serious curtailment of the hours of sleep and a man must preserve a minimum at least for this purpose.

One must learn to control the mind at the moment of waking else it may run riot, and if the subject be dyspeptic, he may begin to harbor all sorts of injurious thoughts and impressions. This tendency can be obviated by fixing on some helpful idea before going to sleep the night before and seizing on it at the moment of coming back to consciousness. Keep the mind firmly fixed on this idea until its full meaning sinks in and then you will be able to rise with good resolutions for the day and a right understanding of your relation to life.

Then in working, learn the lesson that a few hours of good hard concentrated work is far better than many hours of worrying, dragging work. Better to work for only three hours a day earnestly and well, than to stick to your desk for eight or ten hours, driving an unwilling brain against its will. Here is where everybody

nearly makes a mistake. Because work is an essential to existence, a man is liable to consider it *the* essential, but it is no more an essential than sleep, food or exercise. It should not necessarily take the first place in the system of life, but should be made to conform with the general plan of living. By emphasizing it too strongly, one is liable to kill off by slow degrees those other faculties for improvement and enjoyment which are so needful for a well-rounded life. How many men of thirty or thirty-five are beginning to notice that they no longer take any delight in those pursuits that interested them when younger? They have simply allowed their work to step in and usurp the time which they might have given to recreation, and gradually the habit has grown on them until they are not only careless about other matters but powerless to enjoy them. There must be a daily cultivation of these other matters if they are to become a factor in one's life.

Rules for eating properly to harmonize the digestive functions with the general scheme of living have been discussed so often and in such varied ways that it seems almost superfluous to dwell upon them here. Suffice it to get this viewpoint—that it is not only expedient to observe those rules for the sake of present advantage, but much more because of their influence on the future. An excess to-day may be rectified to-morrow, but only temporarily, for it will have an undoubted bearing on one's future health. It is all

very well for the careless man to say that he will let future take care of itself but, unless he is a very extraordinary person, he will bitterly repent that decision when he begins to reap the harvest of his foolishness. Hurried eating may save ten or fifteen minutes to-day, but, if made a habit, it will extort days and perhaps years of efficient life later on. Is it not better then to eat and drink each day bearing this in mind, than to borrow from the future unnecessarily for present expediency?

In the rounding out of daily life for the advantage of future years, recreation must play a leading part. It is as essential to the well-being of all the component parts of man as is food to the body. Everyone must admit that exercise is necessary if we would have our system toned up to the proper key to-day. How plain it must be then that it is quite as needful if the body is to remain efficient throughout the term of its years. It may be neglected without apparent ill effects for months and years but in the long run the man who ignores its claims on him will pay dearly for his folly.

In many other directions does this principle apply. Remembering that faculties which are not used become atrophied just as much as physical organs, a man will take heed to his daily habits and observe whether or not he is persistently neglecting those pursuits which are needful if he would have his life run a full and steady course to the end.



THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

The Losing Fight Against Fire

A NOTABLE article on this subject has been contributed by Ex-Chief Croker, of the New York Fire Department to the *World's Work*. He summarizes his experience at the outset.

In the twenty-seven years of my service the number of men and the equipment of New York City's force of fire fighters was increased more than 500 per cent. In 1884 there were 52 companies with 866 men on the rolls. Now there are 258 companies with nearly 4,500 men on the rolls, and with 1,600 horses. In 1884 the department was equipped with apparatus that was antiquated and insufficient even for that early day. Since then this has been changed. Progress has been made constantly, until now the equipment is the most scientific and complete in the world. As a whole, the fire department of Greater New York is greater than the combined departments of the next five largest cities—and in spite of this the fire losses in life and property, and the dangers of frightful holocausts in New York are steadily increasing. The battle against flames has been a losing fight, all things considered.

This fact had been growing upon me for a long time. For twenty-seven years I had practically lived among New York's fires, viewing them first as a private, and for the last twelve years as chief of the department. In that time I had seen millions of dollars and scores of lives go up in smoke. At least fifty per cent. of this vast loss in property and human lives was directly due to inexcusable carelessness.

The development of fire fighting in this period had easily kept pace with the de-

velopment of complications in fires, which increase as buildings become higher and industrial development becomes more complex. The improvement in apparatus and equipment for fighting fires compares well with the increased efficiency in other fields. But, in spite of this, it became obvious to me that we were not making any progress in the unceasing battle against flames. Although we could put out any fire that might break out, just so surely fires would continue to break out and the inevitable losses would follow.

The Washington Place fire was the final blow. I forwarded my resignation as fire-chief to Mayor Gaynor and quit the game of fighting fires after they had started, for the less spectacular but more progressive one of diminishing the number necessary to fight.

Fire fighting is war. The fire fighter is not a man to whom the peace and security that comes to the general public in "piping times of peace" is a reality. He knows nothing of peace. He is engaged in warfare all the time. His trade is fighting. He fights the bitterest and cruellest of enemies, not one day, or two days, or a week, but every day and every night, from the time of his enlistment to the end of his service. Every fire that he is called to fight is a potential man-killer. Nobody can tell how a building is going to "act" when it begins to burn. It may burn with a great flare of flames which may be extinguished quickly and in safety. It may be an insignificant blaze in which something unforeseen will happen and half a dozen men will be killed.

From the time the firemen leave their company house to respond to a call until the fire is subdued and the last man out of the building, nobody can tell whether the fire is going to be one that will be handled safely, or whether it is to be remembered as one that added to the list of firemen killed and injured in the line of duty.

There is no treachery like the treachery of fire. A roof or a floor, which, apparently, is as sound as it was on the day it was built, may cave in the moment a foot is set on it, or a wall that looks staunch and solid may fall without a second's warning. In 1899 a fire broke out in a three-storey cigar factory at Eighty-seventh Street and Avenue A, a nasty little blaze in its way. It was necessary to get to the roof to fight it. With a squad of men and a "lead" of hose I climbed up and began to sound the tin-covered roof with an axe to test its condition. The fire was burning briskly down below, but the roof seemed strong enough to bear a regiment. As I went forward in the lead, striking the tin in front of me with the axe, I called back:

"Come on, men; she'll hold us, all right."

The next thing that I knew I was spitting out cinders down in the basement. The fire had burned out the supports in the centre of the building and when I put my weight on the weakened spot the roof gave way and let me down for a three-storey drop. The men who were behind me saved themselves by rushing back to the walls. They hurried down to the street calling,

"The chief's gone!" and started into the basement to dig me out.

They met me as I was coming out. I was cut and burned considerably, but that was all. I never tried to figure out how I escaped that time. It was a case of the luck which keeps firemen from being killed when they are taking desperate chances.

There is no way to guard absolutely against such accidents. Of course, an experienced fireman can tell to a certain extent the condition of a building and how far the fire has weakened it. If it is obvious that a building is unsafe to venture into, naturally no sane man will go into it or order his men into it. But, as

I have said, fire-fighting is war, and if you go to war you are going to lose men, or else you haven't got near enough to the enemy to do him any harm. There is only one way to fight fire and that is to get as close to it as you can and whip it and whip it quickly. To do this it is necessary to take chances, which, while they may appear reckless to the layman, are absolutely necessary to the efficient practice of the fireman's profession.

In 1908 a fire broke out in a factory in Worth Street. It was a bad fire. Time after time, we apparently had the flames whipped down to a mere smudge only to have them break out again with renewed fierceness. The building was filled with heavy manufacturing material, but it was a strong building, the walls were standing staunch and true and the floors were apparently sound. A squad of men from an engine company started to take a "lead" of hose in through a window on the third floor to gain a point from which the fire could be fought with advantage. We had not been in on this floor, and though every second was valuable I stopped the men and climbed through the window to see if the floor was safe. It was a thick floor and it held my weight, which is greater than the average fireman's, without a quiver.

"All right, men," I said, and they rushed in like a squad of soldiers given the word to charge the enemy.

Two of the four that went in I never saw alive again. Less than a minute after I had let them go that floor gave way with a roar, the centre of the building caved in, and those four smoke-eaters went down in a crash of burning timbers. We pulled two of them out badly injured and two of them dead.

Such treachery as this, seen year in and year out, which takes from the fireman's side without a moment's warning the tried companion of a score of fires, makes him hate the flames as his worst enemy and turns him into an efficient semi-maniac, with only one desire—to get at the flames and put them out. No patriot, fighting for the love of his country, is more anxious to beat an enemy than the true fire fighter is to put out a fire. Life and limb become matters of secondary importance; the fire's the thing, to put it out is all that a man thinks of.

Stubbs: Master of Traffic

AN interesting sidelight on the American man of affairs is afforded in a sketch of John C. Stubbs, who, as director of traffic of the Harriman lines, was that financier's right-hand man for several years. The sketch appears in *Munsey's Magazine*, and is written by Isaac F. Marcossou. The occasion of its appearance is the announced retirement of Mr. Stubbs at the age of 65.

Who is John C. Stubbs?

Ask any railroad man up and down the glistening gridiron of quarter of a million miles of track in the United States, and he will tell you that Stubbs is a traffic wizard. Shippers, and all those who are required to know something about the great transportation game, know him, too. But not until he announced that he was going to retire did the mass of the people find out that this quiet, modest, slender man, the right hand of Huntington and of Harriman for many years, was a force all his own, and a power to be reckoned with in the ceaseless business that touches more of the population than any other industry. Like the unknown millionaire who is the silent bulwark of many a community, he was content to go his way, achieving a big task unheralded.

When you come to analyze his life, you find that there is none of the blare and clash of incident that usually punctuates the activities exploited by the human-interest historian. Instead, there is the simple narrative of quiet efficiency, written in imperishable terms in the growth of whole regions, and translated into action in permanent mileage on the railway map.

But it is not Stubbs the great rate-maker and traffic-producer that most interests us just now. Rather is it John C. Stubbs, the human being who chooses to leave his desk because he thinks he has worked long and hard enough.

It was to get at the root and reason of this determination that I sought him out. I saw him first in his office on the sixth floor of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Building in Chicago. Here, in a long, high-ceiled room, where the roar of the bustling city faintly smote his ear, he sat at an oak table, holding the invisible reins of traffic of the Harriman system. Up and

down nearly twenty thousand miles of track, and across the waters of two oceans, moved the people and the freights that paid tribute to his tariffs.

Yet there was no noise of confusion here. Compared with the highly-charged atmosphere at 120 Broadway, in New York, when his lamented chief was busy, it was like a Sunday school. One thing symbolized the extent of his powers. It was a map of the United States criss-crossed with red lines that showed the conquering way of the Harriman roads.

It is a room of character. On an easel in the most conspicuous place are portraits of his two great chieftains, Huntington and Harriman. On the wall at his right is a portrait of Edwin Hawley. There, too, are Paul Morton, his old-time traffic antagonist, but warm personal friend; Hopkins, Crocker, and Stanford, the giants of the California days.

A group of photographs behind his desk is a significant index to one phase of Mr. Stubbs' genius; for, like Harriman, he had a marvelous instinct for finding big men before they developed. Here you see the picture of Charles H. Markham, now president of the Illinois Central, whom Mr. Stubbs picked for promotion when he was agent for the Southern Pacific at Reno. Alongside is William Sproule, now president of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, whom Mr. Stubbs dug out of an obscure freight clerkship in San Francisco. Here, too, Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk, formerly a work-fellow of Mr. Stubbs on the Southern Pacific.

More impressive than all these pictures is the personality that dominates the room. If you first beheld this slender, almost frail man of medium height out in a crowd, you would probably guess him to be a country lawyer or preacher. In repose, his presence is not compelling. His face is freckled and lined; his blue eyes gleam kindly behind their spectacles; his white hair curls around a well-shaped head. There is something almost Lincoln-like in the homely simplicity and sincerity of his manner. You would never think that he was a lord of traffic, for

years the associate and confidant of the kings of capital.

Watch him in action, and the homely manner falls away. The blue eyes flash; the face is alert; he personifies tense movement. Then you see the fiber of the man on whom Harriman relied to get the lifeblood of traffic that coursed through his great system of railroads.

In his office I talked with Mr. Stubbs about Harriman and Huntington. It was a proper setting for such reminiscence.

"Mr. Harriman," he said, "was the most remarkable man I ever knew. He could look farther and deeper into things than any one else of my knowledge. It was this quality which explains what many people regarded as his unnecessary impatience and irritability. Before you had spoken half a dozen words, he anticipated what you were going to say, for his mind had raced ahead of yours.

"He had no ambition to be the richest man, but he did want to be the most powerful. Money and railroads simply meant power, and he loved power. I never knew a man who believed more implicitly in the future of the United States. He also believed in himself, like Napoleon.

"I never knew him to be unfair. He gave what he exacted. When he played forfeits with his children, for example, he made them pay up their losses to the last penny. It was his way of teaching them the big game.

"Strange as it may seem, Mr. Harriman never worried; but he thought in bed, and this is what killed him. He worked all day, and thought out his problems at night.

"His way of solving the Erie problem was typical. The road faced receivership because it could not pay an issue of maturing notes. Mr. Harriman knew that this receivership would upset the stock market and work trouble for his own vast interests. It was on his mind when he went to bed. He tossed about until six o'clock in the morning thinking out a plan to meet the emergency. Then he turned over and slept an hour. At seven o'clock he was at the telephone, rousing his secretary, who received instructions to assemble securities necessary for a loan of five million dollars. At nine o'clock, when the banks opened, the money was available, and the notes were paid.

"No one ever really knew Mr. Harriman intimately. No one probed into what was in the back of his head. He was the personification of affection and loyalty to his family and to his friends, but, like the smiling Jap, he eluded solution.

"Mr. Huntington," continued Mr. Stubbs, "was a different type of man. Where Harriman was the financier, he was the builder. Both men were tireless workers.

"Mr. Huntington had one peculiarity which, so far as I know, has escaped his biographers. When he was past seventy, he hated the idea of being called old. Once we were fellow guests at a big dinner at the Metropolitan Club, in New York. Mr. Huntington sat across the table from me. During the meal, the man at my right pointed him out, and asked:

"'Who is that fine-looking old man over there?'

"I told him, and he remarked that Huntington was a splendid and commanding figure. As we were going home that evening, I told Mr. Huntington about the incident, believing that it would please him. Instead, he fell into a rage.

"'Did he call me an old man?' he inquired.

"I had to say yes, whereupon he asked:

"'Why didn't you kick him under the table?'

Before we leave the subject of railroads, I should like to quote Mr. Stubbs on one more topic, for it shows another angle of his mind.

"If I owned the Union Pacific Railroad," he said, "I would distribute the stock at par. This is not socialism, but what I regard as the sanest method of developing a friendly feeling for the railroad. A wide ownership of bonds of small denomination would go a long way toward achieving the same end. When people have their money in a property, they are not so quick to try to tear it down."

Up to this time we had only talked of railroads, rates, and railroad men. The air was charged with the movement of large affairs. But when I mentioned his contemplated retirement, a new light broke over Mr. Stubbs' face.

"I don't see why any fuss should be made over a man's quitting his job," he said. "However, since I am going to re-

tire to my old home at Ashland, Ohio, let's go down there and discuss it."

Thus it came about that I journeyed to Ashland with him. There was more in that trip than merely getting one end of a magazine article. It was the intimate revelation of the sources of a man's life, and likewise a fresh and helpful excursion into the heart of an Anglo-Saxon democracy.

When I saw Ashland, I also saw the backgrounds of the Stubbs character. Here, sheltered by green hills, watered by pleasant streams, is a centre of sound Americanism. It is a clean, serene, drowsy region unmarred by the ugliness of poverty. From this hardy and well-nurtured section came the first of the Studebakers, the clang of whose anvil rang across the valley. Out of its village school stepped Judge Peter Grosscup, destined to go down in judicial history linked with the Debs and Standard Oil cases. In a cottage near by, William B. Allison dreamed his youthful dreams.

But first in Ashland's gallery of fame, and first in the hearts of her people, is John C. Stubbs. He alone, of her prosperous or eminent sons, has chosen to return to the scenes of his boyhood.

Here comes one picturesque phase of the whole Stubbs incident. It illustrates the fact that deep down under the bustling American consciousness—truer and more permanent than the money-greed—is the instinct for home. When all is said and done, this is what draws Mr. Stubbs from the teeming tracks of traffic.

I walked down the Main Street with him. Nearly everybody knew him, and there were friendly nods and greetings on all sides. Those who did not know him knew who he was, and were proud of him.

I went to a luncheon at the principal hotel, where many of the leading citizens were gathered to greet him. It was an old-fashioned mid-day dinner, for the luncheon habit has not yet invaded the small communities. Anecdotes of the early days flew about. A playmate of Mr. Stubbs, now the leading merchant, told how, despite his frailty, he fought to the last ditch in the school duels. Another friend, now the editor of the daily paper, waxed reminiscent of war-time experiences; and so it went, with cheerfulness

and affection pervading. In the end it was proposed, more seriously than in jest, that Mr. Stubbs should be the next mayor of Ashland.

"If he runs the town as well as he runs the Harriman lines," said some one, "we shall have money in the treasury."

Late in the afternoon I strolled with Mr. Stubbs through the charming little town, and it was then that we talked of the subject that lay uppermost in our minds; for I wanted to know why he was retiring from business. It was a fitting time to speak of peace and the mellowing years, for the still air was fragrant with apple-blossom and lilac. Like a rural Marcus Aurelius, this man of affairs discoursed upon life and work.

"I am going to retire," he said, "because I don't think a man should work after he is sixty-five. After that time all the real fight is out of him. I do not mean the pugnacious quality, but aggressiveness and the ability to take the initiative. While I have my own business particularly in mind, what I say is really true of all activities. In the army, a man is retired before he is sixty-five; why should not the same wise rule apply to other kinds of service, more arduous, more racking than the soldier's life. It is youth that wins. The world belongs to the young man.

"You hear a lot of talk about genius; but there is no genius. It is simply hard work.

"All my life I have worked for other people. I have been too busy to make money. I am not a rich man. What little I have is savings. The big salary did not come until late.

"Now I want to devote a little time to myself. There are many books that I want to read; many places that I want to see. In short, I am tired of turmoil, and I want to rest."

He took me to a big brick house, sentineled by maples, that stood on an eminence near the edge of town. A sweet wind blew in from the hills; the branches of a flowering cherry tree nodded against the porch; the deepening shadows of evening softened the earth. It seemed to be the abode of peace, spaciousness, and comfort.

"This is my home," said Mr. Stubbs. "Here I really expect to live."

He paused a moment. The years seemed to fall away from him, his look became young and eager, and he added:

"Now you know why I am going to retire."

I thought of another picture; it was a marble palace in the Ramapo Mountains

that crowned a princely domain. In a splendid room a little man lay sleeping the unawakening sleep. At sixty-one, Mr. Harriman had sacrificed his life in the race that had no compensations.

Perhaps Mr. Stubbs is right.

Taking Care of Her Own Car

SOCIETY was horrified at first at the idea of a woman riding a bicycle, then rode it to death. It shuddered at the idea of a woman driving an automobile; now the woman who owns a car and isn't her own chauffeur on occasion, is not only hardly smart, but gets a reputation for timidity. This may or may not be so, but it is the beginning of an interesting article by C. H. Claudy in the *World To-Day*. It goes on:

There have been for years many women who would drive their own automobiles, if they felt they could care for them—women with the means to purchase a moderate-priced car, but denied a masculine member of the household to do the grooming, and unable, or unwilling, to keep a properly accredited chauffeur.

To these, the salesman is now presenting a new argument. Instead of trying to convince a woman who is, although highly intelligent, without any knowledge of mechanics, that "my car doesn't need any care; all you have to do is to turn the crank and start it, then get in and ride," he tries to show her that "although this car, like any other car, needs attention to run at its best, that attention is something which a woman, as well as a man, can give it."

He shows her that even if a carburetor does get "out of whack," it isn't a matter of muscle and great knowledge to fix, merely a matter of a little know-how and practice. He shows her that an ignition system is not inherently an affair of the devil, impish, for all the testimony of its actions at times, and that the magic which will exorcise said devilishness is merely patience and, again, knowledge, which can be as easily acquired by a woman as

a man. He shows her the ins and out of steering-gear, of transmission, of differential, of valves, and of control; shows her, in fact, what he would show a man who expected to take care of his own car. The result is, there are more and more women driving cars all the time, who stable them, feed them, clean them, keep them in order, adjust them, "time them up," even if they still leave heavy repairs or matters of muscular labor to paid masculine help.

When it is boiled down to a matter of essentials, there is really nothing more complicated for a woman, in taking ordinary care of the average car, than there is in taking the same care of a sewing-machine or a furnace, two pieces of household apparatus that any modern Priscilla usually understands thoroughly. Now is the time for the skilled automobile mechanic to rise up and roar. One can fairly hear him:

"What? An auto no more complicated than a sewing-machine? A motor-car as easy to take care of as a furnace? Nonsense. He doesn't know what he's talking about!"

And, from the skilled automobile mechanic's standpoint, the assertion is somewhat difficult to swallow. But observe, please, Mr. Skilled-Automobile-Mechanic, and you, too, Miss Want-To-Care-For-My-Own-Car, that the statement said "taking ordinary care of the average car."

Now, what is ordinary care?

In the first place, keeping the tanks full of oil and gasoline, the radiator filled with water. Is there, inherently, anything harder about unscrewing a cap and pouring oil, gasoline or water into a brass hole, than there is in squirting fluid from

ing-machine? A difference in magnitude, not kind.

Ordinary care includes, in the second place, keeping tires well pumped up. One can stop at a garage and have it done; one can buy cylinders of compressed air and do it oneself, with no more effort than is required to attach the hose and turn a handle, or one can get right down to hard facts and pump, just as one did with the bicycle, and if any woman will tell me that it is harder to pump up a medium-sized tire than it is to shovel in coal or take up ashes from a furnace, I will—contradict her!

In ordinary care is found, also, cleanliness. Cleanliness means not only of fenders, body and brass, but engine cleanliness. It means particularly spark plugs and cylinders. Spark plugs don't get dirty standing unused; they soot up just when one is demonstrating one's machine for sale to a purchaser who doesn't know a spark plug from a reach rod, or an ignition system from a spanner, and who thinks any use of a tool on the engine means it is fit for the scrap-heap. Or, they get dirty just when we have put on our daintiest lawn dress, and are in the middle of a ride with our dearest enemy, of whom we want a favor!

In such circumstances, to await, helpless, the coming of something with trousers, who, by the way, unless he comes in his own car, is just as apt to be entirely ignorant of trouble in dirty spark plugs as you are, is humiliating, to say the least. How much more comfortable it is to play the man, don old gloves and a duster, or even an unautolike apron, take out the offending plug, squirt it with gasoline or clean with a rag, rescrew it in place, hook on the wire, and—off again!

How to test for the offending plug with the buzzing coil, and how to remove and clean and replace the plug, is neither hard nor troublesome to learn. Any woman who can learn the intricacies of a shuttle, needle and feed on a sewing-machine can do this equally well; in fact, a lot of them do, which is, when all is said and done, the surest indication that the assertion, questioned by Mr. Expert-Automobile-Mechanic, is a true one.

To say, "Those cylinders are getting carbonized" is to be horribly technical.

Many a woman has heard that from her repair man, in the now happily lost days of repair shop robbery, and said, "Well, for goodness' sake, stop it; I don't want the whole car carbonized!" and has paid roundly for the cleaning which she can do equally well herself, at no expense. For no one will contend that it takes either great skill or great knowledge to pour a little kerosene into the cylinders through their cups, and run the engine until the carbon deposit in the cylinders (the remains of burned oil) is burned away.

By the same token, some helpless woman drivers have had a repair man come to their car and paid him for time and knowledge, to start it, when all it wanted was a little "priming" or extra gasoline put in the cylinders, through those same cups, a thing sometimes necessary in cold weather!

Sometimes, when the motor begins to "miss," it is the battery which is at fault. A "miss fire" is easily recognized, its cure not much harder. It must be faulty ignition, not enough gas, or dirt, if it is to be curable on the road. If the batteries are all right, and there is no "short circuit" (wires touching where they should not), the trouble is in the plug, and it is ignition which is at fault. If the plugs are all right and there is no short circuit, seek the trouble in the storage battery. And the testing of the battery with the instrument made for that purpose (the ammeter) or the shifting of the wires from one set to another, is neither complicated, vastly difficult, nor hard to understand; certainly no harder than the adjustment of a radiator in a house, the reading of a steam-gauge on the furnace, or the management of dampers and doors to produce the desired temperature.

And magneto ignition—which, O feminine shudderer at hard words! means an electrical system for igniting the gasoline gas charge in the cylinders, by means of a little mechanism called a magneto, which generates an electrical current instead of the battery—is almost troubleless, and reduces the hunt for electrical trouble to short circuits and dirt. If you learn where the magneto is, and see always that its wires are tightly fastened, you will know about all you need to about this part of the machine.

Carbureters, I will admit, are affairs not to be adjusted without exact knowledge. Yet on the carbureter depends the performance of the car. If it isn't working right, if it isn't producing the right kind of gas from the gasoline, if, in other words, the mixture is too rich or too poor, there is going to be trouble. Adjusting a carbureter to the car is a matter of knowledge rather than of skill. But, admitting that it gets out of adjustment and must be put back, any clever woman can learn from seeing it done, and understanding why this, that and the other, are done, to do it herself. She is intelligent, this Miss Take-Care-Of-Her-Own-Car, or she wouldn't understand it. It takes only intelligence to understand that a gasoline motor goes because a charge of gasoline gas and air is ignited in the cylinder by a spark, which ignition or "explosion" is accompanied by a great expansion of the gas, which expansion pushes a piston that turns a crank, which motion finally gets to the wheels and turns them.

Understanding this, it isn't much harder to understand that there is some best mixture of gasoline gas and air for the kind of car and the time of year, at the carbureter, to get the best power out of the gasoline used. It is this best mixture which the carbureter gives the car, and, understanding the apparatus and how it does it and why it does it, and how to adjust it, is a part of the education of every autoist, and it's about on a par with understanding the engineering principles of a heating plant. One can heat a house without knowing them, and one can drive and care for a car without every touching a carbureter, but if one would do either to the best effect and with the most intelligence, such knowledge is desirable.

Even as one star differeth from another star, so doth one carbureter differ from another in glory and mechanism. But all have some method of adjusting the relation of gas and air. She who learns what this relation is, for her car, and can adjust the air or gasoline intake so the car runs best and with least smoke, either in winter, when the cold air makes more of it needful, or in summer, when the air can be cut down, saves herself trouble, time, and "repair" charge.

Then, there are a lot of little things about the engine which anyone can learn.

The belt which drives the fan may get loose. Any woman who can fit a dress ought to be able to take up a belt! Yes, it gets your hands dirty—wear gloves. Yes, it's messy—everything about an engine is messy, oily and dusty. Wear the proper clothes. But the continual revolution of that fan means cool water in the radiator, which means smooth running to your car.

The control may develop lost motion. If you understand the control, that is, can follow the rods and wires as they run from carbureter to the control handles on the steering-gear and from the timer to the same place, and can see where the lost motion is, you can correct it, providing, of course, that it is correctable with wrench or other tools. It may well be that in going over and caring for her car, Miss Take-Care-Of-Her-Own-Auto comes across things beyond her skill, strength or knowledge. But if she understands what is the matter, and what ought to be done, and can take her car to a repair shop and say, "Here, there is too much lost motion in this steering-gear," or, "My clutch slips and I lose power," she will get her work quicker, better done, and with less charges than if she is compelled to go to the garage, get a repair man to ride with her, and find out what is the matter, for himself, and then leave him to do what he pleases and render what bill he likes, to what he knows to be dense ignorance.

There are different ways of getting the knowledge required to care for one's own car. One girl I knew had a friend in the automobile business. She persuaded him to allow her to spend some time in the shop. She stood around for a couple of hours for several days and went away with a working knowledge of how a car is put together, which nothing but continual observation of different chassis in various stages of *deshabille* could have given her.

Another young woman contracted with the agent from whom she bought the car in this way:

"I'll buy your car," she said, "and pay you cash for it. You will agree to have a man teach me how to run it, and take it to pieces and put it together again, so I can understand it."

The salesman didn't want to; it meant three days of a repair man's time, but

that \$900 in cash looked so very green, he—did it. The young woman has a mental picture of all the “works” of her car, and can tell as well as any one when anything is wrong, fix it if it is not too complicated, and is not a bit afraid to take her car on a day’s run, if she has “tuned it up” herself.

A young woman was promised a motor the day she could demonstrate to her father that she knew how to take care of it. He was a civil engineer.

The young woman bought a couple of text-books on the automobile, studied them, then asked a friend for lessons in the simple essentials. One day she came to her father and told him:

“I’m ready to show you I know how to run and how to take care of a car.”

Her father borrowed a friend’s car and took her riding. She showed him first that she knew how to drive, and then, as fast as he disarranged the car in several ways, while she turned her back, she put it right again. He disconnected a wire from a spark plug—she found it in a moment. He disconnected the wire from the battery—she tested for current as soon as the car wouldn’t start, and, finding none, went straight to the battery box. He removed a plug and fouled it—she located it, had it clean and back in place in five minutes. Other and more elaborate tests were dispensed with as being injurious to the car, but the daughter gave her father such a lecture on a car’s construction and principles that he was glad to throw up his hands and ask her to have mercy, and please to drive to the garage where the new car was to be bought!

There are dozens of such examples, and whether the car be the simple electric, the slightly more complicated and infinitely more flexible gasoline car, or the little steamers, you will see women not only running them, but running them with the comfortable knowledge that, even if they get out of adjustment, the power to “fix it” is within them, and not necessarily for them in a garage.

The matter of tires must not be neglected. For of all things which may happen on the road, calculated to strike terror to the heart of alleged helpless femininity, a punctured or burst tire is the worst.

Yet coming back once more to the stove and the sewing-machine, the present

scribe can see nothing more difficult in replacing a tire with a new one, save the muscular effort required, than in “tuning up” a heating system, emptying radiators of air, seeing that the water stands at the top of the system, that flues are free and dirt-pockets clean, etc. It is true that it does take a little strength to remove and put on a heavy tire. A medium-sized tire can be managed without trouble by any woman with the understanding of how to go to work, and patching a punctured inner tube is certainly no harder than patching a torn skirt!

Telling a delicate woman that the first thing she must do if she would repair a tire, en route, is to lift the car up from the road enough to allow the wheels to revolve, seems, at first thought, equivalent to saying at once, “You can’t do it.” But in every motor-car tool chest is found a little apparatus called a “jack,” and this tool will do the lifting up of the car for you with less exertion than is necessary to pump water from a well, and with the same motion.

Modern tires are held on mechanically, not alone by air pressure, as were the old double-tube bicycle tires. It is only necessary to use a wrench to get off the retaining nuts and rings and free the rubber “shoe.” Getting the tire off the rim is more a matter of patience and the right use of a tire tool than great strength, and putting the new or patched inner tube in place is neither difficult nor exhausting.

Pumping up is undeniably hard work! But it can be done, with time, patience and a foot-pump, and if there are several to take turns at it, it is really not so terrible a job as it might appear. But the modern way to pump a tire is to have a small tube of compressed air along with you, connect it to the tire, turn a valve, and presto! the tire is ready for use!

Repairing a tire, like all the rest of the moderate, every-day, not highly scientific care which any car requires, if it is to run at its best, is entirely a matter of the right knowledge, plus the will to do. The whole matter rests entirely with the individual woman in question. As between learning the average care required for the average car, and learning to cook a good meal, I think any one who knows anything about automobiles and who has tried to be his own cook, will back the person who tries

to learn the essentials of autoing, to finish first.

However incredulous the masculine reader may be, or his sister either, who has already regarded anything mechanical as about as mysterious as the stock exchange, the fact remains, more and more young women are taking care of their own cars, more and more are learning the simple essentials of keeping a car in tune, of keeping it clean and healthy, and able to run there and back with comfort. With many it is the case of "Do it myself or do without a car," and, as one young modern sister of Phaeton put it, "I never knew how much the men were bluffing when

they talked motor until I learned for myself how very simple such things as batteries, spark plugs, transmissions, and clutches were!"

This, for a mere man to quote, is humiliating, but goes far in proof of the point nevertheless, that there really is nothing more complicated in taking *ordinary* care of the *average* car than there is in taking the same care of a sewing-machine or a furnace!

Try it, Miss Want-a-Car-Very-Badly-But-Am-Afraid-Of-Its-Care, and see if you can write, as a conclusion to this tale, a good round Q.E.D.

Britain's Business Soldier

THOUGH written before the announcement of his appointment to succeed Sir Eldon Gorst as British Agent in Egypt, the following little sketch of Lord Kitchener in *The Organizer* will prove timely:

When Lord Kitchener returned to England from India, where he had been for seven years Commander-in-Chief, the popular opinion prevailed in Great Britain at that time that an appointment would be speedily found for him, enabling him to control, as far as it is given to mortal man to control, the military destiny of the nation. He would be allowed to dictate to a large extent, at any rate, military policy. This is what nearly everyone, not actually engaged in pulling the wires of the nation behind the scenes, felt. And, strange to say, nearly everyone, irrespective of party, was disappointed. Popular supposition was belied. Lord Kitchener was not placed in the all-important position at the head of affairs which had been expected. Now, however, we need no longer lament. He has had his reward. The renowned K. of K. has been appointed a director of the Chatham & Dover Railway!

There is a tradition, begotten of truth, in railway circles, that the man of great name who joins the board of directors of a railway company in this way must be inevitably of the ornamental rather than

of the useful school. All who know Lord Kitchener say it is a tradition to which he will be wholly false. K. of K. is the last man in the world to trade upon his great name. His lifelong hatred of men who do that sort of thing has made for him more than one enemy in the past. But what does that matter to a man who does not care a fig how many enemies he makes provided he feels sure he has found the true way? The men who have served him in the past have brought only one passport—the passport of their ability.

A story comes from a highly authentic source to the effect that during the South African war a really first-class officer went to Lord Kitchener armed with a letter of introduction from a very illustrious British personage, the document almost amounting to a command that the officer should be given a certain post of responsibility on Lord Kitchener's staff. The great soldier had always been guided by one inflexible rule. "I choose my own men and not other people's" was his maxim, and he saw no reason why he should even then depart from it. The officer in question kicked his heels in Capetown for several weeks to no purpose, and ultimately had the good sense to return to London. An army officer may be a pet of society, but before a pet of society can hope to find favor with K. of K. he needs must prove himself "a man for a' that."

"K. is a remarkably good soldier," was once the rather carping tribute of a critic, "but I am not sure that he is not an even better foreman of the works." This remark was, unintentionally, a compliment, because, as a discerning military tactician afterwards remarked, "No general worthy of the name could fail in that capacity."

To be described as a "foreman" means that he is essentially a splendid man of business. He has led armies to victory simply through his innate genius for organization. We saw a fine display of business-tactics and strategy in the way in which he settled things for us in South Africa after Lord Roberts had departed from the scene. It has been truthfully said that by his aid we did not merely beat the Boers; we conciliated them. At Khartum, and even earlier in his career, he gave abundant proof of his skill as a business soldier. Lord Kitchener has the gift of silence, so invaluable to a great

business man. Soldiers who have seen active service under him testify that when fighting is afoot K. of K. invariably keeps his own counsel. There is never any leakage of information when he is in command, because, so far as those around him can gather, there is never any information to leak!

"A thing is ordered. It must be done. No excuses will avail," are the three great working precepts Lord Kitchener's subordinates must ever keep before them. And so it happened during the Khartum expedition, when an officer lost a Nile steamer through another man's stupidity he was a ruined man, since the responsibility was his. The fruits of long years of meritorious services were destroyed. K. of K. does not find it easy to forgive a failure. . . . But, after all, a man who has been called upon to fight the battles of the Empire cannot afford to be a sentimentalist.

What Is to Become of The Preacher?

A STRONG article on the smallness of the salaries paid to clergymen appears in *Hampton's Magazine*, from the pen of Dr. Thomas E. Green, which will set many people thinking. He takes first a typical case.

The Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in a thriving Wisconsin town of twenty-seven hundred inhabitants. We shall call this town Cedarville.

Cedarville stands in the midst of one of the most fertile farming regions in the Middle West. Situated in a southern tier of counties, its county line joins the rich Rock River valley of northern Illinois. Farm lands in the neighborhood are worth a hundred and fifty dollars an acre.

The two thousand and seven hundred people of Cedarville are almost all prosperous. For the most part they are intelligent, well educated, highly moral, good citizens. The town has two banks, a couple of weekly newspapers, a creamery, a grain elevator and a fine new high school.

Not an undesirable place for the Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley to be assigned to by the annual conference. The parsonage, though small, is a cheerful, well-built frame cottage. The Bradleys have lived in much worse houses; in fact, they have seldom lived in a better one. In the course of twenty years' itinerancy, a Methodist minister's family has a chance to experience a variety of housing conditions, and learns to be satisfied with mere comfort.

In addition to the house, Mr. Bradley's congregation allows him for his services as their pastor the sum of \$800 a year—that is, they promise him \$800. Generally the quarterly payments are in arrears.

Periodically this question of the minister's salary becomes acute, and the parish board of directors hold a series of meetings to consider ways and means of making up the deficit. When the relief comes and the minister is paid his back salary, the board always appears to be making him a present. He is expected to be grateful, and to show his apprecia-

tion by working a little harder than before.

To be sure he is grateful. The matter of arrears in salary is in a constantly acute stage in the privacy of the minister's family. His wife, who is the business manager of the household, never rests from her responsibility of paying old bills. At forty she looks back on what seems a long life of poverty as hopeless as it was pathetic; a poverty that must hide its face behind a pretense of comfort and contentment, and that must contrive somehow to live up to the requirements of gentility demanded by a clergyman's social position.

The family must dress neatly, the children must be educated, the home must be attractive to visitors, there must always be room at table for a chance guest. The problem of maintaining the standard on a small income paid at uncertain intervals keeps the minister's wife in a state of nervous tension, hardly ever relaxed. Sometimes her tired nerves give way in a fit of temporary rebellion.

Mrs. William Anderson was the wife of the president of Cedarville's largest bank, and the leading woman in Mr. Bradley's congregation. Childless, rich, energetic, Mrs. Anderson gave much of her time to parish activities. She was the president of the Ladies' Aid Society, president of the Woman's Missionary Society, and active in all the Epworth Leagues, temperance societies, Bible study circles and the like which make up the life of a church.

Her motor car purred at the curb as she trailed her silken skirts into the little parlor of the parsonage.

"I've only a moment, Mr. Bradley," she said cheerfully. "Mr. Anderson is waiting for me to drive him to the farm. It's such a charming day to go to the country, isn't it? I wanted to make sure, though, that you remember that next Sunday is our annual collection for foreign missions. I do hope you will urge the congregation to give liberally. We want a good showing in the conference report, you know, and we must do our part in the great missionary movement which is waking up the church just now. Thirty thousand additional missionaries called for, just think of it! I hope Mrs. Bradley is well. Give her my love, and you will say all

you can next Sunday for the missions, won't you?"

"Surely," agreed the minister. "Missionary activity is the very life of the church. I had not forgotten, but thank you for coming just the same."

The motor car spun round the corner, the minister went slowly back to his shabby desk and sank wearily into his chair. Before him lay a circular of the Missionary Board, its headline in bold type staring him in the face:

"Fifty Millions for Missions."

For the first time, or perhaps not for the first, but for the hundredth time, it occurred to the Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley, "Why, in the name of common sense, did I not become a foreign missionary instead of an itinerant parson?" It is too late to wonder now. The Reverend Mr. Bradley, at forty-six years of age, with four half-grown children and a tired wife, is undesirable timber for the foreign mission service. But if he only had chosen the foreign field—

In Cedarville he is getting \$800 a year and a house, say \$1,000 in all. That is, he is promised that much, but getting it is more or less problematical.

In the foreign field he would have been paid at least \$1,500, and he would have received it with clockwork regularity. Moreover, the purchasing power of \$1,500 in American gold is so much greater in foreign lands than in the United States that the missionary finds his income almost three times as large as the figures indicate.

In addition to his income there is frequently a salary paid his wife. The Missionary Board does not ask the missionary's wife to perform the unpaid services expected of the parson's hard-worked, unappreciated partner. If the missionary's wife teaches or nurses or helps with the Gospel work, she is paid for it—as she should be, of course. The missionary's wife does not even have the drudgery of taking care of her babies. For every baby that arrives the family income enables her to employ a patient, efficient, silent-footed, restful servant.

Rare indeed is the minister at home who can have three or four quick, industrious, obedient servants, his own conveyance, a comfortable, not to say commodi-

ous dwelling, and a position of social eminence.

And there is no peril any more in the work of a missionary, if he be content to be simply a missionary. Let him keep clear of politics and avoid the ever-present temptations of mixing in with the grasping avarice and dishonesty of business promotion and he is as safe in Japan, in India, in equatorial Africa as he is in Wisconsin.

"Fifty Millions for Missions!" Every meeting of the Protestant churches in conference echoes this demand. Fifty millions, mark you, in addition to the regular appropriations of the missionary boards of the churches. The great sum has been called for and it will undoubtedly be found.

Of course, only a small part of the money will reach the thousand million heathens for whose conversion it is spent, although the fund will be administered with the most religious honesty, and with no little ability into the bargain. Converting the heathen is about the most expensive luxury in which the church indulges.

It has always been an item in the budget of the missionary board that it took one dollar to make a dollar efficient in the field. That will halve the appropriation. Actually, the cost of missions is greater than that. At least a missionary whom I met last year in Japan, on his way home on furlough after eight years'

work in India, told me that every dollar that came into actual practical use in his work had cost the Foreign Missionary Society three dollars and seventy-five cents to put it there.

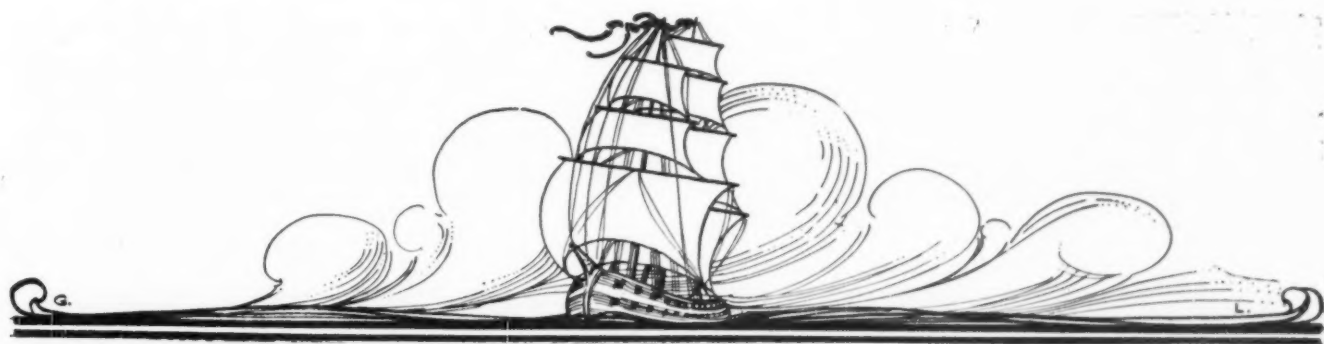
Nevertheless, if it costs six dollars, instead of three dollars and seventy-five cents, the money would still be spent. The conscience of Christendom demands missionaries. Look at the situation.

According to the figures set forth by the World's Geographical Society, the population of the earth in round numbers is 1,440,000,000.

According to the most hopeful and optimistic figures compiled by religious statisticians, one billion of them are not Christians. Four hundred and forty millions comprehend the membership of all the divergent and oftentimes warring sorts and kinds of Christians. A thousand million of the world's teeming life make up "the perishing heathen."

Among the various nations and peoples there are 13,350 missionaries, for whose support the religious forces of the United States contribute this year ten million dollars.

Since the vast majority of the heathen, when they are not persisting in their allegiance to Mohammed or Confucius, are continuing to bow down to wood and stone, it is apparent that we need more missionaries and more millions. The call has gone forth for thirty thousand new missionaries and fifty million dollars to back them up.



SMOKING ROOM STORIES

In a burst of penitence little Freddie was telling his mother what a wicked boy he had been.

"The other day, mama," he said, "I found the church door unlocked and I went inside. There wasn't anybody there and I—"

"You didn't take anything away, did you, son?" she asked.

"Worse than that; I—"

"Did you mutilate the hymn-books or play any tricks of that kind?"

"Oh, lots worse than that, mama," sobbed Freddie. "I went and sat down in the amen corner and said 'Darn it.'"—*The Housekeeper*.

* * *

O'Toole—"An' why are yez wearin' mournin', Muldoon?"

Muldoon—"Shure an' Oi hov t'. Th' iditor ov a magazine Oi 've been takin' wrote me yisterd'y an' sed thot me subscripshun hod expired."—*Judge*.

* * *

A woman in one of the factory towns of Massachusetts recently agreed to take charge of a little girl while her mother, a seamstress, went to another town for a day's work.

The woman with whom the child had been left endeavored to keep her contented, and among other things gave her a candy dog, with which she played happily all day.

At night the dog had disappeared, and the woman inquired whether it had been lost.

"No, it ain't lost," answered the little girl. "I kept it 'most all day, but it got so dirty that I was ashamed to look at it; so I et it."—*Lippincot's*.

A number of years ago, when Alvey A. Adee was Third Assistant Secretary of State, an employe of the State Department was called to the 'phone, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Will you kindly give me the name of the Third Assistant Secretary of State?" asked the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Adee."

"A. D. what?"

"A. A. Adee."

"Spell it, please."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"Yes."

"A—."

"You go to the devil!" and the receiver was indignantly hung up.—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

* * *

In a southern county of Missouri years ago, when the form of questioning was slightly different from now, much trouble was experienced in getting a jury in a murder trial.

Finally an old fellow answered every question satisfactorily; he had no prejudices, was not opposed to capital punishment, and was generally considered a valuable find. Then the prosecutor said solemnly:

"Juror, look upon the prisoner; prisoner, look upon the juror."

The old man adjusted his spectacles and peered at the prisoner for a full half minute. Then, turning to the court, he said:

"Judge, durned if I don't believe he's guilty."—*Kansas City Star*.



One of the Inclined Railways for Reaching the Mountain Top

Hamilton— Canada's Manufacturing Centre

HAMILTON, situated at the head of navigation on Lake Ontario, is the leading manufacturing city of Canada.

Not only is it noted as a manufacturing centre, but as a city of homes. Lying in the very garden of Canada, living is comparatively cheap as the fruit and vege-



A Section of the Gore at Night

Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine,



Hamilton from the Mountain.
One of the Finest Views on the Continent

table districts of the Niagara Peninsula are on its eastern boundary.

Its splendid water supply, healthy climate, beautiful system of parks, pleasant homes, numerous recreation facilities, boating, etc., all tend to make Hamilton an ideal residential spot for high-class operatives in almost any line of manufacture.

As a shipping point, for manufacturers, its location geographically could not be better.

In addition to an excellent harbor, with six lines of boats making it a port of call, are six steam railways and four suburban electric roads.

The building regulations are well defined and the value of building permits

in 1910 was \$2,545,280, an increase of over \$1,000,000 as compared with 1909.

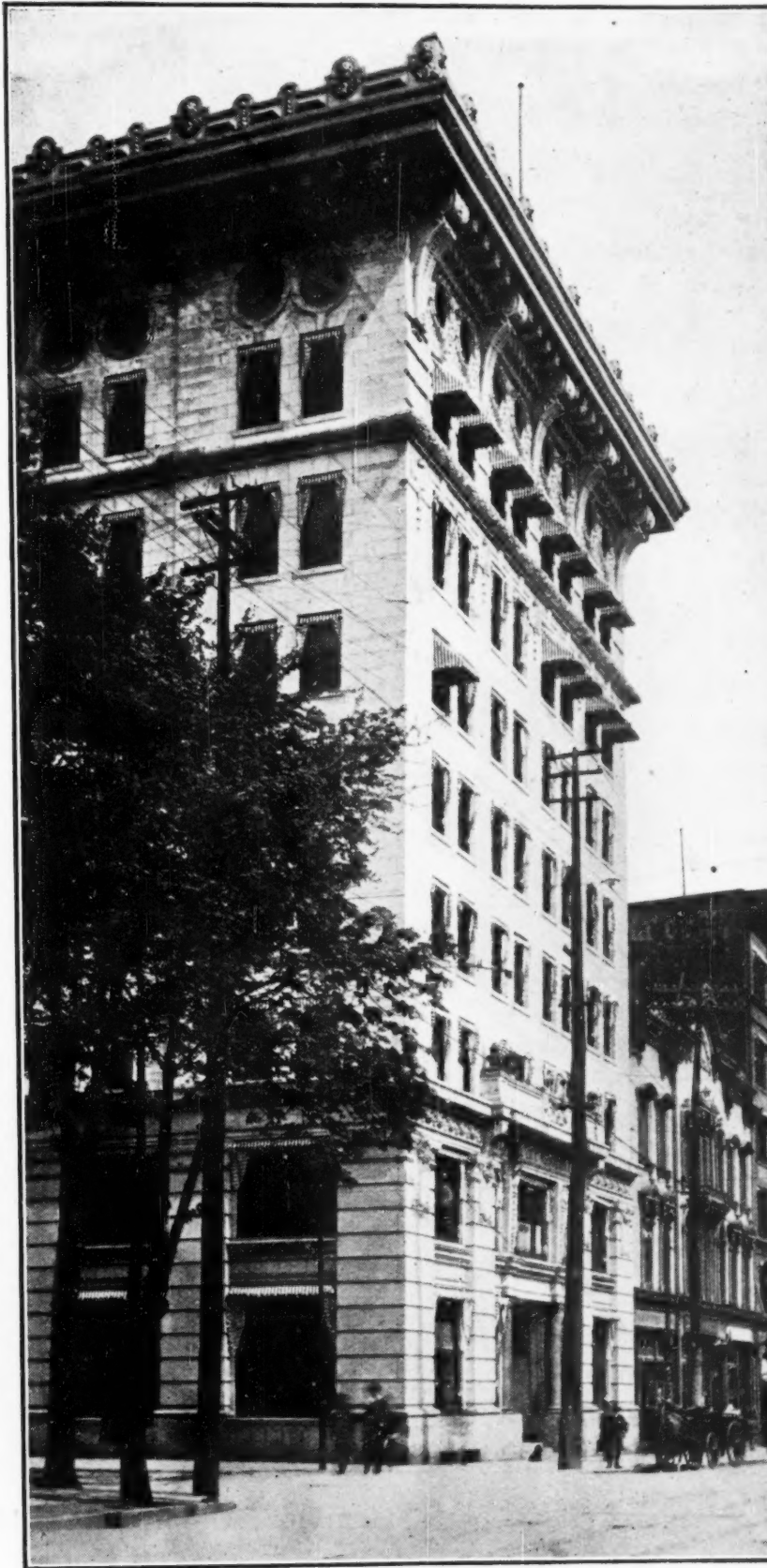
There were sixty-five permits for new factories and factory additions in 1910.

Altogether, there are four hundred factories in this city, with an invested capital of over \$40,000,000, paying in yearly wages over \$13,000,000 and putting on the market manufactured products to the value of \$50,000,000. The above facts and figures go to show most convincingly Hamilton's importance as a manufacturing centre and what the local industrial activity means to the country in general.

Practically all of the important manufacturing and financial cities of Canada and the United States, including the financial and political capitals of both coun-



King Street East at Night



tries, come within the radius of a night's journey from Hamilton.

This city, which now has a population of over 80,000, is fast growing, with a healthy, substantial increase in every year and before 1915 will reach the 125,000 mark.

No Canadian city offers better facilities for factories than Hamilton with its natural gas, cheap electric power (two companies), factory sites, shipping facilities, water and rail, labor conditions, blast furnaces and steel plants.

James Street looking North from the Federal Life Building to the City Hall;
Spectator Building midway, Bank of Hamilton just below.



A Corner of Gore Park Showing the Style of Electric Street Lighting.

The reason why your factory should be located in Hamilton is because forty-four American firms have chosen Hamilton in preference to all other Canadian cities as the place in which to build their plants.

Because there is more United States Capital invested in Hamilton in industrial pursuits than in any other Canadian city.

Because every United States concern that has come to Hamilton has prospered and increased its plant.

Because several important Canadian industries have preferred to remove their plants from other Canadian cities to Hamilton.

For full information, write to

J. G. HENDERSON,

Commissioner of Industries,

Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Why Man of Today Is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient

By

Walter Walgrove

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how

regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves: or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every re-

quirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could, the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued, becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation, poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system, warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise entitled, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 per cent. Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in *MacLean's Magazine*.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

**"A Long
Cold
One"**

Get a tall glass—fill with cold water—and add a pinch of Abbey's Salt.

It's the finest hot weather drink you ever tasted.

Pleasantly acid—sparkling—refreshing—and a single glass will quench the thirst. Abbey's Salt cools the blood—sweetens the stomach—braces and invigorates. 92

**Abbey's
Effer-
vescent Salt**

Dominion Chocolates, Cobalt Nuggets

And full
Assortment
of

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Make on the premises

130-132 Yonge St.

TORONTO, ONT.

Fancy Boxes and Baskets suitable for Gifts.

"A man is known by the Candy he sends."

When near our store don't forget our

UNEXCELLED CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM SODAS
and other FOUNTAIN DRINKS

Stuyler's

Cocoa stands unequalled for purity,
quality and flavor.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed.

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks

For Sale by all Grocers

Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO.
Limited

Ingersoll, Ontario,
Canada



BOVRIL

IS ALL BEEF

The regular use of BOVRIL will enable you to attain the highest possible degree of physical and mental energy

Every advertisement on this page merits your attention.



THAT is about the first question the owner or agent is asked by the prospective purchaser or tenant. The question of pure, healthful warmth is of vital importance with most people buying or renting a house. A house will rent for more, sell for more, hold its tenants longer, be disposed of quicker, and give greater satisfaction to owner or tenant if it is equipped with

King Boiler and Radiators

The exceptional endurance, efficiency in operation and fuel economy of the King Boiler is secured by the construction of the firepot. The fire chamber has been made deep enough, so that perfect combustion of the gases is ensured and the highest temperature obtained on a minimum of fuel.

It would be impossible to give you here full details regarding the manifold

advantages of the King Boiler and King Radiators; so, to meet this need for complete information on the subject of hot water heating, we have prepared a little booklet, "Comfortable Homes," a copy of which we'll be glad to send you on request. You'll find it packed with facts on the heating question, and all of them live and interesting. Simply address

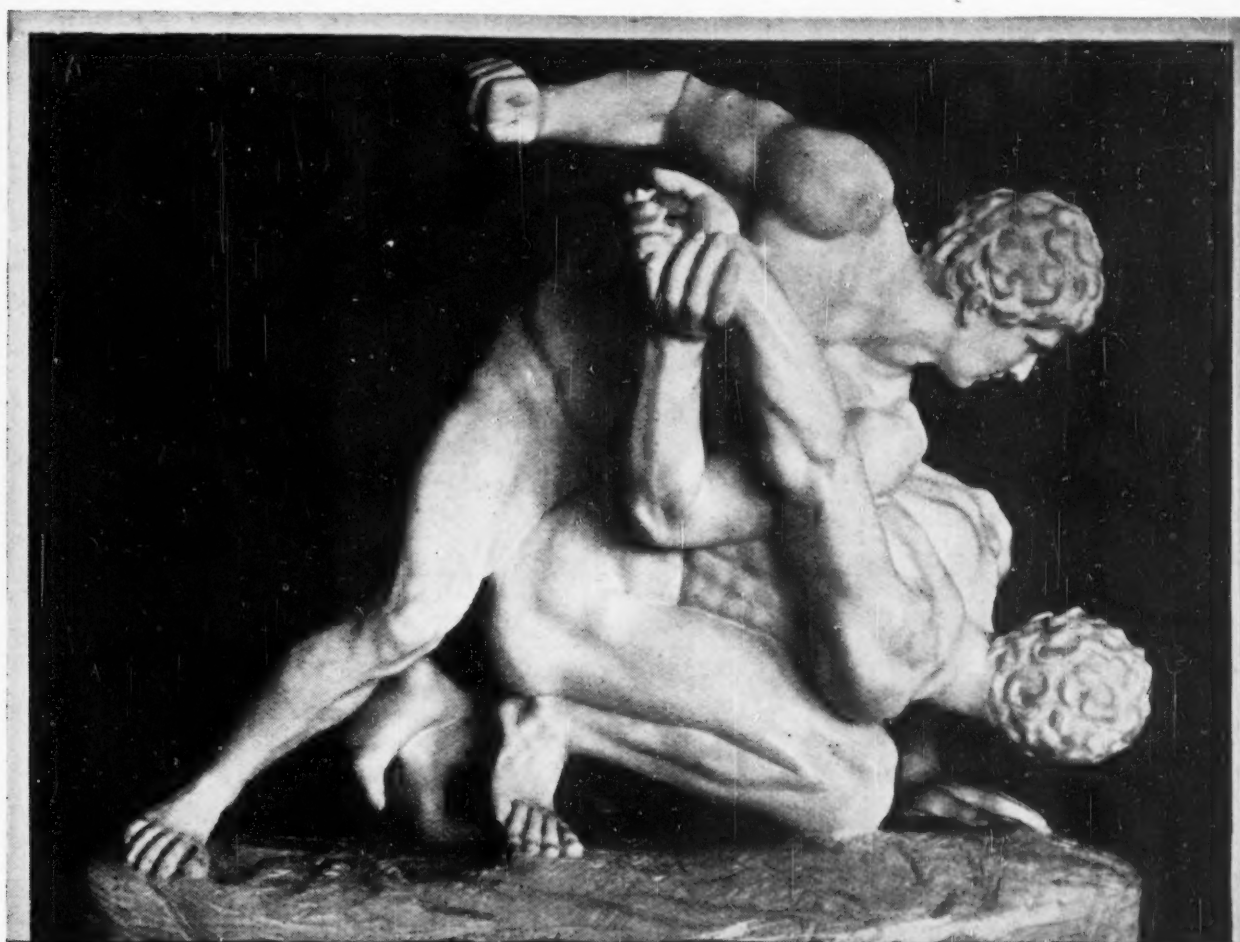
Steel and Radiation, Limited

Head Office: Fraser Ave.

Showrooms: 78-82 Adelaide St. E.

TORONTO.

Branches in All the Principal Cities and Towns



MARBLE GROUP IN POSTUM OFFICES

In Olden Times

The Greek and Roman athletes trained on simple, wholesome foods, made largely from the field grains — *producing* and *maintaining* the old-world ideals of vigorous manhood.

These grains grow today as they did then.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

—made of Wheat and Barley—contains the body- and brain-building elements stored in the grains by Nature, and is scientifically prepared for easy digestion.

One cannot find better food than Grape-Nuts!

“There’s A Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

Just **WHY** Old Dutch Cleanser

Is The BEST Thing that

Keeps Bath-tubs Clean



Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c.

Because the Cleanser quickly removes the discolorations which appear on porcelain bathtubs, and which it is impossible to remove *by any other means.*

Sprinkle the Cleanser over the tub, and rub the surface with a dampened brush or coarse cloth. Then wash off with clean, warm water, and you will find that all dirt and stains have vanished, leaving the tub clean and spotless.

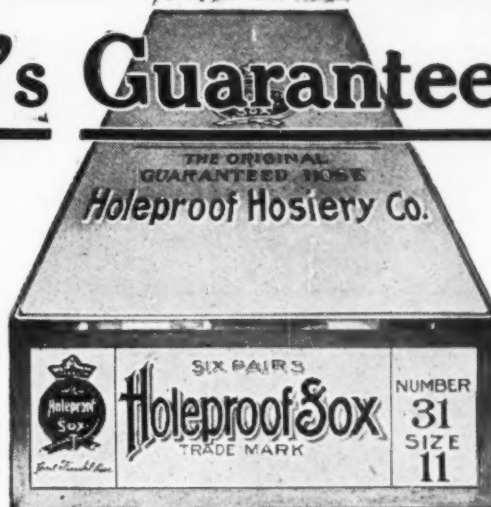
Six Months Without Darning!

It's Guaranteed

Here are hose for men, women and children—and six pairs are guaranteed to wear without holes, rips or tears for six months. If any pairs wear out, we give you new hose free. We give you a signed-in-ink guarantee and a return coupon for each of the six pairs.

These are the famous Holeproof Hose that have sold so phenomenally in the United States. 9,000,000 pairs will be worn this year. 95 per cent of these hose, last year, outlasted the six months' guarantee.

We pay for yarn an average of seventy cents per pound. Common yarn sells for thirty cents.



Get This Box

\$60,000 a Year for Inspection

We spend more than \$60,000 a year merely for inspection—to see that each pair is perfectly made. These hose are light weight, soft and sheer as any cotton hose on the market. With all their advantages they sell

at common hose prices. You save nothing by buying hose that wear out in one-sixth of the time "Holeproof" last. Don't darn any more when there's no need to. Get "Holeproof" today.

If your dealer hasn't "Holeproof" on sale, send the money to us in any convenient way and we'll send you what you want, charges prepaid.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

How to Order

Choose your color, grade and size from the list below and state clearly just what you wish. One size and one grade in each box. Colors only may be assorted as desired. Six pairs are guaranteed six months except when stated otherwise.

Men's Socks—Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun-metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs \$1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs \$1.50). Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs \$2.00. Light and extra light weight LUSTRE SOX, 6 pairs \$3.00. Pure thread-silk sock, 3 pairs (guaranteed three months) \$2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan,

Get This Mark



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Fuschl Inc.

dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun-metal, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Same in pure thread-silk, 3 pairs (guaranteed three months). Outsize in black, medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Children's—Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00.

Infants' Sox—Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00.

Don't wait. Save the next six months of darning. Send in your order now, while you think of it. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

TO DEALERS—Write for our agency proposition. Excellent opportunity. Thousands of dealers in U. S. making big hosiery sales with "Holeproof."

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., 37 Bond Street, London, Canada

Are Your Hose Insured?

(208)

It will pay you to answer advertisements.



*Dainty
Desserts
for*



*Dainty
People*

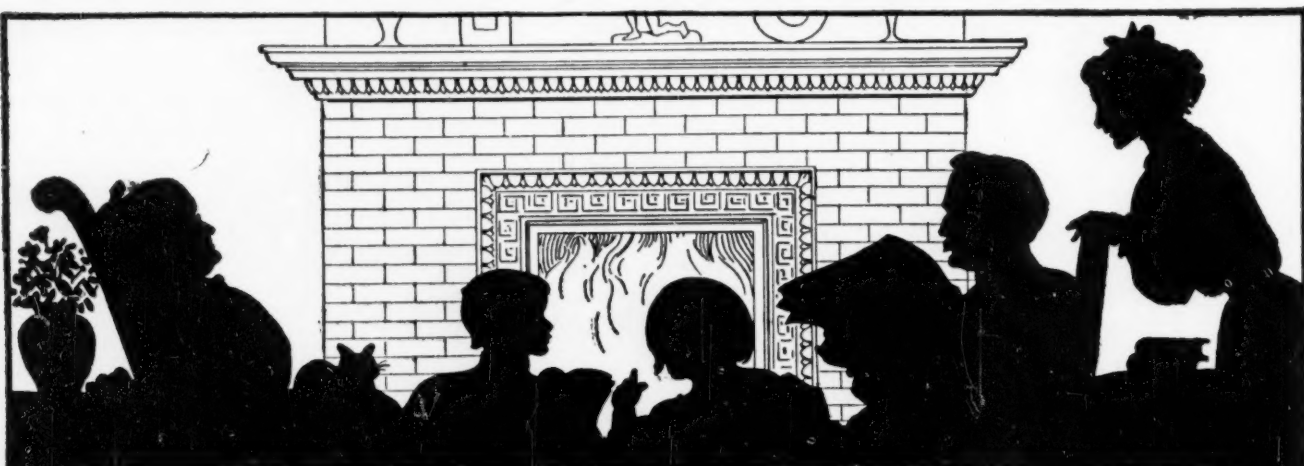
Knox Pure, Plain Sparkling Gelatine

is much more than a delicious dessert. It just naturally lends itself to a thousand and one other uses—for garnishing the meats stiffening the sauces and gravies, making the ices and preparing the salads throughout the entire meal from soup to dessert.

FREE on request, with your grocer's name the revised edition or "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" a book of new recipes, many of them beautifully illustrated in colors.

A pint sample will be sent for 2c stamp and your grocer's name

CHARLES B. KNOX CO., 502 Knox Avenue. Johnstown, New York
Branch Factory: Montreal, Can.



MILTON BRICK FIREPLACES

IN OLD FASHIONED AND MODERN DESIGNS

They lend a charm to the home that nothing else can fill. As plain or as elaborate as desired. Special designs for every room in the house.

OUR CATALOGUE SHOWS MANY BEAUTIFUL FIREPLACES
BUILT OF MILTON PRESSED BRICK. WRITE FOR FREE COPY.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO., Limited - MILTON, ONT.
TORONTO OFFICE: JAMES BUILDING



A Truthful Picture Of An Occurrence

This manager of the family had finished her usual allowance, and with a convenient camera was shot in the act of "going after" more.

No kitten loves milk better than children love

Post Toasties

and the food is good for them. That may be depended upon.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Reading advertisements is profitable to you.

Corns Ended In Two Days

The pain stops instantly. Within two days the whole corn loosens and comes out.

Blue-jay has done this fifty million times. It will do it for you—that we guarantee—no matter how tough the corn.

The secret lies in a bit of B & B wax—a wonderful invention. It loosens the corn without soreness or pain. You don't feel it at all. The corn is forgotten until it comes out.

Go get it. Don't let corns torment you any more.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.

B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.

C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.

D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters
15c and 25c per Package

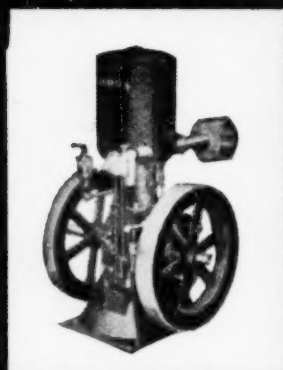
All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them

SAMPLE MAILED FREE

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. (33)

A Boy or Girl

can operate
the



LONDON Gasoline Engine.

You can dispense with expensive hired help. The LONDON is designed and constructed with as few parts as possible to avoid the many annoyances so common to small engines. It is thoroughly tested and regulated, all ready to be operated—easy to start, easy to understand. It is made specially for light reliable power and will run anything at all times up to its rated capacity. Write for catalogue which explains the merits of the "London" Gasoline Engines.

Manufactured by

The London Gas Power Co., Ltd.
Catalogue F. 3. LONDON, CANADA
Sold by The Cockshutt Plow Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

Artists' Materials

Every Artist who wants success should
be careful to use only

WINSOR & NEWTON'S

colors, known all over the world as the
standard for all art, and yet reasonable in
price.

A. RAMSAY & SON CO., Montreal
Wholesale Canadian Agents

WHY CARRY
The Bayard Automatic
A LITTLE GIANT.

JUST THE PISTOL

The Bayard 32



A CANNON?

Pocket Pistol. Price \$15.

A BABY AUTOMATIC.

FOR POCKET USE.

Caliber Pocket Pistol

is only 4 3/4 inch long, 3 3/8 inch high, 7/8 inch thick, weighs about 16 oz. and has an initial velocity of 837 feet per second, will penetrate 4 inches of pine at 10 yards and 3 inches of pine at 100 yards. The Bayard is the size of a .25 caliber, but has the efficiency of the powerful 32 and 38 Caliber Pistol. To take it down it is only necessary to remove the front sight. It can be taken down in two seconds. The workmanship is of a very high order and equal to any pistol made regardless of name, make or price, and superior to many others. The Blue finish is put on by a special process and will wear much better than the ordinary fire blue. We will mail full particulars of this wonderful pocket pistol upon request.

McGILL CUTLERY COMPANY, REG'D

P.O. Box 580, Montreal, Canada

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW OF WASHING CLOTHES

Most any washing machine is a big improvement on the old way of washing clothes. You women remember the washday as drudgery day—it meant hard, health-destroying work—the kind of work that shortened life, making youth flee away.

Perhaps some of you women may know too much about the old way of washing clothes yet.

Or, you may have had some experience with primitive washing machines—the kind that could never wash clothes clean—the kind that destroyed delicate fabrics and even ripped up strong garments.

The New Century Washing Machine washes clothes quickly and washes them spotlessly clean.

The New Century cannot injure the flimsiest fabric—the motion is gentle, yet wondrously cleansing—the rotation of any Cummer-Dowswell washer simply gushes the soapy water through the fabric, leaving every garment as clean and fresh as soap and water can make it.

The New Century is the “Top Notcher” of the Cummer-Dowswell line—the perfect washing machine—the washer that will pay for itself in less than six months.

The New Century eliminates drudgery—makes washing a pleasant pastime—it does its work cleanly, quickly and well.

Find out the many advantages of a New Century Washer and you'll own one directly.

Cummer-Dowswell, Limited
HAMILTON ONT.



Motor Cars

1912

THE unqualified success of the Russell for 1911 is known to all who have followed motoring in Canada.

Particularly has the success of the Knight Motor in the Russell car drawn universal attention to this, the finest automobile engine in the world. Since the introduction of the Knight Motor our factory facilities have been more than doubled, and further extensions will be made for 1912.

The 1912 Russell line will include the following:—

Russell "38" with Knight Motor	- -	\$5000,	Equipped
Russell "26" " " "	- -	\$3850,	"
Russell "22" " " "	- -	\$3000,	"
Russell "30" with Valve Motor	- -	\$2350,	"
Russell "Seven Passenger," Valve Motor		\$2760,	"

"Made up to a Standard—Not down to a Price"

We invite applications for territories where satisfactory representation has not already been established. Bona fide dealers who are prepared to give an energetic attention to the Russell agency in keeping with the estab-

lished prestige of the product, should write us now. No other class of representation can be considered

Russell agents will have the full co-operation of the factory organization.

See our 1912 Models at the Toronto National Exhibition

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Limited - WEST TORONTO

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE AUTOMOBILES

Branches:--TORONTO

HAMILTON
VANCOUVER

MONTREAL

MELBOURNE, Aust.

WINNIPEG

CALGARY



**KNECHTEL
KITCHEN
CABINET**

Look for this Trade Mark.

Registered.

Reduce the Steps Necessary in Kitchen Work

You hesitate at no reasonable outlay that will expedite your business, save you time, or economize labor or material costs. The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet is the wageless kitchen helper that will do all these things for your household, and do them far better than any other device of the kind.

SAVES STRENGTH, WASTE AND TIME

This is the most practical, up-to-date, ingenious of kitchen cabinets. Put it in your kitchen now; keep track of your bills for foodstuffs; and you will see it pay for itself speedily—in waste saved alone. For the Knechtel prevents waste, promotes cleanliness and saves endless steps and time in preparing meals.

Knechtel Cabinets have every practical improvement—extension tops of bright, rust-proof aluminum, cylindrical flour-bin, with sifter attached, holding 50 pounds; dust-tight, sanitary sugar-bin; moisture-proof bread and cake tins; is built of seasoned wood, handsomely finished and substantial in every detail.

See the Knechtel at your Furniture Man's.
No other equals it. Compare for yourself.

BOOKLET "A" MAILED ON REQUEST

Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd.
HANOVER, ONT.

2



The Tone That Charms

There'll be no one to object to the sweet tones floating through the dimly lighted halls, the brilliant drawing room, even to the busy kitchen. There will be unanimous expression of delight when the piano is the

**SHERLOCK-
MANNING
20th CENTURY**

The clear tone, the sensitive action, instantly appeal to the artistic music loving player. No more lonely, silent evenings where the SHERLOCK-MANNING instrument is part of the household, but a constant thrill of pleasure will pervade the once sombre, pianoless, or, worse still, piano disappointed home.

Don't select hap-hazardly but go into the piano matter thoroughly with us. We can satisfy you on every purchasing point.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE "G."

**The Sherlock-Manning Piano & Organ Co., LONDON,
ONTARIO**

MURRAY-KAY, LIMITED**NEW FALL AND WINTER SUITS FOR 1911**

(Reduced from Catalogue No. 5L)

**Write To-day for Our New Fall
and Winter Catalogue No. 5L**

Our Splendid New Catalogue for the Fall and Winter Seasons will shortly be ready for mailing. If you like to dress well, and at reasonable cost, you cannot afford to buy Clothing or Household Supplies without looking over the pages of this book. It is well printed on coated paper and contains fine half-tone engravings, with prices of the latest Parisian and New York styles, in Women's Dresses, Suits, Costumes, Coats, Furs, etc., besides illustrations and price lists of Lingerie, Corsets, Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Goods, Silks, Linens, Cottons, Toilet Requisites, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Men's Clothing, Men's Furnishings, Pipes, Trunks, Leather Goods, Books, etc.

Your name should be on our mailing list. Write us to-day. A copy of the Book will be mailed, postage paid, as soon as it is issued.

FREE DELIVERY Our Free Delivery System places the facilities and advantages of this great store at the command of residents anywhere in Canada.

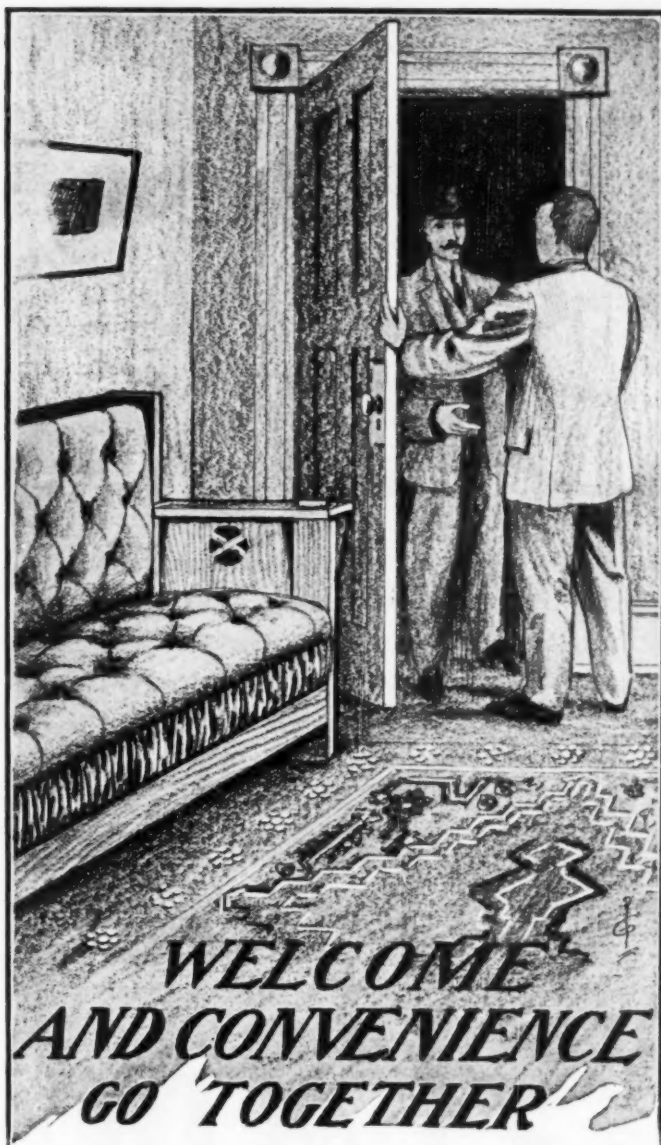
Murray-Kay, Limited

(Established 1843 and 1853)

17 & 31 King St. E.

Toronto

Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.



when you have at your disposal one of our convertible bed-couches. With a few movements you can convert it from its day-time state as a comfortable, roomy davenport, to its night duty as a broad, double bed. The

KINDEL BED

is handsomely designed, upholstered in a variety of beautiful ways and is in every particular solid and serviceable.

Write for Catalogue "K"

THE KINDEL BED COMPANY, Limited

Clifford and Stanley Terrace

TORONTO :: :: ONTARIO



Strength, Convenience, Appearance

are the three words that best summarize the attractive qualities of the

"Lightweight" Patent PEERLESS Folding Tables

The above cut is an exact reproduction of the table that has proven itself the superior of all others in symmetry and beauty of design. It has a rigid folding brace for every leg, entirely out of the way of the knees when the table is in use.

The weight of the table is but 12 pounds. Made round or square with natural wood or felt top. Equally handy for den, workroom, living-room, veranda or garden.

Write for Catalogue "H"
if your dealer cannot supply you.

Hourd & Company, Limited

Sole Canadian Licensees
and Manufacturers

London, :: :: Ontario

DON'T LOOK GROSS

and scold if you do not get the breakfast marmalade you like. It may be an oversight, for every first-class restaurant manager, and every good housewife knows the favorite marmalade and all you need do is to call for



Upton's Orange MARMALADE



The marmalade that is made solely from the finest Seville Oranges and the purest cane sugar—no artificial preservatives—and under the strictest supervision and the most sanitary and cleanly conditions.

Ask for "Upton's" and insist on getting what you ask for. Look for the Vase-shaped jar.



The T. Upton Co., Limited
HAMILTON, ONTARIO



DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

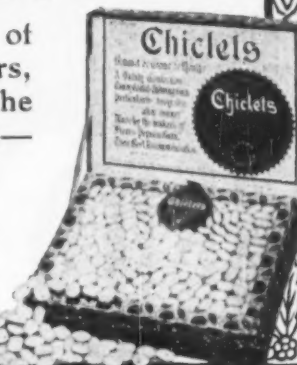
The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets are the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Served at swagger luncheons, teas, dinners, card parties. The only chewing gum that ever received the unqualified sanction of best society. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK



A Boy can Operate it.

This Vacuum Cleaner

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED

The King Edward Vacuum Cleaner

is sold on the condition that it can be returned any time within 30 days if customer is not satisfied.

**THE ONLY HAND MACHINE GIVING
ENTIRE SATISFACTION**

In use in PUBLIC BUILDINGS of both DOMINION
and PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENTS.

No home is complete without one.

\$20.00

pays for the machine, gives you the use of it for 30 days with the privilege of returning it at the expiration of this time if not satisfied and MONEY REFUNDED.

Send for Descriptive Folder to

THE GEO. H. KING CO., LTD.

Woodstock, Ontario

Reference—The Traders Bank of Canada, Woodstock, Ont.



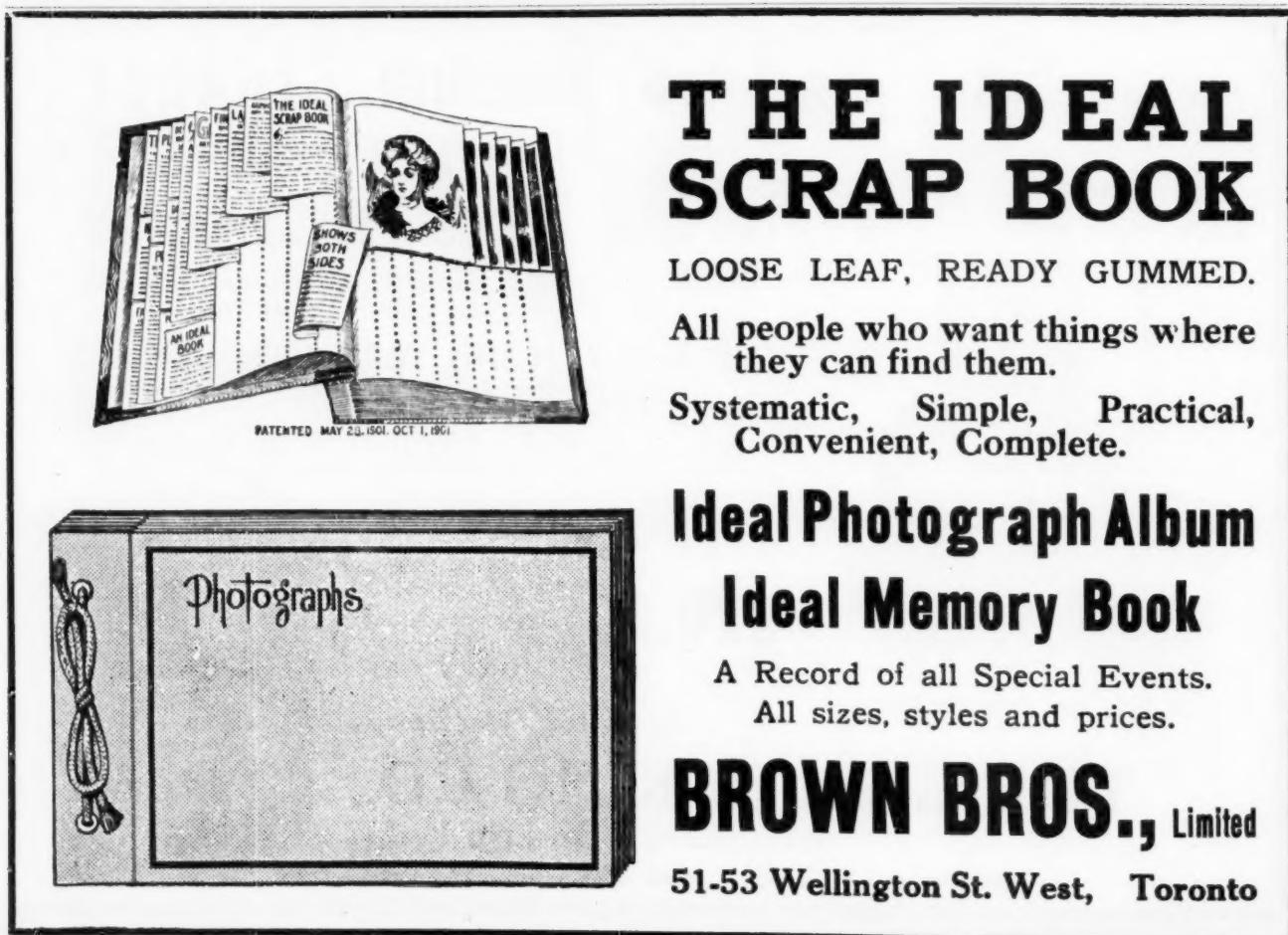
**EXTRA
SPEEDY
PLATES**

will give you good sharp negatives of the fastest moving objects.

Look for the name "WELLINGTON" on the box.

Booklets on Photography Free—a Card will do.

WELLINGTON & WARD,
PLATES PAPERS FILMS
13 St. John St., MONTREAL



**THE IDEAL
SCRAP BOOK**

LOOSE LEAF, READY GUMMED.

All people who want things where they can find them.

Systematic, Simple, Practical,
Convenient, Complete.

**Ideal Photograph Album
Ideal Memory Book**

A Record of all Special Events.
All sizes, styles and prices.

BROWN BROS., Limited
51-53 Wellington St. West, Toronto

Reading advertisements is profitable to you.



KODAK NEGATIVE—ORDINARY WINDOW LIGHTING

The Simple Kodak Way

There's no more delightful side to photography than the making of home portraits. It's all very easy with a Kodak; no dark-room for any part of the work, not even when you do your own developing and printing.

To make every step perfectly clear we have issued a little book—"At Home with the Kodak"—that tells in a non-technical manner just how to proceed. It is profusely illustrated with pictures, which not only show the Kodak results, but show *how they were made*.

Whether you are already a Kodak owner or not, we will gladly send you a copy on request, or it may be had from your dealer.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

SLIDE



Away with that old-fashioned carpet-tearing floor-destroying castor—during house-cleaning time, equip your furniture and metal beds, as well as pianos, with the

"Onward" Sliding Furniture Shoe

When buying furniture or metal beds see that the **Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe** is on in place of the old-fashioned castor. Made with Glass Base and Mott Metal Base, in all sizes and styles. For sale by all leading Furniture and Hardware dealers.

Write for our free circular

Manufactured only by

ONWARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Factories: Berlin, Ont. : : Menasha, Wis.

Borated Vaseline

A Valuable Remedy for Catarrh.

12 Vaseline Remedies in Tubes.

Camphor Ice, Mentholated, Carbulated, Camphorated, White Oxide of Zinc, Capsicum, etc. Each for special purposes.

Write for Free Vaseline Book to

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (Cons'd), 1880 Chabot Ave. MONTREAL



Don't Fill the Lumber Room

with those old pieces of furniture that have gotten marred, scratched and the worse for wear and tear. You can extend their usefulness, and restore their pristine beauty, by using]



LACQUERET

Lacqueret acts like magic in beautifying and preserving old furniture and dingy woodwork and dries hard over night. Colors will not fade. Very easy to apply. Have you a copy of our entertaining and informing booklet "Dainty Decorator"? You can have one for the asking.

Leading hardware dealers sell "LACQUERET."

All International products put up in full imperial measure cans.

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.

LIMITED

TORONTO

WINNIPEG



F79



IF YOU NEGLECT YOUR STOMACH

every part of your System must suffer because your blood is certain to become charged with impurities.

Restore Life and Vigor to your Stomach by taking

Wilson's Invalids' Port

(a la Quina du Perou)



A BIG BRACING TONIC — ASK YOUR DOCTOR

2 IN 1

SHOE POLISH

Won't stain the clothing.

It gives a hard, brilliant and lasting polish.

Shines easily, just one or two rubs.

Absolutely free from acid, turpentine or other injurious ingredients.

It is good for your shoes.

N.B. To test a polish for turpentine apply a lighted match but be careful.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited, 15

HAMILTON, Ont., BUFFALO, N. Y. and LONDON, Eng.

"That's What I Call A Dandy Breakfast"



FEARMAN'S STAR BRAND Breakfast Bacon

Cannot be equalled for simple goodness. Men-folk appreciate a nice, brown, crisp slice of Fear-

man's Bacon in the morning.

TRY IT

For camping, Fearman's is ideal, and will keep long and taste delicious.

Ask your Grocer for
FEARMAN'S

THE
F. W. Fearman Co.
Limited
HAMILTON ONTARIO



MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

Has a distinctive quality, a rich fragrance, which from every other appeals to all and refinement. forms the daily luxury and a the best thing shaving and purpose; a necessity in every



invigorating and permanent distinguishes it toilet water, and people of taste. Its use transforms the daily bath into a delight. It is to use after for every toilet actual necessity in every household.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

LANMAN & KEMP, 135 WATER STREET
NEW YORK



When Autumn's
Wind Blows

protect your face
and guard
against chapping
by using

**BENTROVATO
MASSAGE CREAM**

The indispensable toilet requisite for cleaning the complexion and protecting it against the trying elements—sun and wind. Sold by Barbers and Druggists in 50 and 75c. jars.

The Misner Mfg. Co Ltd.
WINDSOR ONTARIO.

CHALLENGE**COLLARS****Save you money**

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money, 25c. for collars, 50c. per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA
Limited

54-64 Fraser Ave., Toronto, Can.

8143



The Old and Disagreeable Way The New and Pleasant Way

THE "OXFORD" TIE HOLDER

Carried by all up-to-date Dealers.

Sent prepaid on receipt of 25c. coin or stamps. Full instructions with each holder.

THE OXFORD NOVELTY MFG. CO.
OWEN SOUND, ONT. DETROIT, MICH.
Sole Manufacturers.

No More Torn Ties

No hot temper and upset nerves.

No more wasted time and torn collars when you use

*Hughel's***DANDEROFF**
Great Scalp Remedy

Take no risk of losing your hair caused by neglecting to remove the dandruff before the scalp becomes diseased, resulting in the loss of the hair—try "HUGHEL'S DANDEROFF"

WRITE FOR FACTS TO-DAY—DON'T DELAY
C. H. Hughel & Company

Toronto

Ontario



10 cents
a
copy

Do You Pay More Than That For Your Sheet Music?

Probably you do, but it isn't necessary. Get the edition adopted by many of the leading Conservatories and Colleges of Canada and United States and sold by dealers everywhere at 10 cents per copy.

THE CENTURY EDITION

This edition comprises the gems from well-known operas and the best and most popular classical selections. Both vocal and instrumental selections are included in it, and among the latter you may secure Piano Solos, Piano Duets, Violin Solos with Piano accompaniment, Guitar and Mandolin Solos.

The edition is properly fingered and each number is printed on full size music paper of good quality.

Go to your dealer and look over a catalogue of the Century Edition. The amount of money you might have saved by purchasing this music before will astonish you.

If your dealer hasn't the Century Edition sheet music write to us for Catalogue Q2.

The
R. S.
WINNIPEG

WILLIAMS
CALGARY

& Sons Co.
Limited
MONTREAL TORONTO

Attain What You Aim For

A clear, certain grasp of your mind is the first essential in gaining your ends in life.

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Why not have your mind under such control that you can concentrate and use every faculty, every scrap of information at an instant's notice?

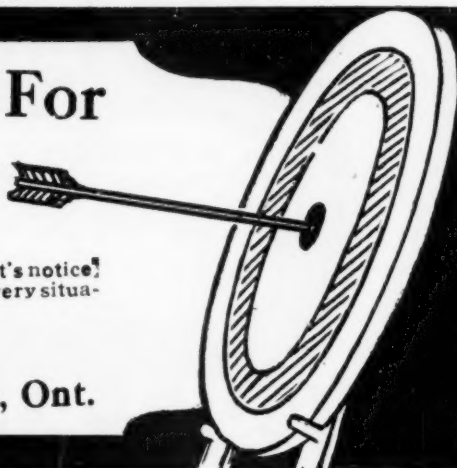
We can train your mind to its work and enable you to be first in every situation, to be not only the man who knows but the man who does

REALIZE YOUR AMBITIONS

WRITE US TO-DAY FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

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Woodstock, Ont.



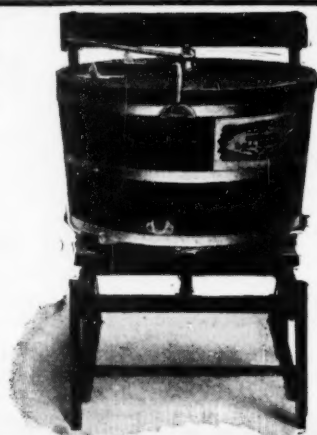
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is the perfect washer, for it cleans all the clothes rapidly and thoroughly, being operated with ease, practically without any exertion. *Guaranteed not to damage even the lightest and most delicate fabrics.*

Well made and finished. Built to stand hard work. Have the "Connor" do your washing for you.

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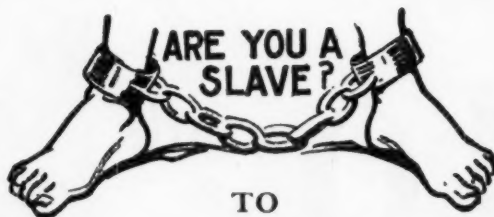
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If so, you may be free in **THREE DAYS.**

Appetite and desire all gone.

The NEAL Treatment

Is the most modern discovery for the cure of the drink habit.

SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE
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Time and money saved by taking **The NEAL Treatment** in preference to all other treatments.

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We have also a straightforward, easy payment plan—no addition in price.

We offer a commission of \$3 on every sale made on cash or easy terms, and will support liberally, competent men.

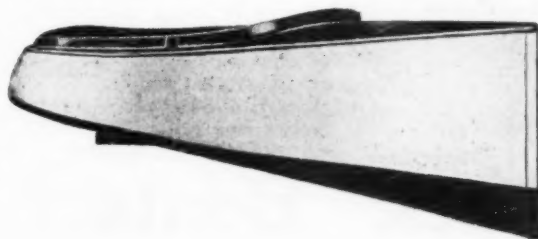
Our agency offers excellent opportunity to first-class men.

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which will carry more than any other boat of its size with comfort, ease and safety. It is well finished throughout and is a high class launch in every regard.

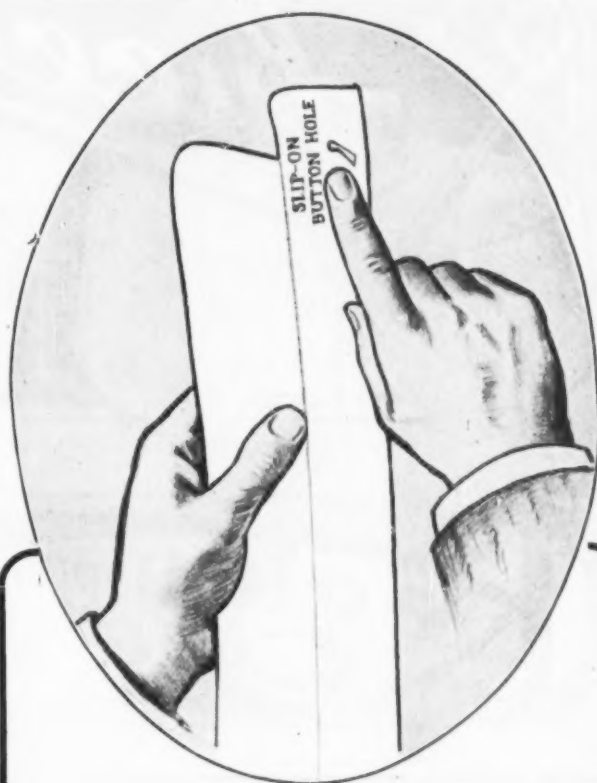


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Has 5 ft. beam, complete with 6 h.p. Fairbanks-Morse Motor. Our expenses being light enables us to offer this extra special value and still use the highest grade materials in the construction

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Wear the new "Derby"—it is irreproachable in fit and style, has a slip-easy space for the tie and meets the favor of men who desire a touch of elegance to their business attire.

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TRADE *W.G.P.R.* MARK
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Success MADE IN CANADA

This new Success Shape is an ideal collar for vacation wear — cool, comfortable, and has a very smart appearance. Sold everywhere

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THE MARSH

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They sit low in the water, are light, yet strongly built of basswood or cedar with hardwood coaming, and well painted. If necessary, the shape and size of the cockpit can be changed and the coaming made any depth.

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THE PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO., LTD.
PETERBOROUGH ONTARIO

DUCK



BOAT



THREE COOKS AND THREE REASONS

These three cooks differ widely in ability and experience, but all are agreed that the prime essential in good cooking is the stove on which to cook, and all concede that every stove necessity is met in a

GURNEY-OXFORD RANGE

For no matter how much or how little cooking is done; no matter what the experience given or required, there are certain prime requisites for every kitchen range. Whether the cook be a professional chef or the young bride with only "him" to please, the stove must furnish these three essentials—steadiness and control of heat, even baking facilities, and a grate that gives plenty of air to the fire with a saving of fuel and convenience in handling.

For these three problems—on which all cooks are agreed—the GURNEY-OXFORD RANGE has three answers, three good reasons why.

THE OXFORD ECONOMIZER is a small lever for the steady maintenance of heat, licensed for use only on Gurney-Oxfords. It effects a remarkable saving in fuel as well as labor. Nothing can go up the chimney but smoke and odor.

The Divided Flue Strip distributes the heat evenly, front as well as back of oven, thus securing against failure in baking. There is no better test of practical stove work than this oven control.

Are you always dusting? The Gurney-Oxford Reversible Grate saves dirt and labor; one-half turn and the ashes are out, while the interlocking teeth grind the hardest clinker.

There are plenty of other "reasons" for the advantage of the Gurney-Oxford, as a call on our dealer will convince you. Or if he is unknown to you, write our nearest branch for his address and for our booklet



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WITH A ROSS RIFLE

AN UNPARALLELED FEAT

**Private Clifford of Toronto wins both the King's Prize
and the Prince of Wales' Prize at Bisley**

(CANADIAN ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

BISLEY, ENG., JULY 22.—The greatest feat ever performed in the history of rifle shooting at Wimbledon, or Bisley, was that performed by Private Clifford, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, this afternoon. On Wednesday last the Canadian marksman won the second most valuable prize of the meeting, the Prince of Wales £100. To-day he added to it the blue ribbon of the meeting, the King's Prize of £250. Never before have these two rich prizes fallen to the same man.

The Bronze Medal awarded the leader at the end of the first stage was won this year by Corporal Trainor of Toronto

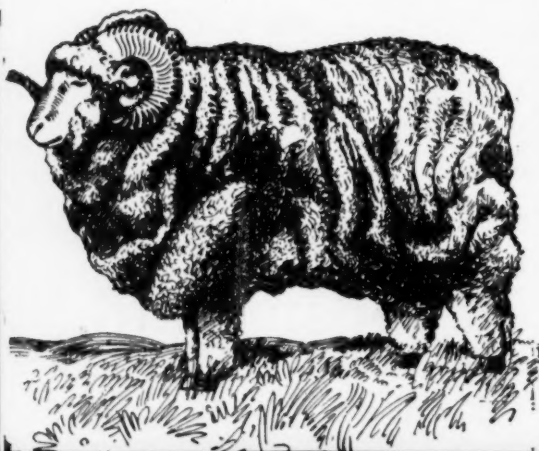
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MADE ENTIRELY
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MERINO SHEEP



This underwear is made especially for those who appreciate and can afford quality and taste in their clothing. The process of manufacturing it is expensive from start to finish on account of the great care necessary. Every garment is shaped to fit the form during the process of knitting--the joins are all knitted (not sewn).

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Made in all sizes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. Look for the Sheep.

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UNDER CONTRACT

All desire and craving for liquor removed in three days. No hypodermic injections. Home treatment for those who cannot come to the Institute. The Gatlin Treatment for the Liquor Habit is acknowledged to be the most successful in the world.

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With Toupee
and save middleman's profits.

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guaranteed to fit and match, made by experts from the finest materials.

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THE
DOUBLE CORD
SLIDING BACK
ADJUSTS TO EVERY
MOVE OF THE
BODY

THE KING SUSPENDER CO. TORONTO CANADA

This New "Wellington" Will Be a Popular Fall Favorite With Men

Particular dressers have been showing a marked favoritism for these natty "Wellington" Soft Felt Hats.

Can you imagine anything more neat or stylish? And for this Fall we've excelled ourselves—never built up Soft Felt Hats with so much style and finish to them.

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A Serviceable, Dressy Hat, with dollars' worth of value in it, for walking, driving or motoring in Fall.

All sizes, shades and shapes, at best dealers. Ask for the "Wellington."

Exclusively manufactured by

**CHAS. C. PUNCHARD & CO
TORONTO**

The Wellington Hat



BOATS BUILT For Comfort, Safety, Speed



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"My best old pipe of all"

EVER notice the quaint mission pipe-rack in your friend's den? Ever read the inscriptions over the different types—from bulldog briar to calabash? Note especially one that reads, "My best old pipe of all." Ten to one if you examine the bowl, you'll find the B.B.B. trade mark stamped on it. That's a fact. Most B.B.B. smokers have a strong liking—almost a "chummy" affection—for their B.B.B. briars. They admire the way in which their pipes conserve the natural virtues of the tobacco; permitting them to extract from it the full, rich flavor and delightful fragrance, free from every trace of outside influence. Hygienically constructed, B.B.B. pipes are guaranteed not to 'crack' or 'burn' under fair usage. All dealers--all styles--all prices.

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Greatest value ever offered in a 4 h.p. water-cooled farm engine. Runs any kind of machinery—pumps—saws—separators—feed grinders—water systems—electric light outfits, etc.

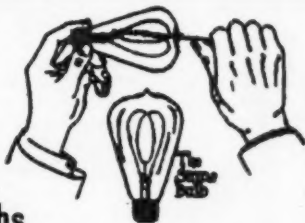
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New filaments put in your old and burned out electric bulbs at a saving of 50 per cent. to you. Don't throw them away, but write us for prices, etc.

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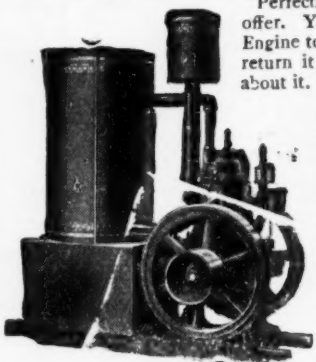
This Kerosene Engine Cuts Your Expenses 75%

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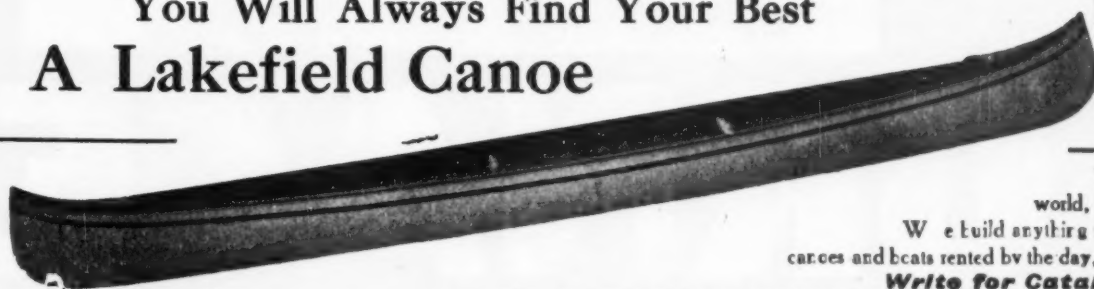
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The standard of the
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We build anything that floats on water—
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A Canadian-built Marine Motor, unequalled in the world

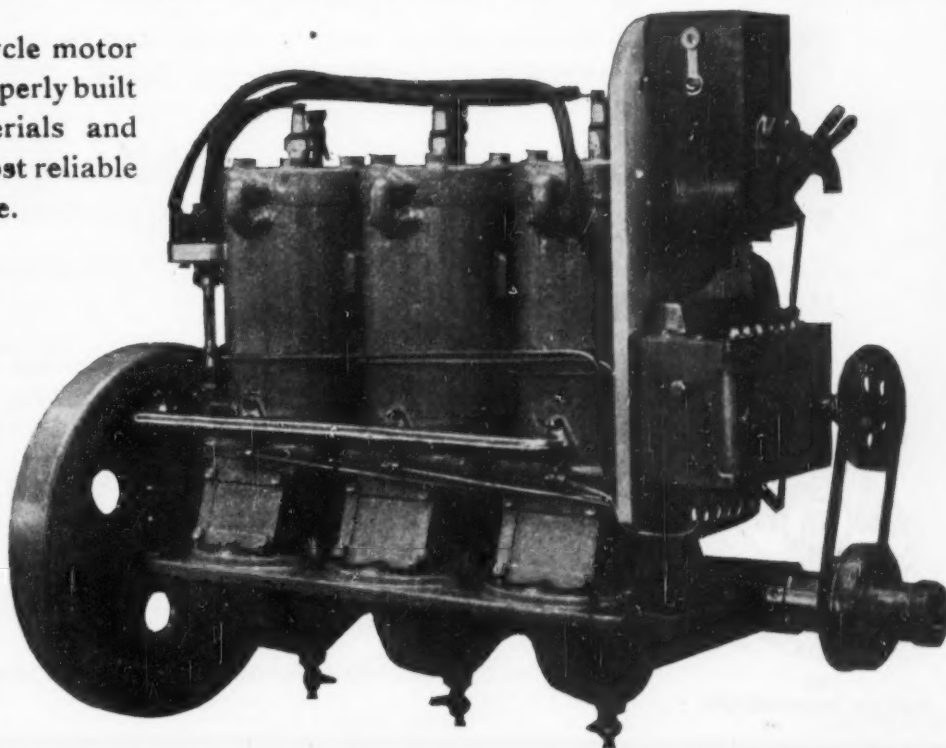
A guaranteed two-cycle motor
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In sizes, one to six
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4" Bore, 4" Stroke,
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Saves fuel because it extracts all the heat units possible.
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No dust because there are fewer joints and these few are cup joints and dust proof.

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37

WINNIPEG

FURNACE

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JAEGER Motor Coats are attractively made, fit well, and while giving perfect freedom of motion, are most comfortable.

The fact that your Motor Coat is JAEGER-Made means it is the BEST of its kind.

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**MONARCH GOODS
ARE EXCEPTIONAL**

Not only do they keep their shape—the yarns their brilliance, and the colors their intensity—but they will wear long after the ordinary kinds are ready to be thrown away.

The Monarch range includes everything for all ages and sexes, well designed and up-to-date in texture and finish.

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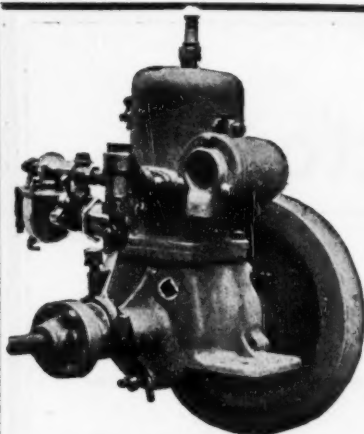
DON'T you envy the man who can smoke a pipe? Don't you envy the pleasure, comfort, and solace the pipe gives him? Perhaps memories more or less vivid of a vandalized taste and scorched tongue have made you sore on pipe smoking? But, really, there's no need to be. Smoke

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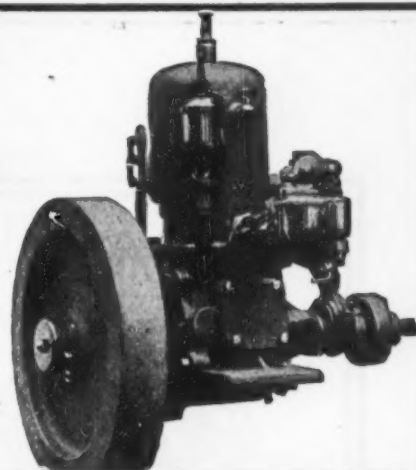


A SMALL THING BUT OF BIG SERVICE **W & K Motor**

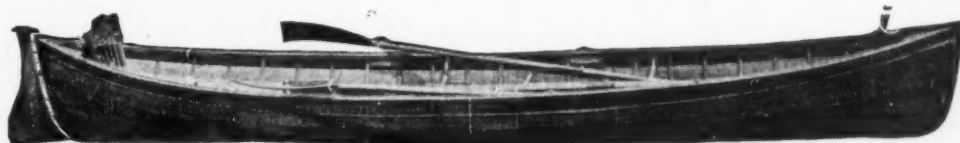
2½ h.p. motor—no cranking and reversible; for launches, tenders, row-boats and canoes. Complete with everything but gasoline pipe and tank **\$65.00**

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A Gidley Boat for Service



Manufacturers of Row-Boats, Launches, Canoes, etc. Wholesale and retail dealers in Launch and Boat Fittings, Gasoline Engines, Engine Fittings, Gasoline Engine Oil, Paints, Varnishes, etc

House Boats, Scows and Punts, Power Wench Boats, River Boats, Winter Storage, Repairing, etc. Boats, Canoes and Launches for hire

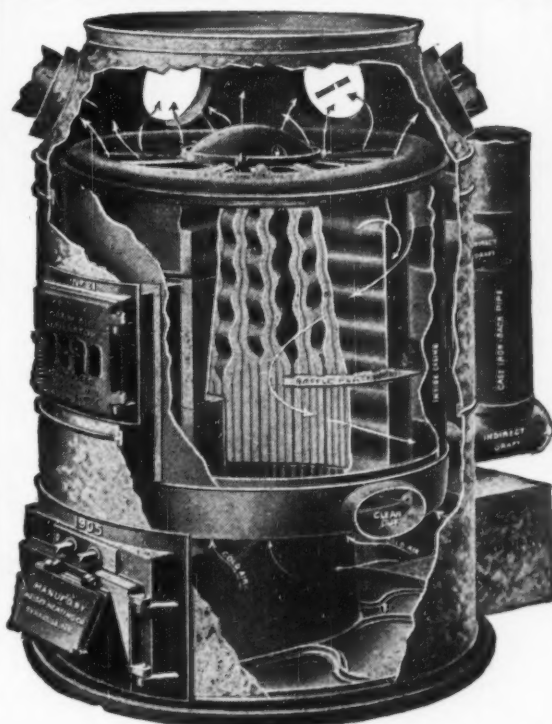
Write for catalogue "G" containing full particulars.

THE GIDLEY BOAT COMPANY, LIMITED, PENETANGUISHENE, ONTARIO

The Cellar **COOL**

IN THE **KELSEY** WARM AIR **GENERATOR**

all air, as quickly as heated, passes through the hot chamber and away to the part of the building to be heated, so that no heat is lost by radiation in cellar or basement.



The Living Room **WARM**

There are many other features of the

KELSEY it is economical, efficient and durable.

Write us for
catalogue "S"
which fully
explains

The James Smart Mfg. Co., Limited

BROCKVILLE

ONTARIO



3-Buttons

Shapely Sack

A jewel of the Tailor's art in accuracy of good form.

Has individuality without being too extreme.

The difference between perfect mode and a vulgar imitation.

Lovers of good dress—who can appreciate, are asked to inspect.

PRICES

\$20.00

or lower or higher if required.

SHOPS OF

"Fashion-Craft"

22 King St. West - P. Bellinger, Prop.

102 Yonge St., - - H. Irving, Manager

And at 100 points throughout Canada.

A BUSINESS MACHINE

FOR

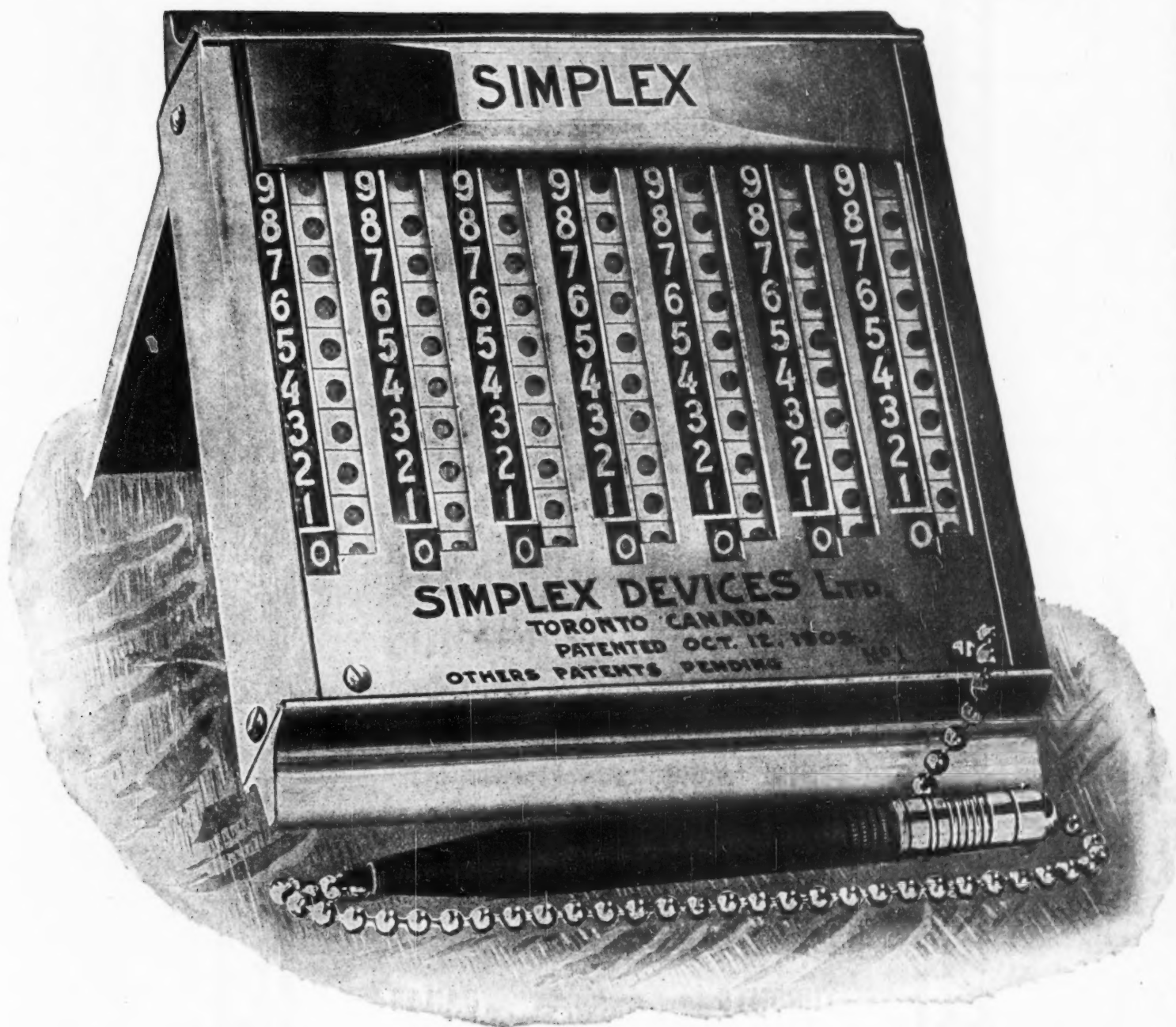
A BUSINESS MAN

AT

A BUSINESS PRICE

OF

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS



THE SIMPLEX ADDING AND SUBTRACTING MACHINE

MADE IN CANADA

Your work can be done best by the Simplex. It is the strongest machine on the market, simple in operation and absolutely accurate. Can be used anywhere—instantly adjustable, on the desk, on the book beside the work, or held in the hand—yet the cost is so low that you can supply one to each of your bookkeepers. **WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR BOOKLET**

SIMPLEX DEVICES, LIMITED

220 King Street West, TORONTO



**THE FINEST PIANO
MADE IN CANADA**

Gerhard Heintzman

Superior in tone, quality, chastely beautiful in design and finish, and most durable in construction, the GERHARD HEINTZMAN is the favorite in the home and in the concert hall.

It is the result of half a century of experience and study by masters of harmony—a recognized leader in the musical world.

Various exclusive designs to select from, but only one quality—the best.

**GRANDS, UPRIGHTS
and PLAYER PIANOS**

Your present instrument taken as part payment, and easy terms of payment arranged.

Send for Illustrated Booklet To-day

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited

New Salesroom (41-43 Queen
St. West) City Hall Square

TORONTO :: CANADA



After your next shave
make it a point to rub
on a little

ORCHID Talcum Powder

Really, there's nothing
equal to it for soothing
an irritated skin. It
is absolutely pure talc,
refined and daintily
perfumed.

**At All Druggists
25c**

**Sovereign Perfumes
Limited
Toronto**

McLEAN SIGNS

Show Cards

138 Victoria Street **PHONE M. 5888**

1000'S BY MAIL

Actually typewritten letters—
not printed or imitation—already
to be addressed and mailed. Send your
letter with the firm's letterhead, and we
will supply you with as many letters as
you wish at a very low cost. You can reach
thousands instead of hundreds of prospects for
your line. **GET IN TOUCH WITH US TO-
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Solid Mahogany Four-Poster Beds

*That elusive a'mosphere which
many rooms never acquire.*

ALL the "Better Make" Furniture
comprises what is newest in Cana-
dian furniture, together with the best
modern conceptions of the designs of the
old masters, with added advantages of the
finest materials procurable to-day, and
highest skill and perfection in making.
This, in short, is behind every piece of
furniture bearing the shop-mark illus-
trated below.



**TORONTO
FURNITURE
Company, Ltd.**

*Makers of the "Better Make" of
Canadian Quality Furniture*

**COLONIAL
FOUR-POSTER**



A DISTINCT ADVANCE OVER STRING OR SEALING WAX DETROIT TAPE SEALER

Securely seals any size of package with gummed cloth or paper tape. It will prove its economy of money and time in every business house, besides giving the parcel a decidedly neat appearance.

Send for Description and Prices **Robt. Mitchell Co., 1216 Penobscot Bldg., Detroit, Mich.**



MOST ECONOMICAL

Healthful and Satisfactory
For old or new houses are Hardwood Floors

If you contemplate building or refurnishing it is safe to consider that no outlay will so furnish and enrich a dwelling as fine hardwood floors. I have 18 years' experience in Toronto and know how. Estimates Free **Write for Prices.**

GEORGE KNOWLES, 51 Hewitt Ave. **TORONTO** (High Park)



93 CHURCH ST.

TORONTO.

ONE IN EVERY OFFICE!

The demand for an efficient binder that will perforate and bind in one operation has been met by the

ACME No. 2 BINDER

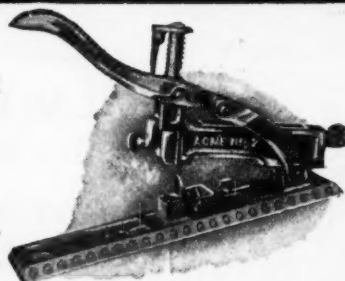
It is the best binder for filing papers, letters or vouchers, for fastening pay roll envelopes and for backing statements or legal documents.

Easy and convenient to work and cannot get out of order.

Will not tear the thinnest paper and easily penetrates the thickest and toughest.

GET FULL DETAILS FROM

THE ACME STAPLE COMPANY, LIMITED, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.



Are You Interested in the Real Estate Business?

If so, you should at once procure copies of W. A. Carney's valuable handbooks on this interesting subject.

How to Buy and Sell Real Estate at a Profit.

In this book the author has endeavored to collect, classify, and arrange information and practical forms relating to the acquisition, ownership and disposition of real estate.

Price, \$2.00.

Real Estate Business Self Taught.

A handbook containing lessons to be used in connection with "How to Buy and Sell Real Estate at a Profit." The object of these lessons is to give the reader a practical knowledge of the real estate business.

Price, \$2.00.

All orders payable in advance.

TECHNICAL BOOKS

143-149
UNIVERSITY AVE.,

TORONTO

THEY ALL GO Twine, Sealing Wax and Seals to be Replaced by

the most convenient, modern and money-saving invention of the age—gummed tape used in

The Crystal Sealing Machine

It does away with the slow process of tying parcels or sealing them with wax or lead. It is clean, simple and easy to handle; saves time and money and in addition is a sightly fixture for the counter—impossible to get out of order. It has met with unqualified success.

Write to-day for catalogue

PHONE ADELAIDE 199

Crystal Sealing Co.

204 STAIR BUILDING - - TORONTO

For Every Hand Writing

Your handwriting is a part of your personality and you need a pen that fits yourself. Spencerian Pens are made in styles for every character of writing and writer. Every pen is correctly shaped for proper ink-feeding, smoothly pointed and highly elastic.

STEEL
SPENCERIAN
PENS

Find your own pen, stick to it, and your writing will be a pleasure. To aid, we will send you a sample card of 12 different pens and 2 good penholders, polished handles, on receipt of 10 cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York

The image displays three sample forms from the Grand Trunk Railway System. The first form on the left is a 'MEMORANDUM' with fields for 'TO', 'FROM', 'SUBJECT', and 'DATE'. The middle form is a 'CONDITIONS' sheet with a large table for recording various conditions. The third form on the right is a 'SHIPPING ORDER' with fields for 'TO', 'FROM', 'SUBJECT', and 'DATE', and a large table for recording shipping details.

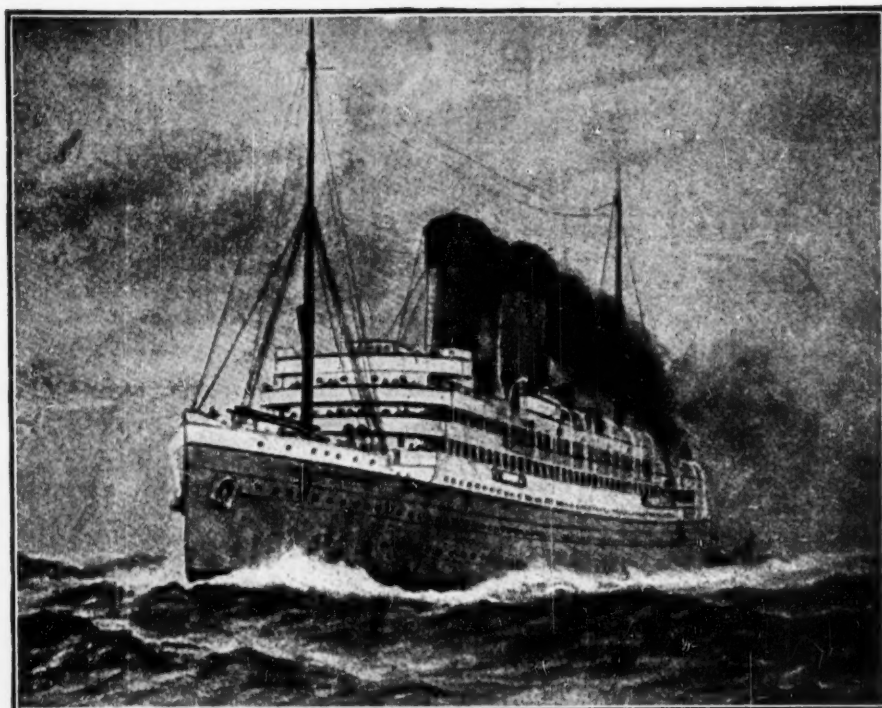
SHIPPING RECEIPTS—FOLDOVER STYLE

Among the advantages of this particular form is a sheet of carbon, protected by a manilla tag board, stitched into the block, thereby avoiding the necessity for handling the carbon paper. It prevents mistakes by keeping an exact duplicate of each shipping bill.

**Send for our complete booklet illustrating forms, books
and office systems for any kind of business.**

BUSINESS SYSTEMS, LIMITED Manufacturing Stationers, **TORONTO**

Don't fail to mention MacLean's Magazine when writing advertisers.



THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE TO EUROPE BY THE ROYAL LINE

shortens the ocean voyage to less than four days, and affords the traveller two days of delightful, sheltered sailing down the great St. Lawrence with its never ending panorama of beautiful scenery and historically famous points. The splendid triple turbine steamers "**Royal George**" and "**Royal Edward**" hold all speed records and afford the most luxurious accommodation in the Canadian-European service. The English port, Bristol, is only two hours' run to London by the special boat trains which meet the Royal line Steamers on arrival. For further information see nearest steamship agent, or the Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited.

P. Mooney, General Agent, Canadian Northern Steamships,	- 123 Hollis Street, Halifax, N.S.
Guy Toombs, " " " " "	226-230 St James St., Montreal, Que.
H. C. Bourlier, " " " " "	52-56 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.
A. H. Davis, " " " " "	272 South Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.



WHEN SENDING MONEY

to any part of the world, the safest and most convenient way is by means of
Dominion Express Money Orders and Foreign Drafts

They are issued in the currency of the country on which drawn and are payable in all parts of the world. If lost or delayed in the mails, prompt refund is arranged or new order issued without further charge.

When travelling, carry your funds in **TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES**.

These cheques are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, and \$200 and are superior in every way to Letters of Credit.

Foreign Money bought and sold.

Money transferred by telegraph and cable to all the principal cities of the world.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY

Agencies Throughout Canada

GENERAL OFFICES.

TORONTO, CANADA.

THE EMERGENCY

IN a certain office only one man used the Edison Business Phonograph for dictation. A certain member of the staff was doing jury duty and did not arrive at the office until 5.35 P.M. His day's mail was unanswered. All the stenographers had left at 5.30. Tearing his hair he rushed into the adjoining room—the office of the phonograph convert: "Say Dick, I've got to go to court again to-morrow. This mail's got to be answered and there isn't a girl around the place. Take care of it for me, when the stenographers come down in the morning, will you? Tell Long so-and-so and so-and-so and write a letter to Green and tell him I won't be back till—"

"Wait a minute," said the other. "How do you expect me to remember all that? You tell it to The Edison Business Phonograph."

"All right! How does she work?" A few simple instructions were given. He dictated until 9.30, filled five or six cylinders and his mail went out on schedule time next morning. He immediately ordered a machine for his own office and to-day he's an enthusiastic devotee of

The Edison Business Phonograph

Emergencies in business offices are not rare. You're likely to get yours any day. You ought to have the Edison Business Phonograph right there in your office to meet it head on. It may take an emergency to convert you to the advantages of the Edison Business Phonograph—but after that you'll never go

back to the old stenographic system. The Edison dealer near you will demonstrate the Edison Business Phonograph to you on your own work in your own office. Phone or write him to-day. Or write to us for full particulars.

The R. S. Williams and Sons Co., Limited, 143 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.

Swan FOUNT PEN

The Pen for Every
Writer and Every Occasion



The "Swan"
Pen looks its
quality and chal-
lenges the most
minute examina-
tion. Every part
of it has been so
carefully thought
out that break-
down or ineffici-
ency of any kind
is an impossi-
bility. The latest
models embody
the fruits of years
of experience.



Illustrated Catalogue on Request.

Mabie, Todd & Company

124 York St., TORONTO

Headquarters: London, England

75,000,000 "O. K." PAPER FASTENERS



SOLD the past YEAR should
convince YOU of their
SUPERIORITY.

They Add TONE to Your
Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK,
SCHOOL or HOME.

There is genuine pleasure in
their use as well as Perfect Se-
curity Easily put on or taken
off with the thumb and finger.

Can be used repeatedly and

"they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put upon brass
boxes of 100 Fasteners each.

Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping, NEVER!

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted.

Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. NO 1B

No Spluttering

with

JOHN HEATH'S TELEPHONE PEN 0278.

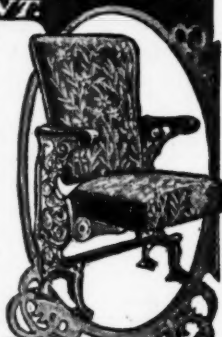
Registered in Canada.

To be had of the leading Stationers
in Canada.



The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of
High Grade Bank
& Office Fixtures,
School, Library &
Commercial Fur-
niture, Opera &
Assembly Chairs,
Interior Hardwood
Finish Generally.



MEDICINE HAT IN SUNNY SOUTHERN ALBERTA

with its 50 by 100 miles area of NATURAL GAS, the largest in the world, its abundant COAL FIELDS, its vast quantities of GLASS SAND and BRICK CLAY, situated in the centre of the RICHEST FARMING COUNTRY, offers the best chance for PROFITABLE INVESTMENT to be found to-day in that LAND OF PERMANENT AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT—WESTERN CANADA.

If you are interested in Southern Alberta Farm Lands or City Investments, get our prices and terms and we will get your business. All inquiries gladly answered.

THE F. M. GINTHER LAND CO., Medicine Hat, Alberta



Improve Your Office with "D.L." Standard Lockers

IT PAYS!!

Increase your protection against fire and safeguard your office help from theft. It doesn't cost much.



A few dollars invested in "D.L." Standard Lockers will remove many risks, and besides, will lend an attractive air of neatness and elegance to your office. Safe, sanitary and convenient, the "D.L." Standard Locker is just the thing for offices, factories, etc

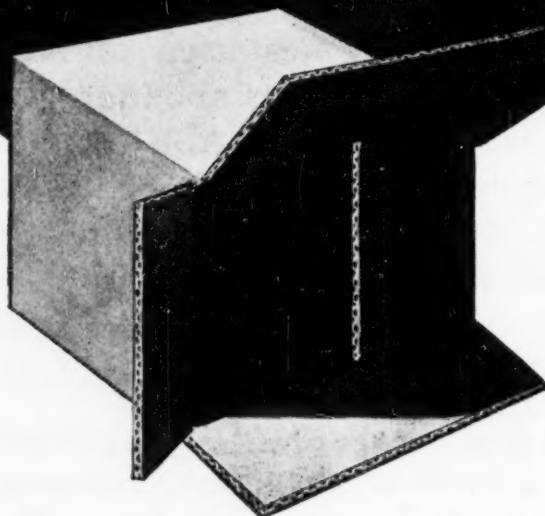
WRITE NOW FOR CATALOG "D."

THE DENNIS WIRE & IRON WORKS CO., Limited

Factory: London, Canada.

Toronto Warehouse: Front and Water Sts.

A Box For Every Business



THERE
IS AN

H. & D. Corrugated Fibre Board Box

in which to ship your goods at a saving in freight, ensuring delivery without damage to package or goods—protecting them from water—in fact, delivering them in perfect condition.

SIMPLE AND EASY TO PACK, NO NAILS REQUIRED.

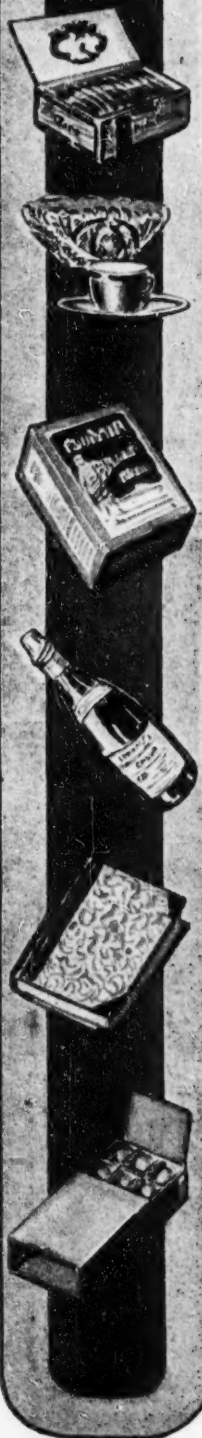
You are anxious to do away with trouble caused by breakages?

***The first step is to write us to-day for
Illustrated Booklet "How to Pack."***

It will pay you to investigate the real way to ship your goods.

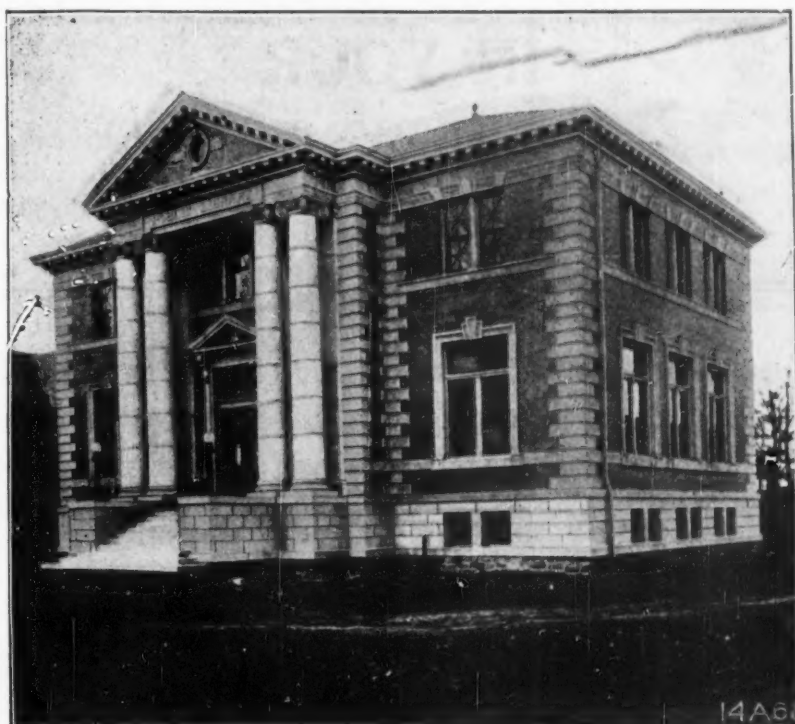
The Hinde and Dauch Paper Co.
TORONTO LIMITED ONTARIO

Reading advertisements is profitable to you.



When Rome Was Young

there was much thought of permanency and strength in the architecture, but little did the ancient builders think their handiwork would live two thousand years as evidence of the permanency of the material in the construction of their cities and walls of defence.



ROMAN STONE

When the wet process was rediscovered by Stevens the secret of permanency in building at a moderate price was found and is to-day a proven success. Roman stone is of the same texture as the finest building stone with a greater durability and fire resistance. An expert might easily pass it as the natural building stone from the quarry.

SEE OUR LIST OF MODERN BUILDINGS
FACED WITH ROMAN STONE

The Roman Stone Company, Limited
505 Temple Building, TORONTO, ONT.

Don't fail to mention MacLean's Magazine when writing advertisers.

IT IS A QUESTION OF
LOSS

NO MATTER WHICH WAY YOU LOOK AT IT.

SHOULD YOU HAVE A FIRE
IN YOUR

FACTORY, WAREHOUSE, HOME, OFFICE BUILDING,
GARAGE OR WORKSHOP

INSURANCE

Cannot compensate for your loss in business, or your Indirect losses during rebuilding, etc., and again, think of the numberless articles that could not be replaced.

The Science of making Money depends on watching all sides of Your Business.

WHY NOT PROTECT YOURSELF FROM THE LOSS-BY-FIRE SIDE BY EQUIPPING YOUR PROPERTY WITH

**The May-Oatway System of
Automatic Protection?**

Tried, tested and proved successful for 15 years.

ASK US TO WRITE YOU.

CAN. MAY-OATWAY FIRE ALARMS, Limited
445 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

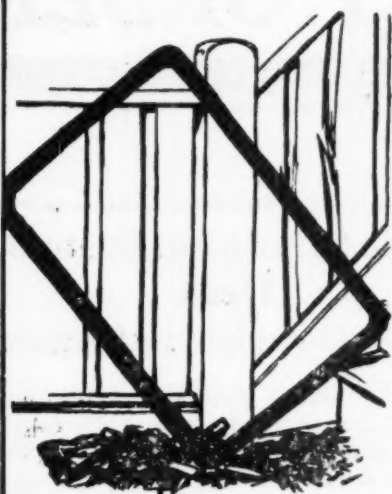
ONT. MAY-OATWAY FIRE ALARMS, Limited
92 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO.

"Accidents Will Happen!"

A SINGLE misstep—stumbling in the dark—the form slips from the compositor's grasp and goes crashing to the bottom of the stairs where it lies a hopelessly "piled" mess of type, rules, cuts, "furniture" and quoins—the work of hours, of days, in ruins! All has to be sorted, distributed and set up again at the employer's expense. For accidents such as these are beyond human control. Worse, still, however, the customer frets and fumes and grows impatient at the delay. You temporize with excuses. But no matter how plausibly put, excuses cannot successfully bolster up the deficiencies of an irregular business system. Hence the customer decides finally to go elsewhere with his printing order another time. The accidents, expenses, and generally disastrous consequences that follow the practice of such slipshod methods of handling stock and forms can be effectually prevented by the



Full information on the subject of light elevators is supplied in our new illustrated book, "Freight Elevators and Their Uses." Contains just the information you want presented briefly—concisely—completely. Write for it.



installation of

OTIS FENSOM FREIGHT ELEVATORS

Forms can be taken quickly and safely to and from the pressroom without danger of accidents; and the printed sheets can be transferred in the same way without risk of crumpling, as often happens when carried by hand up the stairway. In view of these facts, it is obvious that cost systems will avail little toward conserving profits, so long as the attempt is made to run a modern printing office without the practical aid of an elevator.

If your present shop should not require a belted elevator, we have a Hand Power Elevator which will render excellent service where loads are light or where it is desired to save space. These elevators can be installed anywhere, and as they are equipped with our improved steel roller bearings, simplicity and ease of operation are assured.

The Otis-Fensom Elevator Co., Ltd.

Traders Bank Building,

Toronto, Canada.

Please send me your book.

Name.....

Address.....

Quality Printing

CATALOGUES, BOOKLETS, FOLDERS
ANNUAL REPORTS, AND ALL
FINANCIAL LITERATURE

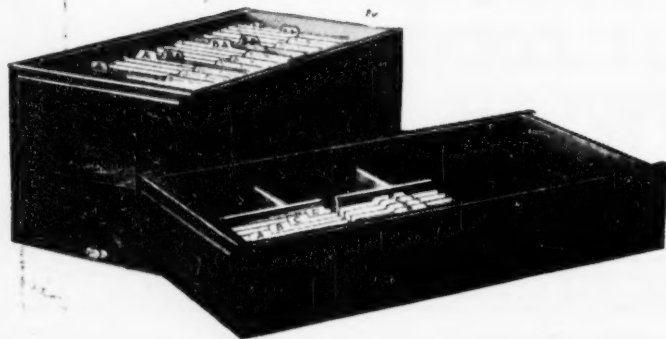
PRODUCED BY

Southam Press Limited

Toronto, Canada

ATTRACT ATTENTION AND BRING RESULTS

SEND US YOUR NEXT ORDER



The Dominion System Desk is the Most Complete in Canada

Left side is fitted with double card index drawer for 3 x 5 or 4 x 6 cards with guides, and vertical letter drawer with guides and folders. On right side is one single drawer with removable partitions for sundries, such as pencils, pens, envelopes, letter heads, etc., and large double drawer divided off with removable partitions for ledger books, etc. There is also another drawer over knee space fitted with flat key lock which locks all the other drawers. This desk also has the usual slide shelves at each side and is mounted on ball bearing castors. The top of desk measures 54 in. by 34 ins. and 1½ ins. thick.

It presents a very handsome appearance and is well made throughout. Stocked in dark golden oak, dull, but can be supplied in any finish to order.

Price complete with folders and guides \$35.00.

The Benson Johnston Co., Ltd.,

Office Equipment and Supplies.

John St. N.,

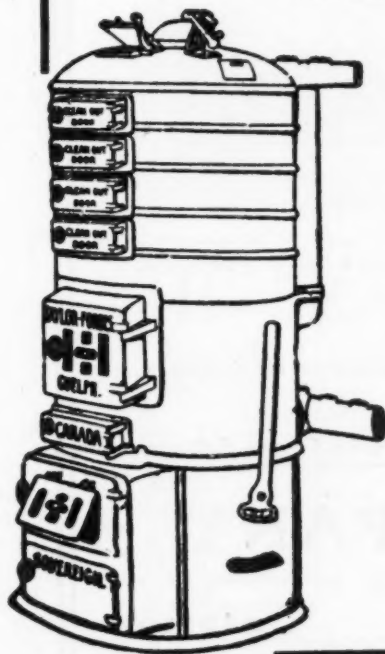
HAMILTON

It will pay you to answer advertisements.

It is the Heating That Makes Your Home Comfortable



Look carefully to the heating system that is to be installed in your new home.
You should have the choice of several boilers. Select the



"Sovereign" HOT WATER BOILER and RADIATORS

The "Sovereign" costs no more than a less efficient system, and you may have a "Sovereign" for the asking. Let us send you the addresses of some of your neighbors who live in houses heated by the "Sovereign" and you may ask any of them whether they were comfortable in their homes last winter.

TAYLOR-FORBES Company LIMITED

Head Office, Works and Foundries: GUELPH, CANADA.

1088 King St. West—TORONTO.

246 Craig St. West—MONTREAL.

1070 Homer St.—VANCOUVER.

The Mechanics' Supply Co., Quebec; The Vulcan Iron Works, Winnipeg; W. R. Mathers, 32 Dock Street, St. John, N.B.

Installed by Heating Engineers and Plumbers throughout Canada.

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.



Woodworth Treads

PREVENT TIRE TROUBLES

Woodworth Treads are automobile tire protectors, made of chrome leather, studded with steel rivets. They are held on the tire by circular rings on each side, made of coil springs. The coil springs take up all slack, keeping the treads always tight and smooth, absolutely preventing them from becoming loose to chafe or heat the tire. They do not affect the resiliency or easy riding qualities of tires. WOODWORTH TREADS prevent skidding and punctures and reduce your tire cost one half.

Woodworth Treads are guaranteed to give good results

Send for 1911 catalog and free booklet "Preservation of Tires."

For sale by John Millen & Son, Ltd., and the Russell Motor Car Co. at all their branches.

Canadian Factory, Niagara Falls, Ont.



SIGNS THAT SUPPLEMENT NATURE. BY NIGHT AND DAY DEATH AND WATSON ILLUMINATED SIGNS

give you a continuous publicity.

Years of experience in the building of all sorts of Electric Signs have given us unsurpassed skill in getting effects and the maximum of display.

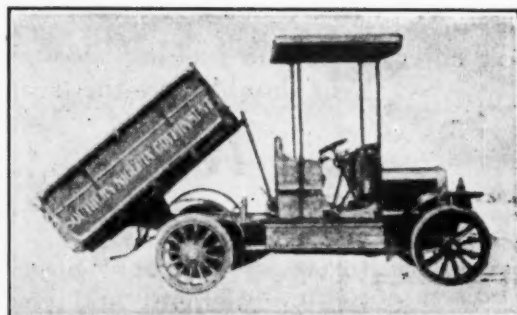
Motion and Flashing Signs have a peculiarly attracting value. We can give you the best systems at a minimum of expense.

Write us for information and suggestions for your Signs.

Death & Watson, Limited

25 JARVIS STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Albion Commercial Motors



are not a luxury nor merely a good advertisement, adding prestige to a concern, but are genuinely a

BIG SAVING

over any other method of delivery.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE "M."

We are the largest manufacturers of Motor Vans and Lorries in Great Britain.


MACDONALD & COMPANY

Sole Concessionaires for Ontario and Quebec

80 Queen St., Ottawa

Ontario

Reading advertisements is profitable to you.



Plaster Won't Do For The Modern Store

STORE-KEEPERS of to-day won't be bothered with unsightly plaster ceilings.

Plaster is always cracking and falling down, damaging goods and fixtures and interrupting business. No! the shrewd dealer knows that

"Galt"

Art Metal Walls and Ceilings

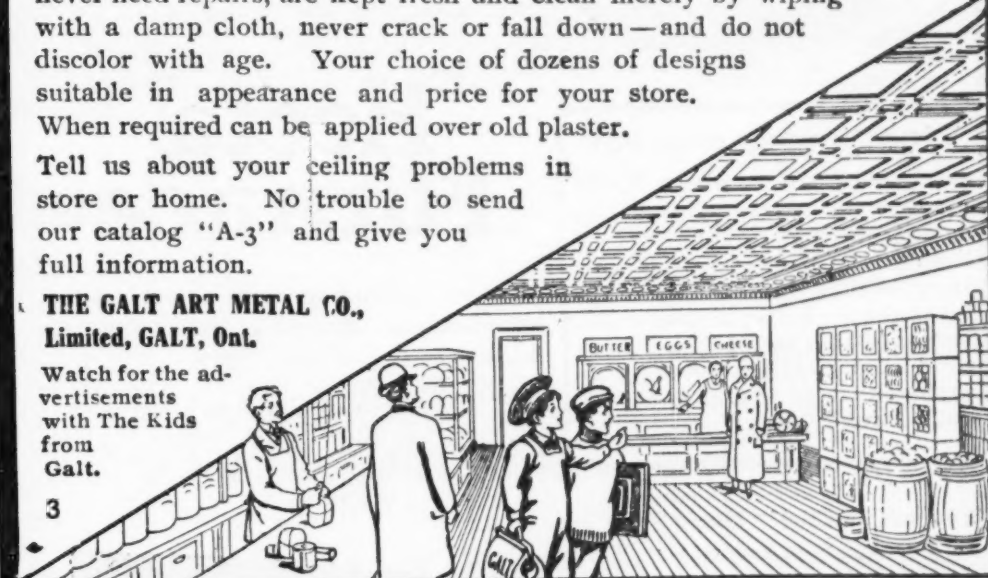
are the only interior finish. They are water, fire and rat-proof, never need repairs, are kept fresh and clean merely by wiping with a damp cloth, never crack or fall down—and do not discolor with age. Your choice of dozens of designs suitable in appearance and price for your store. When required can be applied over old plaster.

Tell us about your ceiling problems in store or home. No trouble to send our catalog "A-3" and give you full information.

THE GALT ART METAL CO., Limited, GALT, Ont.

Watch for the advertisements with The Kids from Galt.

3

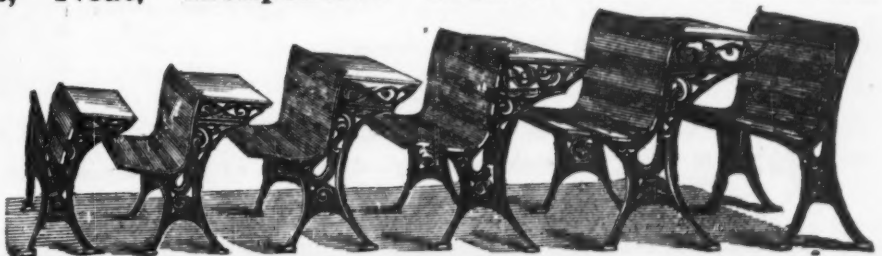


THE SEAT FOR YOUNG CANADA

A Rigidly Built, Neat, Inexpensive School Seat and Desk

The essential points to be considered in selecting school furniture are: Durability, rigidity, neatness and comfort to the pupil. These folding seats and desks combine all these points with moderate price and superior finish. Shipped "set up" or "knocked down."

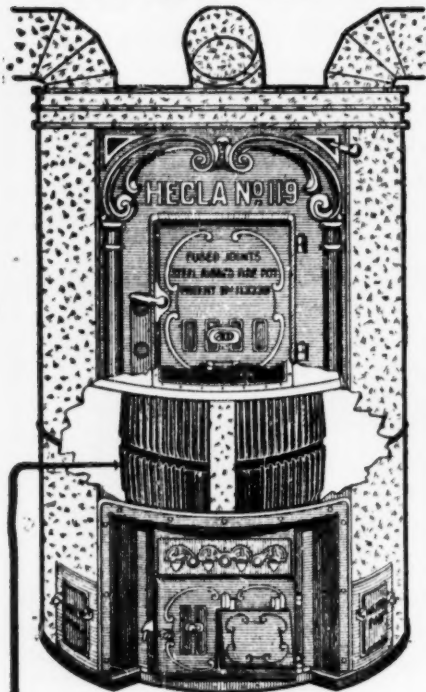
Write for Prices and Catalog.



JAMES SMART MFG. COMPANY, LIMITED BROCKVILLE, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man.

Don't fail to mention MacLean's Magazine when writing advertisers.

A FURNACE THAT WILL GIVE YOU AS MUCH HEAT FROM SIX TONS OF COAL, AS YOU EVER GOT FROM SEVEN, IS ONE YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO OVERLOOK.



STEEL RIBBED FIRE POT

Constructed to save Fuel
Flanges of steel plate—97 in number—are fused into the Fire Pot casting, increasing the radiating surface three times. This gives the air better access to the source of heat so that the heat is conducted away from the coal as rapidly as it is created and without waste.

The "Hecla" will do this: It is built to save coal at every point, but the big coal-saving feature is the Steel Ribbed Fire Pot. By adding Steel Ribs to the Fire Pot the surface which radiates heat is increased three times.

Every Furnace has flanges or projections of some sort on the fire pot to get more radiating surface, because the heating capacity of the fire pot increases as you increase the radiating surface. But the "Hecla" is the only Furnace that has attained the greatest possible radiating surface and the reason is that where other Furnaces have clumsy cast-iron Flanges, the flanges on the "Hecla" are made of steel plate and fused to the fire pot casting by our patent process.

"Hecla" Furnace

A test extending over three years, demonstrated that this ribbed fire pot made a saving in coal—13½%.

Isn't that worth looking into?

Ask someone who owns a "Hecla."

You will find the "Hecla" the best warm air Furnace you ever saw. You will find that it gives an even distribution of heat—heat that is moist and free from gas or dust.

You will find the "Hecla" a Furnace easy to run. One that does not waste live coals when you shake it down. You will find a Furnace that burns wood or coal equally well.

**Get this
Booklet.**

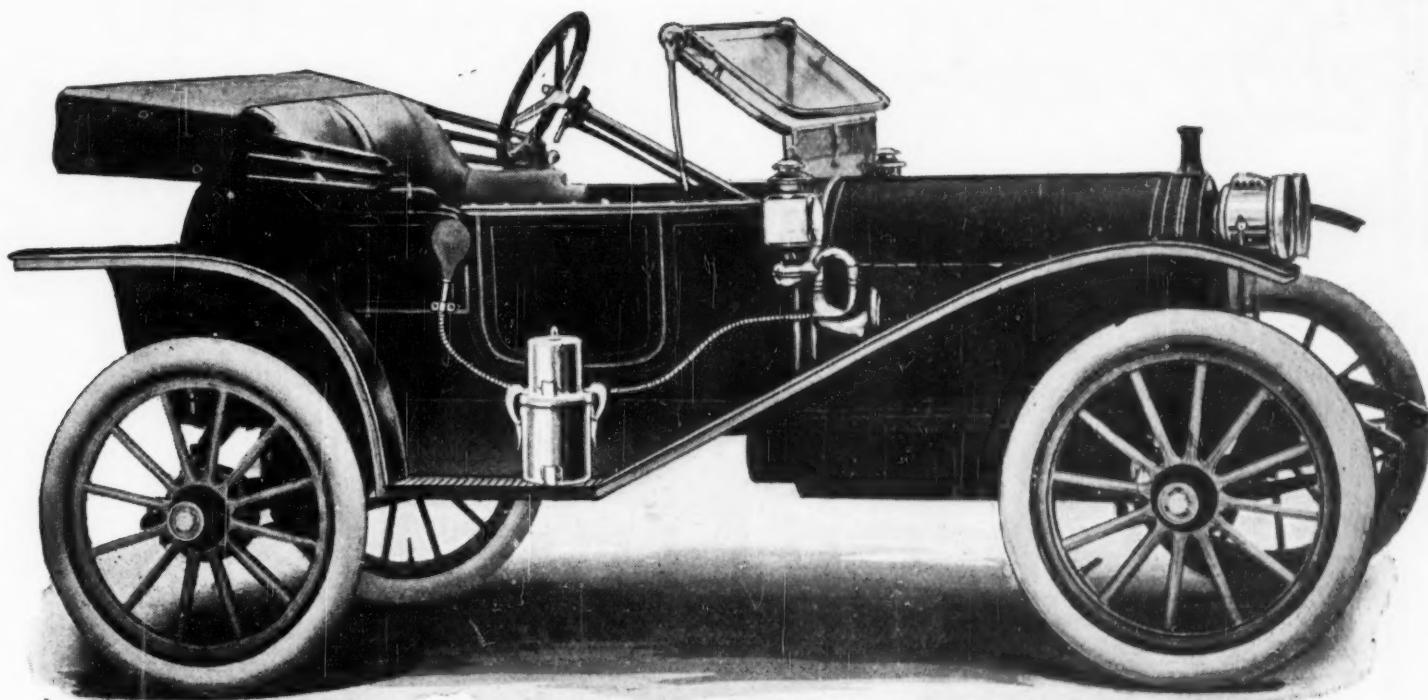
It gives
interesting
information
about
Healthful
Heating.



CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED, - PRESTON, Ont.
PLANS Send a rough diagram of your house and we will send complete plans and estimates for heating it. **FREE**

Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.

Hupmobile demand as great now as in its first year



Runabout

Fully Equipped

Equipment includes top, wind-shield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, tools and horn. 20 H.P., 4-cylinder motor; sliding gear transmission. Bosch Magneto. Fore-door Touring Car with same equipment as Runabout, shock absorbers in front and 31x3½-inch rear tires—\$1,000 F.O.B. Windsor.

\$850

F. O. B. Windsor

Hupmobile

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Demand for the Hupmobile has never lagged.

People are buying it now—in its third year—as eagerly as they did when it was in its first season.

This is best evidenced by the fact that right now—with the motoring season at its best—close to a thousand men are waiting patiently for their Hupmobiles.

Meanwhile the factory is striving to catch up with orders booked.

There must be good, sound reasons why a man will wait for a car as these men are doing; and, in the case of the Hupmobile, there are.

Every one of these men appreciates that the Hupmobile is, by odds, the greatest measure of value to be had at anywhere near the price.

This, in spite of the fact that there are similar cars, at approximate prices.

Throughout its career, the Hupmobile has been without a serious rival for the high place it immediately took in the esteem of the public.

And the car itself, by its performances, its economy and its utility, has justified the people's good opinion of it.

Furthermore, the man who buys a Hupmobile does so with the assurance that he can get pretty near its first price if he wishes to dispose of it after a year's use.

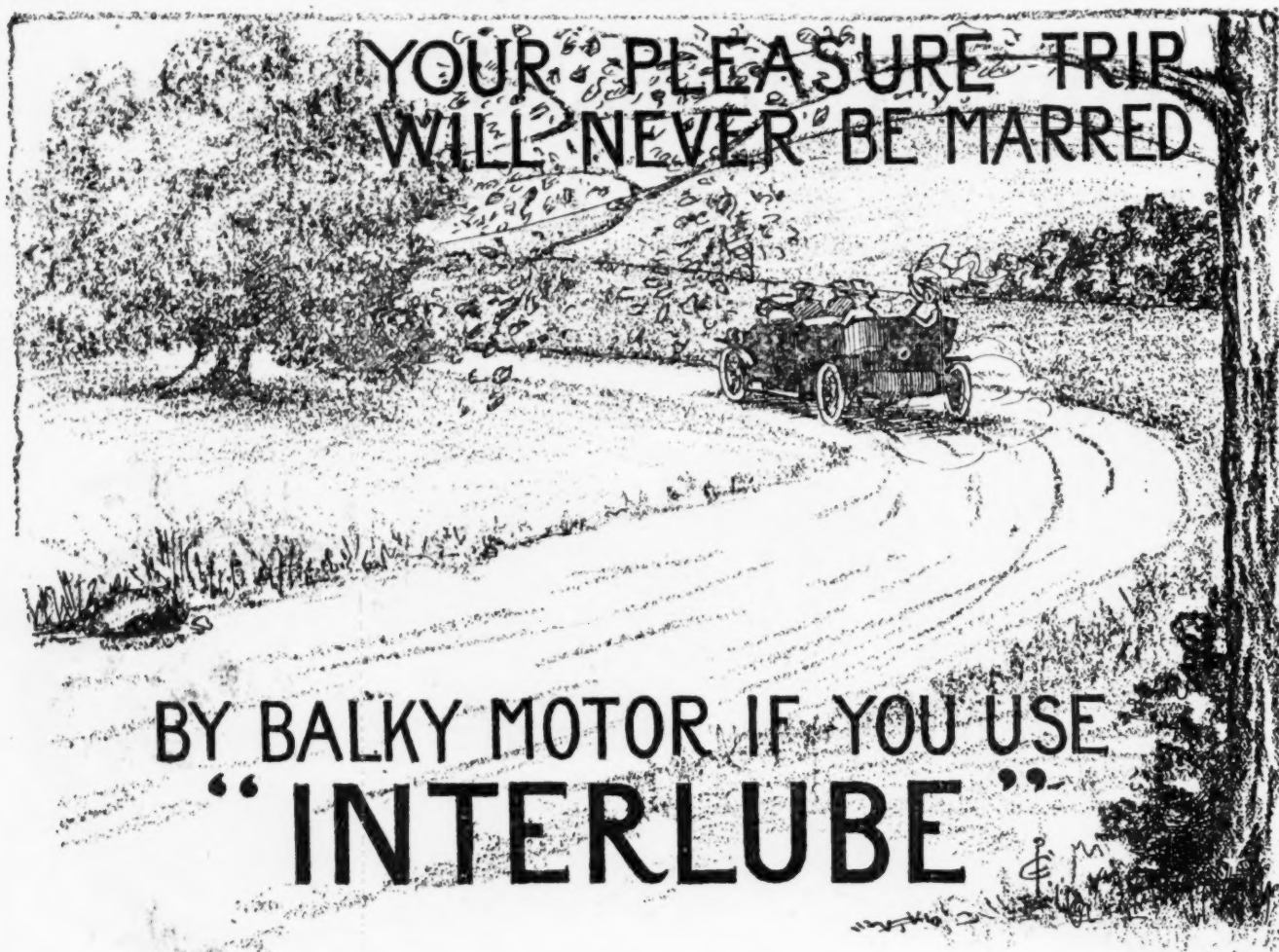
These are the reasons why people are buying Hupmobiles as strongly as they did in its first year—though they know delivery will be delayed.

These are the reasons why you should consider the Hupmobile first and most seriously.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CO., 1237 Jefferson Ave. DETROIT, MICH.

Canadian Factory—Windsor, Ont.

It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.



The lubricant that works perfectly where others burn or carbonize under heat and pressure.

Interlube affords large gain in the efficiency of your motor, complete freedom from caking and carbonizing of cylinders or rings, and big savings in lubricants of the usual kinds.

Write us for a full descriptive catalogue—you owe it to your motor and to your own pleasure, perhaps safety.

WHITNEY CHEMICAL COMPANY

CLEVELAND

OHIO

SOLD BY AUTO MEN EVERYWHERE

It will pay you to answer advertisements.

A GOOD DEED WITH PLENTY OF PROFIT

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is more interested in building up the commercial interests of Watrous than it is in making profit on the splendid lots it is offering for sale in Watrous. Population and business are necessary to make a railroad profitable. Watrous, special inducements and low prices

are offered on the lots the Company has for sale in that city. The public is invited to take advantage of this opportunity to invest a little money and participate in the big profits that are almost certain to follow as a result of increasing real estate values. Watrous repeats the history of real estate profits that marked the development of such cities as Port Arthur, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Edmonton and Prince Rupert, the investors who are wise enough to get in Watrous now will thank the Company for bringing this opportunity to them and for putting it within their reach.

Lots in Edmonton that only a few years ago sold for \$100 are worth from \$1,000 to \$10,000 to-day—almost the same ratio of increase is noted in all the Grand Trunk Pacific towns in Western Canada. Progress and prosperity have been the history of every one of them. Watrous has natural advantages none of these other towns had, while the Company has done and will do as much for it as was done for any of the others.

Watrous is located near the banks of Little Manitou Lake, the most wonderful body of mineral water on the American Continent. Surrounded by a rich, well-settled farming country, capable of supporting easily a city four times the size of Watrous. The Grand Trunk Pacific has selected Watrous as its Central Divisional Point of the Great Western Provinces, and from it the different Branch Lines to other important cities will most likely radiate.

WATCH WATROUS GROW! What is to prevent Watrous \$100 or \$125 lots from jumping to \$500 or \$1,000 within a year or two? Nothing, if Watrous fulfills its destiny, and grows as it promises to or continues to grow as it is growing now.

Western Canada is developing as rapidly as it has been for years. This development extends to the cities. The growth of the country adds impetus to city

building. Watrous is feeling this impetus and is growing at a remarkable rate. Watrous citizens and business men are wide awake to the city's opportunities—they are alive, progressive and aggressive—the kind of men who do things. This insures Watrous being built along broad lines. **BUY LOTS IN WATROUS NOW**—You can't make a mistake. The more lots you buy the more money you will make. Profit by the lesson taught by the history of Moose Jaw, whose \$100 lots

in a few years jumped to from \$1,000 to \$3,000—and Edmonton and the other cities above mentioned.

Buy as many lots in Watrous as you can: Lots 50 feet frontage—\$100 to \$125 now—no interest charged on deferred payments if you buy on the time plan, and no taxes to pay until 1912. This is "Opportunity" wanting to start a Savings Bank for you.

For further information, maps and folders, fill out the coupon and send in to-day to International Securities Co., Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Sales Agents for these Grand Trunk Pacific Lots. If you want to reserve one or more lots, make remittance payable to

LAND COMMISSIONER

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

INFORMATION COUPON

International Securities Co., Ltd.
649 Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Man.

Please forward to me, by return mail, full particulars regarding the sale of town lots in the subdivision to the original townsite of Watrous, which is just being placed on the market.

Name.....

[MacL. M.] Address.....



Let This Sink In

A census of the typewriters in Toronto is practically completed. Subject to a few reports still to come in (which will increase the percentage of Underwoods) the result is:

Underwoods	-	-	-	-	4060
Remingtons, visible	-	-	-	-	342
Remingtons, old style	-	-	-	-	598
Smith Premier, visible	-	-	-	-	103
Smith Premier, old style	-	-	-	-	269
Monarchs	-	-	-	-	463
L. C. Smiths	-	-	-	-	74
Empires	-	-	-	-	290
Olivers	-	-	-	-	73
Royals	-	-	-	-	167
Miscellaneous (20 other makes)					235
					<u>6674</u>

Underwoods, 4060; all others 2614

United Typewriter Company, Limited

In All Canadian Cities.

Your Printing Bills Will Be Cut In Two

WHEN YOU USE THE **WRITERPRESS**

The money-saving, money-making office appliance, easily operated by a boy or girl on your office staff. Great speed can be acquired and at a very trifling cost.



THE FEATURES

Postal
Advertising
At Little
Expense

Addressed
Envelope
and Body
of Letter
Perfect
Match

Every Copy
a True Type-
written
Letter

The closest examination of any **WRITERPRESS** letter will not show the slightest difference between it and the individually typewritten letter. Every copy is of the same density from the first to last whether one is printed or five thousand.

There's money to be saved by considering the proposition the **WRITERPRESS** offers you in your business advertising.

**WRITE TO-DAY AND SAMPLES OF OUR
WORK WILL BE MAILED.**

All enquiries must be on letter-head of firm.

THE
Canadian Writerpress Co.
LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO



Don't be Content to Watch

the rising tide of Western Prosperity; locate yourself where you will profit by it. Don't wait until the West achieves its destiny; be in right at the start.

Yorkton, the Centre of the Wheat Belt

is an ideal town from which to direct your operations. Around it, within easy reach, lie the cities of the West, and in every direction stretch the railways of which Yorkton is a centre and distributing point. Yorkton has many fine buildings, water, drainage, schools, churches, etc., and its growth along the most progressive lines is assured.

INVESTMENT Will Bring Wealth

The industries are growing so rapidly that it will soon be difficult to get the foothold that can now be had for the asking.

If you are interested in Yorkton and its great future write to-day, giving your business, and we will send you full information of the possibilities and conditions.

G. H. BRADBROOK,
Secretary Board of Trade,
YORKTON, SASK.

Moore's Non-Leakable Fountain Pens.

THE FAVORITE FOUNTAIN PEN.

Everyone using a Fountain Pen naturally desires "The Best."
No other kind would be of any use.

They also want a Pen that does not leak and spill ink all over their
clothes. For these two reasons, at least, it is desirable to have a

MOORE'S NON-LEAKABLE FOUNTAIN PEN



It won't leak **\$2.50**
AND UP
MOORE'S
NON-LEAKABLE

Moore's Non-Leakable has many advantages over the ordinary fountain pen. You can carry it anywhere and in any position with the absolute assurance that it will not leak. When the pen point is pulled down into the barrel and the cap properly adjusted, the ink becomes incased in an air-tight and ink-tight chamber, thus making leakage utterly impossible. By this simple operation the pen point rests in ink; and is all ready for instant use without requiring the preliminary shaking so common with fountain pens.

Moore's is the easiest of pens to fill. Simply unscrew the cap and it is ready to fill, no joints to unscrew or parts to take off. Styles and sizes to suit all tastes and purses. \$2.50, \$3.50 and up. **INSIST ON MOORE'S.**

MOORE'S NON-LEAKABLE MIDGET—2½" long. Just the pen for Doctors. Can be carried conveniently in your lower vest pocket. Price \$2.50.

Order from your Stationer.

W. J. Gage & Co., Limited

TORONTO

Sole Agents in Canada.

**Prompt and Accurate Accounting
for Retail Stores is given by**

The Counter Check Book

It is

Speedy, Safe, Convenient

Speedy enough to let the clerk draw off an instantaneous balance of the account.

Safe enough to produce nothing but accurate statements.

Convenient enough to be easily handled.

These three essentials are combined in our Counter Check Book made of

"Surety" Paper.

We make surety books in duplicate and triplicate. In the duplicate book the original is of white paper, coated on the back with a non-smutting carbon. The duplicate is of yellow. In the triplicate both the original and duplicate are white, coated on the back, the triplicate being of yellow.

There are no loose carbons to become wrinkled or torn, or to give poor copies. We make many other varieties of Counter Check Books and will be glad to quote prices on application.

We invite the fullest enquiry. May we send you our illustrated catalogue, which explains the whole system? Write us to-day. It's worth investigating.

Dominion Register Co., Ltd.

Manufacturers of The McCaskey Account Register System

**90-98 Ontario Street,
Toronto, Canada.**

**519-521 Corn & Produce Exchange,
Manchester, England.**



SOME STRIKING ADVANTAGES

OF THE

"KALAMAZOO" LOOSE LEAF BINDER



It is simple and easy of operation, accessible, light in weight, but very strong, and it has no exposed metal parts to scratch the desk.

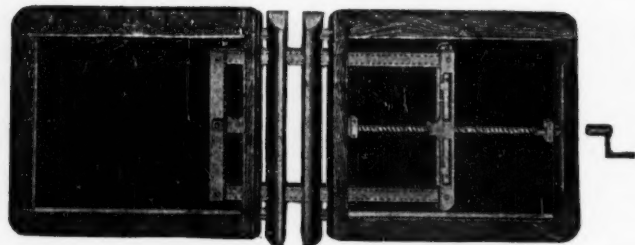
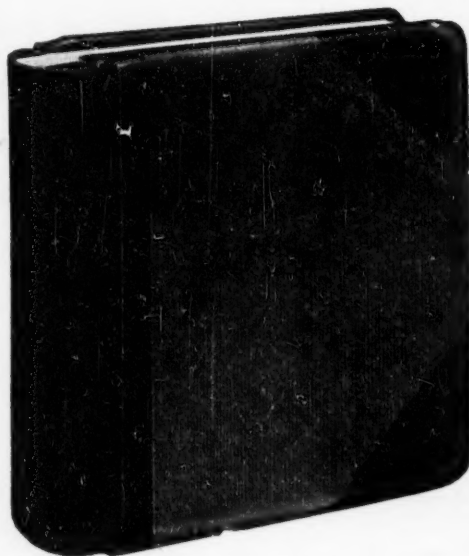
It is a book—not a box, and will hold one sheet or one thousand—just as many or as few as you need for use.

It is the only binder that requires no padding with unnecessary leaves to make it workable.



It gives a flat and firm-working surface, and, as the sheets are gripped firmly by strong clamping bars, they are kept in perfect alignment.

It will pay you to examine this binder if you are interested in loose leaf accounting.



WRITE TO-DAY FOR BOOKLET "W."

WARWICK BROS. & RUTTER, Limited

MANUFACTURERS OF LOOSE LEAF SUPPLIES AND ACCOUNT BOOKS

KING & SPADINA

::

TORONTO

It will pay you to answer advertisements.

THE FOX TYPEWRITER



**THERE IS NO TRICK
IN BUYING A FOX TYPEWRITER**

**IT IS EASY TO BUY A FOX TYPEWRITER—
THE HIGHEST GRADE TYPEWRITER BUILT**

Simply sign your name to the coupon below and give us your address—a catalog will then be mailed you. From the catalog select the equipment wanted—style of type, width of carriage, color of ribbon, etc.—and mail to us with check or draft for \$10.00 and a Fox Visible Typewriter of any model selected will be sent you at once. You can then send us in the balance in small monthly instalments, if you prefer, or deduct 5% for all cash. Simple and easy, isn't it?—and safe, too. Truly, "There is no trick in buying a Fox Typewriter."

Don't forget that "Fox" means **Highest Quality, Durability, Visibility, Speed, Light Touch**—and more and better automatic features than are found on any other typewriter. Send for catalog to-day and learn more about this wonderful typewriter.

Dealers and local representatives wanted in all unoccupied territory.

NAME

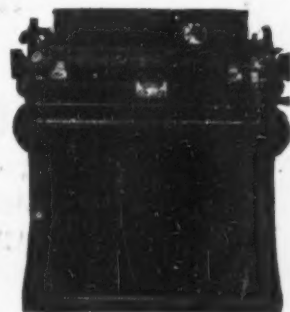
ADDRESS

BUSINESS

Date

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.

5609-5809 Front St.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.





COPELAND-CHATTERSON

LOOSE-LEAF SYSTEMS

Q Don't be deceived when competitors tell you their 'just-as-good' story. There are no substitutes for Copeland-Chatterson goods.

Years of experience (during which our plants, equipment and organization have grown to the highest pitch of perfection by our careful business management) fit us to apply just the proper systematic labor-saving scheme to your business to get the desired results.

Whatever you require in systemizing your business, we are ready to supply.

A comparison of our goods and prices with others will convince you that it is true economy to purchase Copeland-Chatterson products.

***Think over your particular case,
and write us. We can help you.***

THE COPELAND-CHATTERSON CO., LIMITED

FACTORIES:
Brampton, Ont.
Stroud, Glos., Eng.

TORONTO

BRANCHES:
Montreal, Winnipeg
London, Eng.

YOU CAN'T IMPROVE ON NATURE

---then why not
follow her lead?

Have you ever stopped to think why it is necessary to have a good down-pour of rain occasionally during the hot summer weather? Nature demands it, public health requires it; in fact, all life would become extinct without sufficient humidity in the air. There is the reason in short why the



"Good Cheer" Furnaces

· Have the Large Circular Water-Pans

which contain from four to six gallons of water in place of the usual half gallon or so capacity of the ordinary furnace's water-pan. This gives ample humidity to the warm air circulated through the house, invigorating and keeping in healthy condition all plant and human life. The above cut illustrates clearly the ease with which the pan can be filled—no lifting the water shoulder high, resulting often in the water being distributed over the front of the furnace more than in the reservoir.

Greater Radiation

The "Good Cheer" Furnace has the extra large radiating surface which is more effective in generating warm air than any other furnace. This is the most vital function the furnace has to perform



THE CIRCLE WATERPAN

Saves Your Coal

Having more radiating surface, the "Good Cheer" furnace requires less fuel to heat it, thus cutting your coal bill down materially.

DROP A LINE ASKING FOR OUR BOOKLET "S" TO-DAY.

The James Stewart Mfg. Co., Limited

WOODSTOCK,

::

::

::

ONTARIO

Western Warehouse—156 Lombard St., Winnipeg, Man.

Labour Time Recording

Cost of labour is the chief expense item in the average business concern.

How do you **KNOW** you are getting all the time for which you are paying

wages? You don't **KNOW** if you are dependent upon the honesty and energy of the clerk! Feed your worries to a machine! Instal the

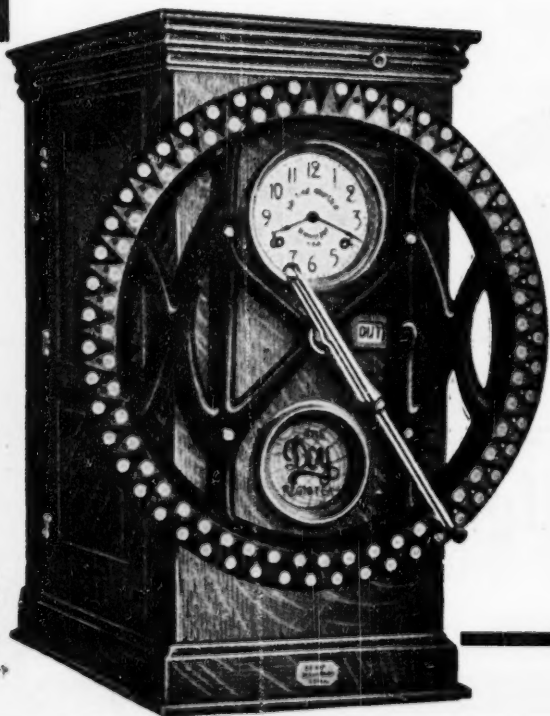
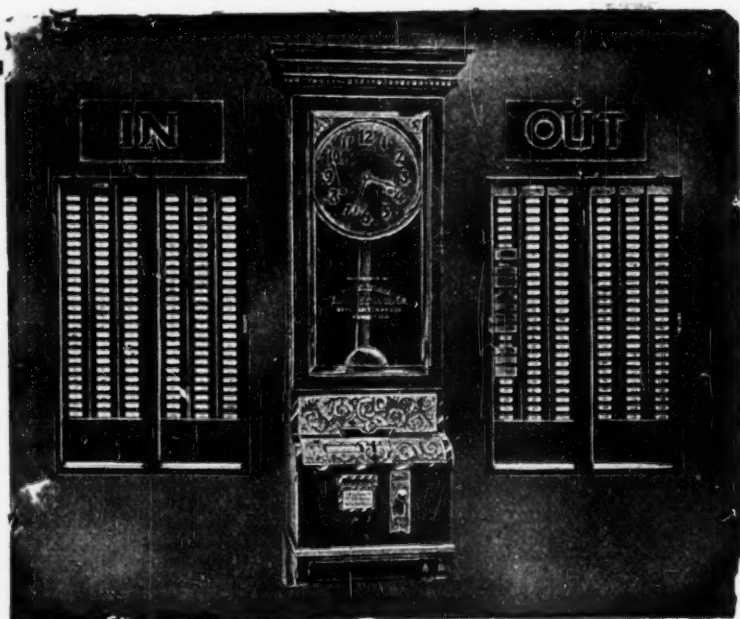
International Rochester Time Card Recorder

It cannot error or be manipulated, and its records are absolutely indisputable. Entirely automatic and the acme of simplicity.

Another method of time recording which has "made good" is the

DEY DIAL

which is made in no less than 88 styles, and is suitable for every kind of business.



Get Catalogue "I." It indicates just the style of machine YOU want

Mail Coupon at foot to-day.

**International Time Recording Co.
of Canada, Limited**

19-23 Alice Street, Toronto

**30 Querbes Ave., Outremont, Montreal, Que.
518 Scherret Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.**

—Tear off here—

The International Time Recording Co. of Canada, Ltd
19-23 Alice Street, Toronto

Send me copy of Catalogue "I."

Name

Address

Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.

How to do faster and more accurate figure work with less effort and expense

Over 2,000 users of the Comptometer have, within the last 60 days, taken the trouble to write, in effect, that the Comptometer enables them to do faster and more accurate figure work with less effort and expense.

One user says:

"The most convincing way we can express our opinion of the Comptometer is to state that we have just ordered two more."

Another writes:

"The Comptometer we purchased from you has proved so satisfactory that if we were unable to purchase another we would not sell it for \$500."

Still another says:

"The machine is a marvel, I would not be without it."

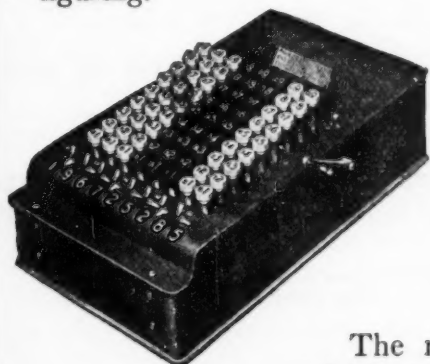
Such appreciation, you will agree, can only be inspired by extraordinary service—far reaching service—service not limited to one kind of figuring, but extended to all such work in an office.

The superior advantages of the Comptometer over all other machines are: Its quicker action due to exclusive key operation.

The duplex principle, permitting concurrent action of keys in different columns.

Its typewriter-like convenience of touch operation, together with its all-around practical application to every kind of figuring.

The Comptometer serves the bookkeeper for adding book columns, cross-footings, trial balances, pay-rolls, etc.; the invoice clerk for footing, extending and checking bills; the time-keeper for figuring time tickets; other departments for computing tonnage, dimensions and cost of material, prorating costs, figuring exchange and all other arithmetical calculations found in commercial work.



The most satisfactory evidence of the machine's usefulness in your business would be an actual trial of it. This you can have without the cost of a penny, or shadow of obligation to buy it. Write us now—today—and we will send you a machine on trial.

Ask for our Free booklet—"Rapid Mechanical Calculation."

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., 1696 No. Paulina St., Chicago, U.S.A.


MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

CALGARY

VANCOUVER



ARMOUR & COMPANY
GENERAL OFFICE: UNION STOCK YARDS
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NORFOLK, VA.

*These letter-
 heads are Multi-
 graphed by Armour
 & Co. at a saving
 of over 58%*

THE MULTIGRAPH

Will Do Printers' Printing in Your Own Office, at Much Less than Printers' Prices

ARMOUR & CO., with a complete printing-plant supplied with numerous cylinder and job presses, use the Multigraph for printing letter-heads such as the one reproduced above—at a saving of more than 58%!

These letter-heads are supplied to various branch offices, and consequently require frequent changes in the name of the town. Formerly they cost \$2.05 a thousand. The Multigraph prints them at 85 cents a thousand, and turns out 25,000 to 30,000 a day.

YOU may not require printing in such quantities, but there are many ways in which you can profitably use the Multigraph.

It Saves 25% to 75% of the Average Annual Printing Cost.

One of its strong features, demonstrated by the above instance, is the fact that changes can be made in a twinkling; hence it prints short runs almost as economically as large quantities, without the printers' costly "make-ready."

The Multigraph is an Office Printing Machine

IT does real printing of a quality that would do credit to a good printer—and uses real printing-ink. You can use its self-contained equipment of type, or hand-set type in many sizes and faces; and by means of electrotypes you can print any size or style of type required, besides cuts, borders and ornaments.

And without impairment of its uses as a printing machine, it does actual typewriting in multiple—turns out a full sheet at every impression, instead of pounding out a character at a time. It can be operated by hand or electric power, and fed by hand or automatically.

You can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need One

EVERY sale is preceded by an investigation—and there is no sale unless our representative's report proves to our satisfaction, as his demonstration must to yours, that you have a profitable use for the Multigraph.

Begin Your Multigraph Investigation To-day

Write to-day for our handsome booklet, "More Profit with the Multigraph"—sent free to men in executive positions who write on their business stationery. Printed in colors on the Multigraph, it shows what fine work can be produced.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY, Limited

129 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada

P. J. F. Baker, Canadian Division Sales Manager

BRANCH OFFICES—Montreal, 409 St. Nicholas Building; Winnipeg, 232 Chambers of Commerce; Vancouver, 307 Crown Building; Ottawa, 166 Sparks Street; Calgary, 12 Herald Block; Saskatoon, National Trust Building; Edmonton, Alta., Bradburn Stationery Co. First Street; Halifax, Soule, Newcombe Co., Corner Grenville and Sackville Streets.

Say to Your Dealer:

"Show Me a *Weir* File"

In them Efficiency and Economy are Combined



**No. 421
Vertical Letter File**

Reference is instantaneous, 5,000 papers in each drawer—at your finger tips.

Solid Oak, Roller Bearings, Follow blocks---as efficient as a higher priced cabinet. Handsome enough for any office.

Reasonably Low in Price

Weir Compact Filing Sections supplied in 26 styles for every filing purpose. Stack them up as you need them. Comparatively inexpensive. Quartered Oak or Birch Mahogany. Finished 4 sides.

Weir Filing Desk combines your choice of 9 kinds of drawers for every filing purpose, in Handsome Solid Oak Desk, Roller Bearings. Top 28 x 52.



Your choice 9 kinds drawers for filing all kinds of business papers. Swinging Desk Stand swings or locks. Top 14 x 18 in.

Unlimited Variety to Meet Your Purpose and Purse

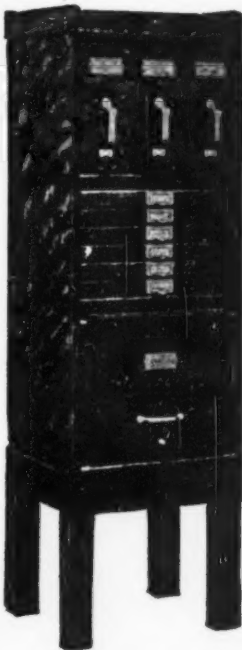
Will you let your "Good Enough" Office Equipment hinder you another season?

Get the facts and figures *now*. We will help you select the most Efficient Equipment. Write now for:---

FREE "Filing Suggestions"

a booklet brim-full of helps in selecting the equipment you need.

Catalog "D"
Filing Supplies
Office
Specialties
Four complete
Lines Filing
Devices



Catalog "E"
Two Lines
Sectional
Bookcases
Practical---
Inexpensive



No. 1220

High grade vertical letter file

For 20,000 letters, orders, etc. Front and top Quartered Oak, sides and back handsomely panelled plain oak.

Drawers on Double Roller Bearing Support, roll easily when filled to capacity.

How to Transfer

A free booklet on a Timely Topic. Write for it or ask your dealer. Describes Up-To-The-Minute methods of transferring correspondence etc.

Weir Sectional Transfer Cases. All Hardwood Roller Bearings.

Each drawer a section. Unlimited expansion. Practically indestructible.

Dealers, write for catalogue, and discounts for Canada.

The *Weir* Mfg. Co.
85 Union Street, Monroe, Mich.

New York Office---108 Fulton St.
Address Mail to Factory



For Contents of 10 Vertical File Drawers

SAVE TIME AND MONEY
 BY USING
GIPE CASH OR PARCEL CARRIERS

OUR GUARANTEE
 We will install a System of Gipe Carriers in your store you use them TEN DAYS, and if you do not find that they give you BETTER and QUICKER SERVICE than any other WIRE CARRIER, PNEUMATIC TUBES, CABLE CARRIERS or CASH REGISTERS we will remove them at our expense.

CATALOG "G" FREE
THE GIPE CARRIER COMPANY
97 ONTARIO STREET TORONTO - ONT
 EUROPEAN OFFICE: 118 HOLBORN - LONDON E.C. ENGLAND




DAYLIGHT PAYS

When You Use

LUXFER PRISMS

to give you proper day-lighting in your place of business—your store, your office, your factory.

There are fifty different forms of Luxfer Prisms, covering every possible requirement—from lighting the basement through the sidewalk to illuminating the top offices in a sky scraper. Buildings may be quite close together and only a very small gleam of light reaches the windows, but if the proper "Luxfer Prisms" are used every ray will be placed right where it is most needed. While there is daylight and Luxfer Prisms your business place need not be dark.

Write to-day for specifications and catalogue explaining the how of LUXFER PRISM lighting.

LUXFER PRISM CO.
 TORONTO AND MONTREAL

Here is a **Burroughs Book** *"Cost-Keeping Short Cuts" O Free*

A BOOK for the nine out of every ten men in the United States who do not know what it costs them to do business; to enable these nine to find out, and to enable the tenth to obtain the newest, most accurate ideas in cost-keeping. It is the very essence of the experiences of successful bookkeepers, accountants, managers, and proprietors—replete with forms now in actual use.

"Cost-Keeping Short-Cuts," 180 pages, 18 chapters. Now in its second edition. Not theory, but facts and experience, inaccessible to any one else, and was only obtainable through our intimacy with 130,000 users of Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines. Cost thousands of dollars to produce. Leading firms, business schools and universities call it "the most wonderful book of the kind ever written."

Dictate a request for it today on the firm letterhead. Incidentally, learn how the Burroughs can save you time, labor and money. Seventy-eight Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine models—one for every business—\$175 to \$850 (installments if desired).

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
232 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan
European Headquarters: 70 Cannon St., London, E. C., England



BOOKKEEPING

By

Machinery

Every individual or concern doing business must do bookkeeping in some form or another. The more progressive the institution the more complete and modern its method of keeping accounts.

Some concerns use bound books, some use loose leaf binders, some use loose sheets that are carried in files and others use cards for the recording of their business transactions.

In whatever form the bookkeeping is done it means the writing of names, detail and items, and it also means that the items must be added—briefly, bookkeeping is writing and adding.

The old way of bookkeeping was to write at one operation and add at another—and then hunt for the mistakes—and a good many times the hunt for mistakes was a bigger job than making the original entry—ask any bookkeeper.

The modern way is to use Elliott-Fisher, the Bookkeeping Machine, which automatically adds the figures at the same operation that names, details and items are written.

Elliott-Fisher does all the writing and all the adding, does it at one operation, mechanically checks the work as it goes along, tells the bookkeeper when he has made an error, and shows him his mistake.

Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping Machine is simple and easy for anyone to understand.

Elliott-Fisher does the bookkeeping in loose leaf books, on cards or in bound books.

Elliott-Fisher gives the maximum desired results with the minimum of labor and mental effort—it saves money and gives satisfaction.

“Penless” Bookkeeping is the modern way. Won’t you let us tell you more about it? A request on your letterhead is sufficient.

Elliott-Fisher, Limited

86 Cedar Street, :: :: Harrisburg, Pa.

CANADIAN ADDRESSES:

513 Power Building,
83 Craig Street West, Montreal

123 Bay Street,
Toronto.

Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.